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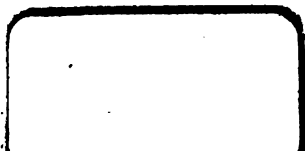
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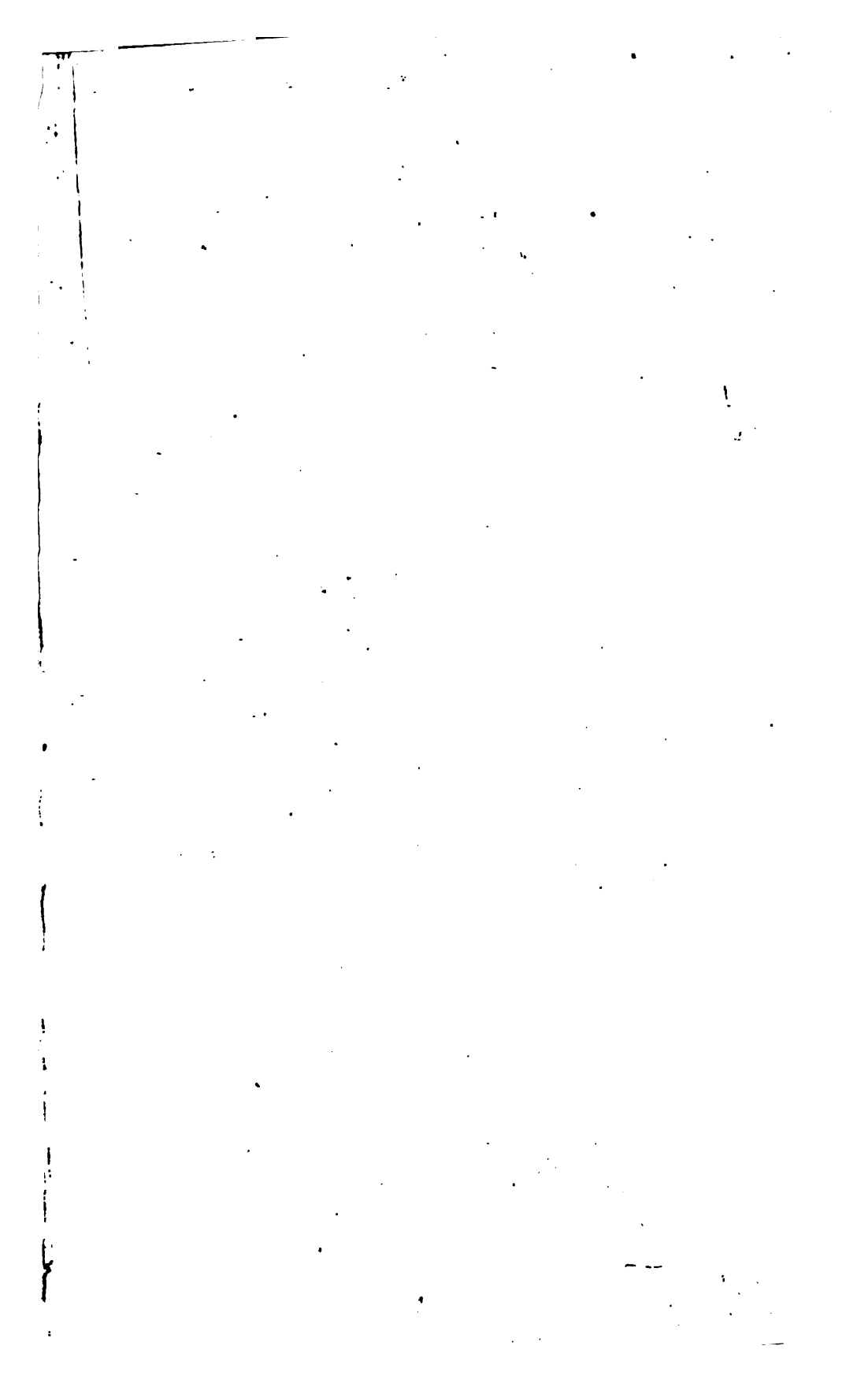
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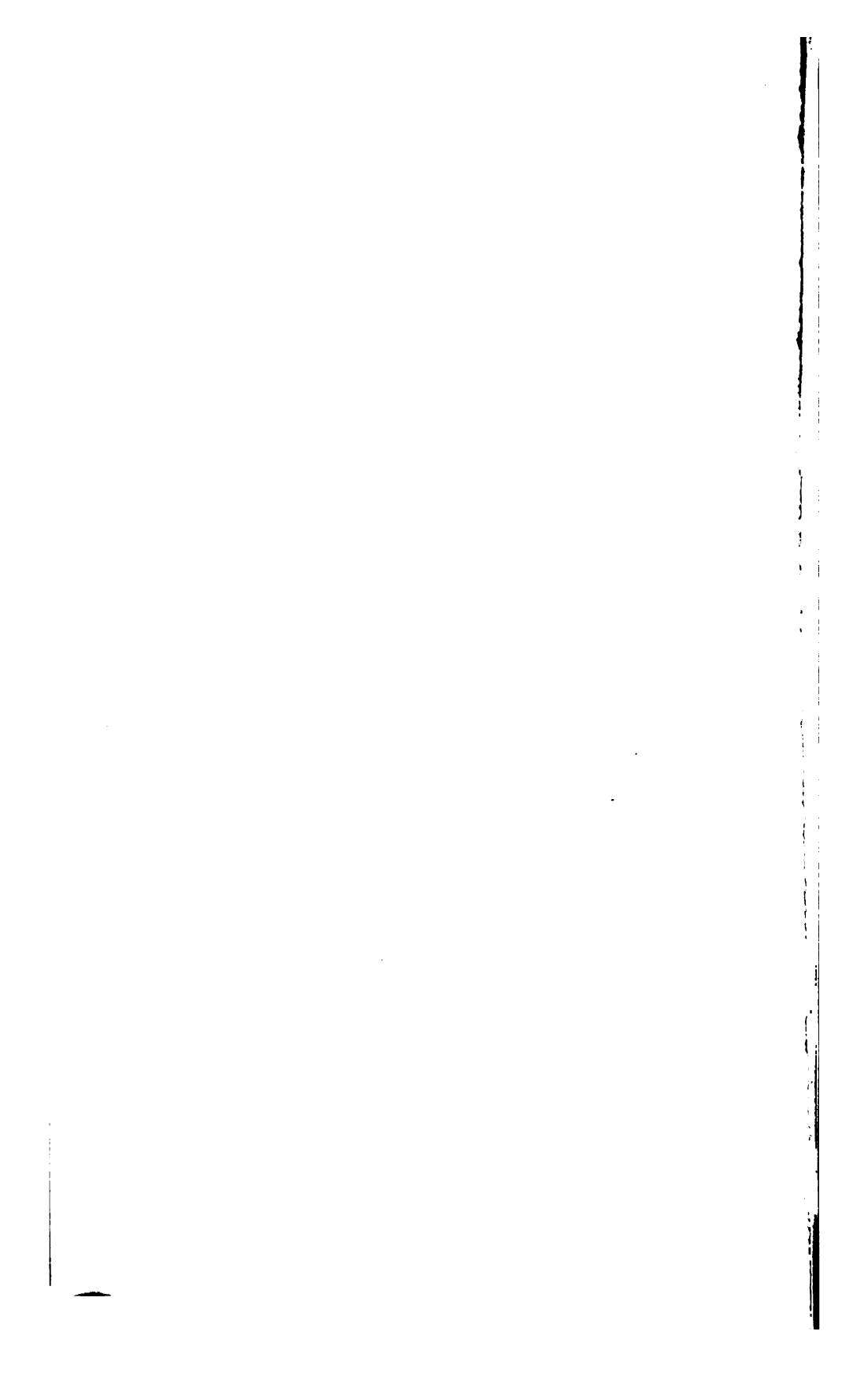
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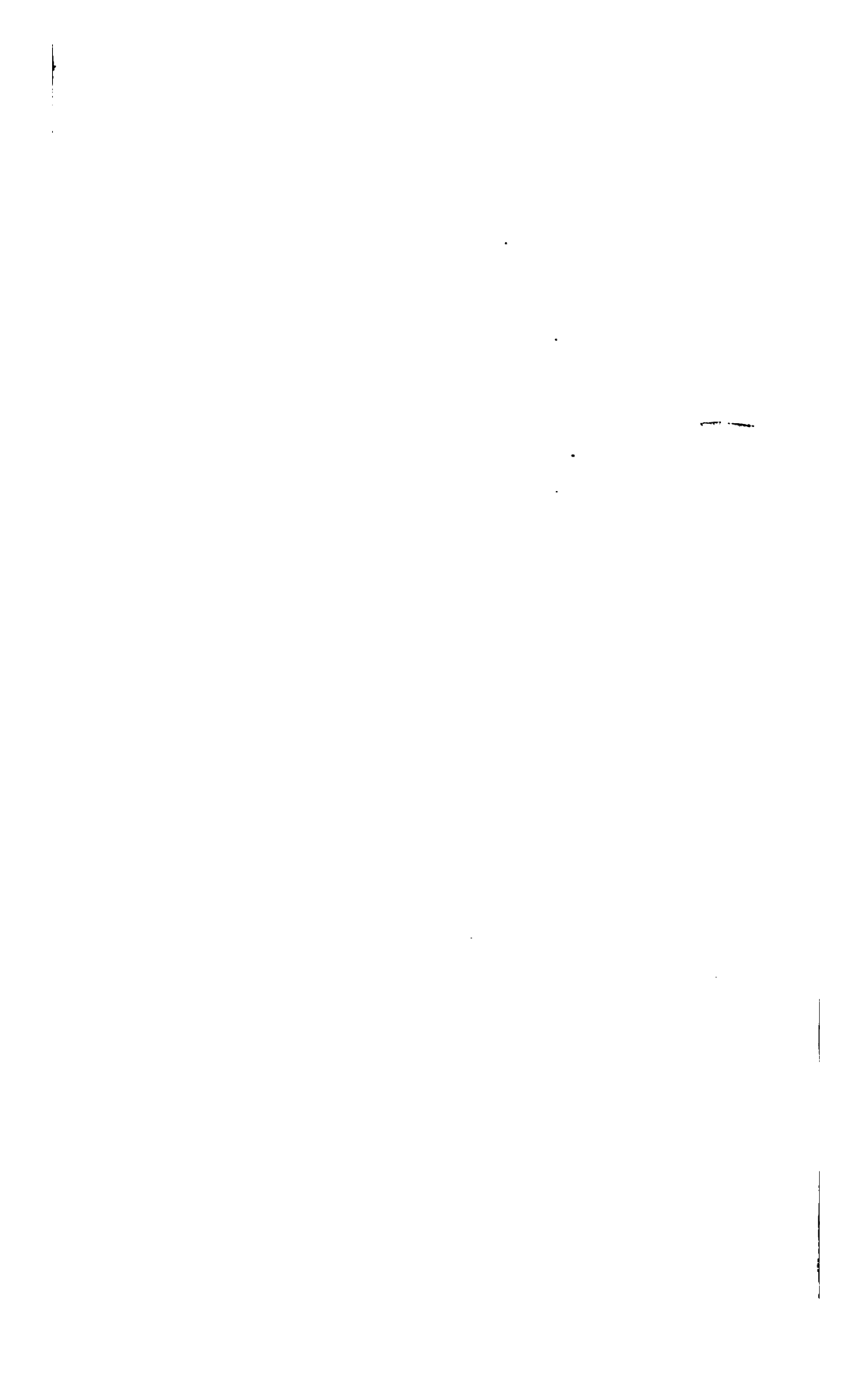
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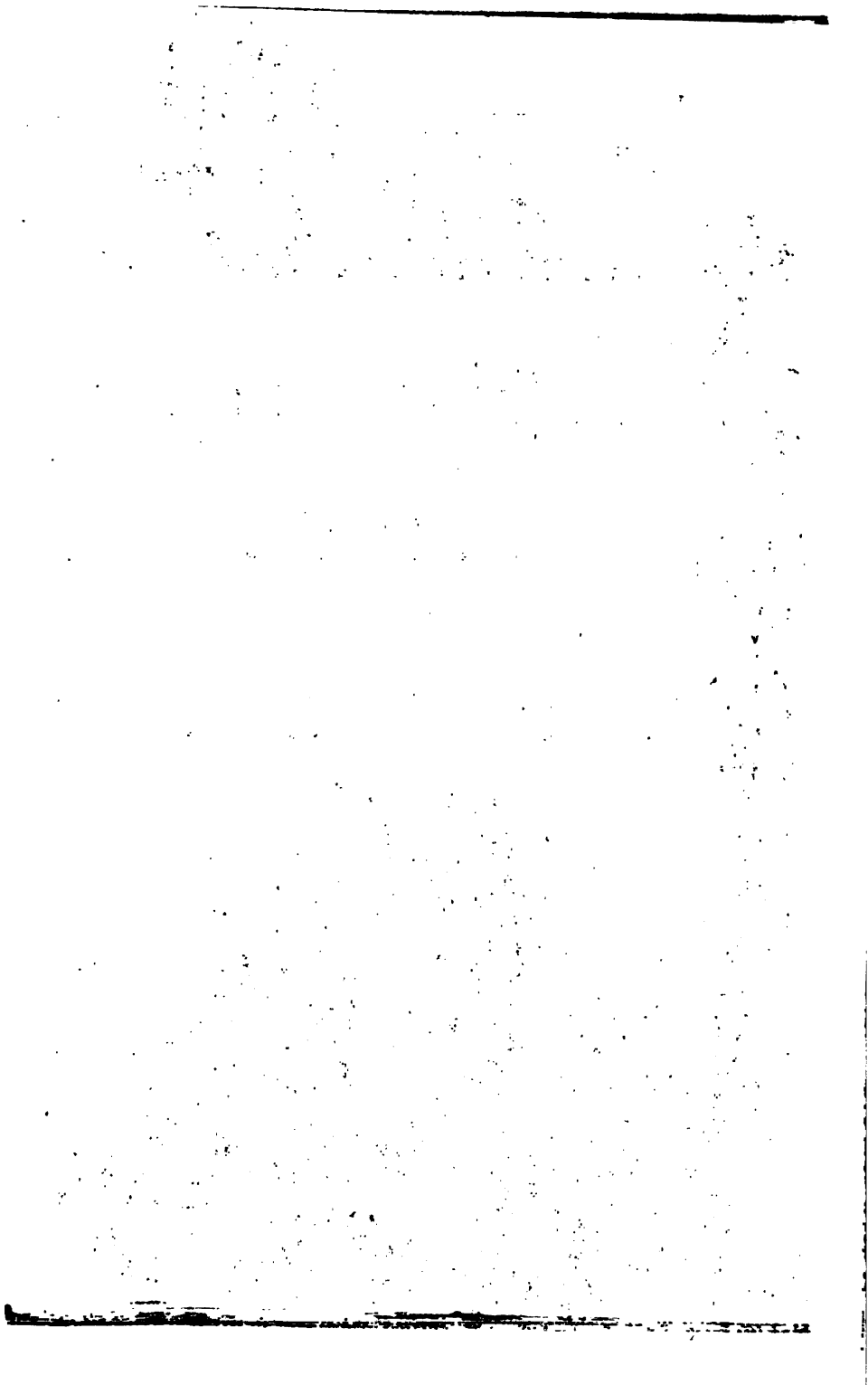


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THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

4

HUNTERS,

IN THE

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

BY HENRY C. ¹⁸⁵⁴WATSON.

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "CAMP
FIRES OF THE REVOLUTION," &c., &c.

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1855.

Thrilling adventures are frequent in the life of the hunter. The perils to which he is exposed during the chase, cannot always be surmounted with ease and safety, and, occasionally, his own daring brings him into straits from which the most consummate address, or the special interposition of Providence, alone can extricate him. Such adventures are epochs to our hunters of the Rocky Mountains. They are often heard to say that an event occurred "so many months after the bear-fight, or a terrible contest with a buffalo."

Although various kinds of knowledge, according to the character of the game, are requisite in hunters of both the Old World and the New, the qualities of both head and heart absolutely demanded are the same every where. A clear, cool head, quick to see and cautious to devise,—a firm, indomitable heart, which no dangers can appal, are necessary to the successful hunter. He may be a bad shot or a poor rider; these defects he may remedy by persevering practice. But a dull, slow head, or a timid heart, unfits him entirely for the chase.

The hunters of our own land will compare favorably with any to be found upon the face of the globe. Those of the western prairie have hardy frames, formed for an existence of strife, activity, and exposure—and souls that actually seem insensible to fear. In the midst of the most imminent dangers, they retain their courage and caution, and often effect an escape when such an achievement seems beyond human exertion. One of them believes himself equal to two grizzly bears, or several Indians, and will not hesitate to encounter them. These hunters are a bold, high-hearted race, and our country has reason to be proud of them.

The object of the present work is to illustrate the perils of the hunter's life, in the Old World and the New. In carrying out our design, we have endeavored to give, not merely a bald account of the dangers of the chase, but such adventures as show how men may triumph over them, together with others that illustrate the different characteristics of hunters in various parts of the world. We believe that the entertainment and instruction to be derived from such a work must be obvious to all. The engravings, which are numerous, will, it is hoped, increase the attractions of the book, while they serve to impress many thrilling scenes lastingly upon the memory.







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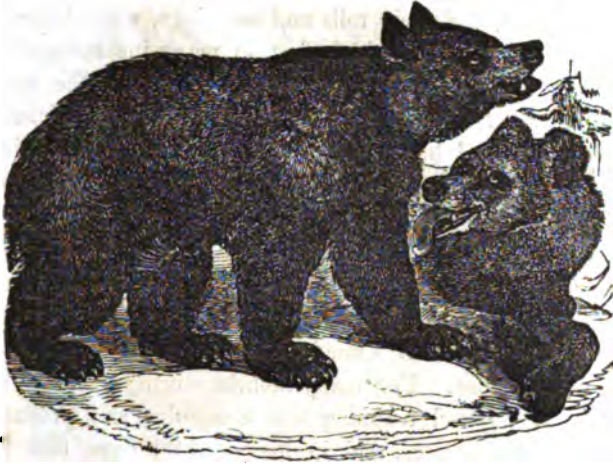




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THE GRIZZLY BEAR.



THRILLING ADVENTURES.

Bear Hunting.

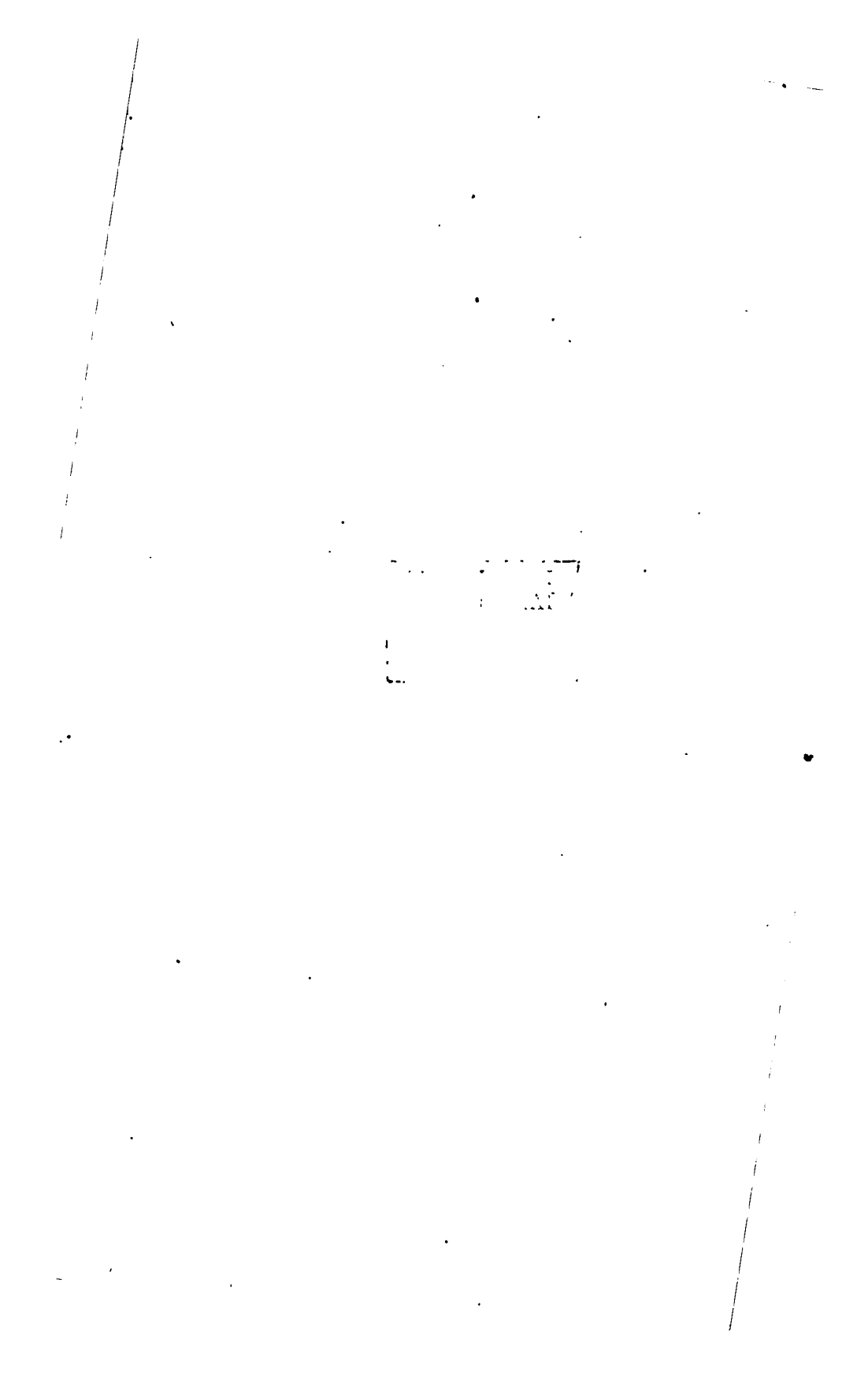
THE bear is the lord of the American forests. The panther alone is capable of disputing his dominions, but usually succumbs to the bear's superior courage and perseverance. In strength and ferocity, the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains may be considered a rival of the lion and tiger of the Old World, while, being more active, he is more to be dreaded. Bear hunting has been a favorite sport and a profitable occupation in many parts of North America, and is so still in the western and northwestern parts of the United States and South America. The danger which attends it is one of its

strongest attractions to those who have been bred in the wilderness, and who delight to exercise their strength and skill. Many wild and thrilling stories are told of the achievements of the hunters, and their toils and sufferings, while following their exciting vocation, which furnish many instances of heroic daring, and presence of mind, and illustrate the habits of the bear. In the "Incidents in the Life of Ichabod Merritt," a noted hunter, communicated to the "American Pioneer," by his friend, Major Churchill, we find two adventures narrated, worthy of quotation.

Mr. Ichabod Merritt was born in Massachusetts, in June, 1786. In 1804, his parents removed to the district of Three Rivers, in Canada. At that time there was an abundance of game in that part of Canada, and also in the adjoining parts of Vermont. For many months during the fall and winter, hunting and trapping was a regular and profitable business. It was here, and in his youthful days, that Mr. Merritt inured himself to hardship, and self-possession in case of difficulty. He usually spent his winter in the woods, either trapping the martin and sable for their fur, or in hunting the bear, moose, or deer, with which those woods abounded. In the fall of 1815, he, with a brother, killed ten bears, the skins of which they sold for one hundred dollars. We give his account of his killing one of them, as something of a specimen of the rest. "Two dogs," (for a hunter in those days could not hunt without two, and sometimes more dogs,) he remarked, "had started a bear, and it appeared to be coming partly towards me. I moved in a direction to head it. Soon it came in sight, and when about twelve rods from me, it jumped upon a log, and turned to look and listen for the dogs. At this time I fired at it. The ball struck the jaw-bone, and glancing, lodged in the skin of its neck. The bear was but little hurt, and continued her course, coming near where I was loading. The dogs overtook and seized it. In my haste to load I had not watched them; but the moment I had fini



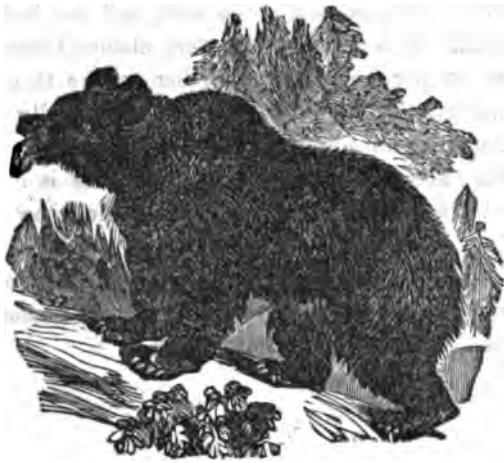
BEAR ATTACKED BY DOGS.



shed loading, I looked up, and the bear had got clear of the dogs and was pitching at me. She was not eight feet off. I sprang and ran a short distance, every step of which I could not help cringing, for I almost felt the embrace of the bear, and expected every instant to see her huge paws coming round me. As soon as I dared to look behind me, I found my faithful dogs had seized the bear, and she had turned to fight them. This gave me the very chance I wanted, and I let drive at her head, and shot her square through. She died instantly." In Canada the bears usually den up in winter, and lie in something of a torpid state. During a thaw, they sometimes venture out, but that is seldom. In warmer climates they ramble more while snow is on the ground.

The same person was very successful in hunting the elk, and displayed his courage in many desperate encounters with that beast, so formidable when at bay.





Treeing a Bear.

IN December, 1820, there being a light snow, Merritt, with two other companions, one of whom had been a sailor, while upon a hunting excursion, came upon the track of a full grown bear, which after following for a time, they found had ascended a huge white-wood, or poplar tree. This had been broken off some seventy feet from the ground, and it was supposed that the bear must have secreted itself within its hollow at the top. Unwilling to lose their game, and ready for any daring enterprise, they looked about for ways and means to accomplish their object. They first proposed cutting the tree down. But this at the root was sound and not less than eighteen feet in circumference. This with only one axe,

and that a dull one, they could not accomplish that day, and if left over night the bear would escape. The sailor proposed that if a smaller tree could be felled and lodged against the larger one, he would climb to the top and shoot the bear. A beech tree was then cut and lodged agreeably to their wishes. The sailor, who had often ascended the waving mast, had now a chance of showing his intrepidity upon a forest tree. He prepared himself for the enterprise, and now he began to think should he succeed in gaining the top, and miss his first shot, his situation would be dangerous in the extreme. The enraged bear would undoubtedly claim the premises, especially should it be a she one with her cubs, she would doubtless claim her right and title to that elevated position, and a battle would ensue. In this case all would agree that the bear would have its choice of location and the advantage of position. In the struggle, too, the beech might be dislodged from the white-wood, and he would either fall with it to the ground, or be left at the top of the tree. The first would be certain death, and the other would be no enviable situation. These were solemn thoughts for the sailor, and they probably weakened his nerves so much that it was found when he attempted to climb, that he could not ascend, after repeatedly trying, one inch beyond the assistance of his own companions.

This so vexed Merritt, that he told him to come down, and he would try what he could do towards climbing the tree. He then slung his rifle to his hunting belt, with the muzzle downwards and began to ascend the tree. This he succeeded in doing, and in getting from the topmost branches of the beech upon the limbs of the white-wood, just high enough to look over into the hollow. It was dark, and all he could see was a pair of eyes several feet below him. After informing his companions and charging them to shoot the bear the moment it came out of the tree, and that he should depend upon them for protection if he missed, he fired into the tree, and

then retreated back into the top of the beech and immediately reloaded. While doing this, the bear and the two cubs came out of the hollow of the tree. At this moment one of those below fired, but being much agitated, he missed. This person, in his precipitation broke his ramrod, and likewise his knuckles, and could not get his bullet down. He thought all was over with Merritt, and jumped around, crying out, "You are gone, Ick, you are gone, Ick!"—which Ick never heeded, but calmly reloaded. The cubs took to a limb, while the old bear made towards Merritt. She was in a menacing attitude and but a few feet above him when he made a second fire. This proved fatal and the bear fell. In falling she just brushed against him. Another hunter now coming up, shot one of the cubs, and Merritt at his leisure reloaded and shot the other. He then succeeded in getting safely to the ground.





Close Encounter with Bear

THE following story we cut from a recent newspaper. A day or two since, as Mr. Solomon Reed, of Dorset, Vermont, was cutting wood at some distance from his house, a very large bear stole up behind him, and ordered him to stop. He let fly his axe at Bruin, who in turn, let fly at him. Solomon then seized a club, and laid the blows upon his shaggy adversary so heavily that it broke, and he began to think he should have to knock under. Not having the wherewithal to knock him with, he made use of his fists, expecting every moment that he should be compelled to cave in. A dreadful hug followed, and the two rolled over on the ground like a couple of wrestlers in a ring. Not liking to bear it in this fashion,

Solomon, by a desperate effort, got Bruin under him, holding his head down, and sitting plump astride of the beast. The latter, however, soon began to "bear" up; and all at once, took to his heels like an infuriated bull, Solomon all the while astride, and compelling the bear to follow his nose with as slight a deviation of his jaws from a straight line as possible. On they drove at a furious rate—the rider and the ridden—the former endeavoring to make a bridle out of the bear's ears and the bear striving as hard to make a *bit* out of the man's arm. Solomon began to fear, at the rate he was going, that his steed was fast taking him into a whole nest of bears, and probably soliloquised—

"Better to bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

While in this predicament, Mr. Reed's son happened to overtake them on their journey, and settled all uncertainties by immediately knocking the bear in the head with his axe. Mr. Solomon Reed got some scratches in the scuffle, and Bruin's fat carcass to boot, which, by the way, he immediately salted for family use.





A Modern Putnam.

A LARGE black bear was traced to a cavern in the Round Mountain, and every effort made for three days without success to smoke or burn her out. At length a bold hunter, familiar with the spot, volunteered to beard the lion in his den. The well-like aperture, which alone could be seen from without, descended for about eight feet, then turned sharp off at right angles, running nearly horizontally for about six feet, beyond which it opened into a small circular chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The man determined to descend, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, and to shoot at the eyes of the bear, as they would be visible in the dark. Two narrow laths of pine wood were accordingly procured, and pierced with holes, in which candles were placed and lighted. A rope was next made fast about his chest, a butcher's knife disposed in readiness for

* From "Bentley's Miscellany."

his grasp, and his musket loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wrapped in greased buckskin. Gradually he disappeared, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the musket ready cocked in his hand. A few anxious moments—a low stifled growl was heard—then a loud, bellowing, crashing report, followed by a wild and fearful howl, half anguish, half furious rage. The men above wildly and eagerly hauled up the rope, and the sturdy hunter was whirled into the air uninjured, and retaining in his grasp his good weapon; while the fierce brute rushed tearing after him even to the cavern's mouth. As soon as the man had entered the small chamber, he perceived the glaring eyeballs of the bear, had taken steady aim at them, and had, he believed, lodged his bullets fairly. Painful moanings were soon heard from within, and then all was still! Again, the bold man determined to seek the monster; again he vanished, and his musket shot roared from the recesses of the rock. Up he was whirled; but this time, the bear, streaming with gore, and furious with pain, rushed after him, and with a mighty bound cleared the confines of the cavern! A hasty and harmless volley was fired, while the bear glared round as if undecided upon which of the group to wreak his vengeance. Tom, the hunter, coolly raised his piece, but snap! no spark followed the blow of the hammer. With a curse, Tom threw down the musket, and drawing his knife, rushed forward to encounter the bear single handed. What would have been his fate had the bear folded him in his deadly hug, we may be pretty sure; but ere this could happen, the four bullets did their work, and he fell; a convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and all was still. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh, and great were the rejoicings at his destruction.



A MODERN PUTNAM.

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Adventure with a Bear.

THE following narrative of an encounter with a bear is given by Mr. William Galloway, a surveyor in the west: On a cloudy day, in January, 1804, I surveyed a tract of one thousand acres of land on the Little Miami, which included the old Chillicothe town, assisted by William and John Stevenson, or Stinson, as they were commonly called, as chainmen, both of whom were old hunters.

In running the back line of the survey, which was mostly through a large thicket, I was about one hundred yards in advance of the chainman and marker. Having halted to set the compass, my attention was attracted by a pile of fresh earth, at the root of a large white oak, about twenty yards distant, which had fallen several years before; the trunk of which gradually rose from the root till about twenty-five feet back, it was elevated several feet from the ground. A small

dog which accompanied us ran to the place and commenced barking quite freely. I hastened to see what the dog had discovered, and, springing upon the fallen tree, and looking over it, I discovered, a large bear, snugly enclosed in his den, within six feet of where I stood, staring at me with no very pleasant countenance, which induced me to retreat in double-quick time; but finding I was not pursued, I halted when I reached the compass that I had left standing.

The chainman and marker hastened up, and inquired what was the cause of my running so fast? Upon informing them that I had found a bear, they accompanied me back to the log, which we all mounted and had a fair view of him in his den, while he calmly returned our gaze, without showing any sign of either fear or hostility; supposing, no doubt, that his den was impregnable, as the tree in falling had raised several cart-loads of earth on its roots, which time had settled in the shape of a regular mound; under which he had excavated a cavern several feet in depth, sufficiently large to turn round in, and to lodge comfortably.

A council of war was held forthwith to devise a plan for attacking Bruin. One, proposed by John Stinson, was with the marker's tomahawk and my steel-pointed jacob staff; but William Stinson, the oldest and most experienced hunter of the party, objected, saying, that from his great size and strength, if the bear was insulted with such puny weapons, he would certainly be the death of some of us; and this plan was abandoned by common consent. What then was to be done? To leave him undisturbed in his nest was not to be thought of by old hunters. After further hurried consultation, it was agreed that John should go home for his gun and dogs, while the rest remained to keep watch over Bruin's movements.

Accordingly, John set off at a long trot, while we who remained kindled a fire and patiently waited for his return. In about an hour he gave notice of his approach by a shout,

which we promptly answered. He was accompanied by William McFarland, a near neighbor, both on horseback, armed with their trusty rifles, and followed by some half dozen dogs of known pluck and eager for a row. Our armed heroes, on joining us, hastily dismounted and were rejoiced to hear that Cuffy still remained in his den. John claimed as his right the honor of leading the attack and giving the first shot, and instantly mounted the log, while I at the same moment followed his example and stood close behind him. Unfortunately, his nerves had become so much disturbed by his long race and excitement of the moment, that when he raised "Betsy," as he called his rifle, to his shoulder, he could not hold her steady, but shook and wobbled so much that he hesitated for some seconds to shoot. Seeing the tremor which had seized him, I entreated him to give me the gun; but this he refused. I then told him to make a sure shot, and "give it to him" above the eyes; he instantly fired, and the ball only glanced the side of his mouth, although the muzzle of his gun was not more than three feet from the bear's head. "Quick as wink" he gave a "tremendous" snort and sprang at John, who at the same moment jumped off the log and fell at full length on the ground. We all thought his hour had come, as the bear, with open mouth, flew on him; but fortunately, McFarland, on seeing John's trepidation before he fired, had cocked his gun, and, before Bruin could seize his prostrate foe, put the muzzle against his side and shot him through the lungs, while the dogs seized him at the same instant and saved John's life. After a brief scuffle with the dogs, whom he knocked about as if they had been mere puppies, while the blood flowed in streams from his side, mouth, and nose, he entered his cavern, and soon breathed his last. On dressing him, he was found to be in prime order, and weighed near four hundred pounds.

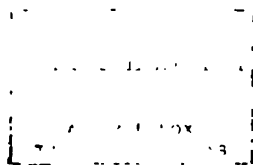


Minter's Fight with a Bear.

CAPTAIN JOHN MINTER, from Kentucky, one of the early settlers in Radnor, and brother-in-law of Colonel Crawford, who was burnt by the Indians, was, in his younger days, a great hunter, and became famous for a terrible bear fight, in which he came very near losing his life. When hunting alone one day, he came across a very large bear and fired at him. The bear fell, and reloading his gun, Minter advanced, supposing him dead, and touched his nose with the muzzle of his gun, when the bear instantly reared upon his hind legs to seize him. Minter fired again, which increased his rage, only inflicting a flesh wound, and then threw his hatchet at him; and as the bear sprang forward to grasp him, he struck



MINTER FIGHTING WITH THE BEAR.



him on his head with the rifle with all his might, producing no other effect than shivering his rifle all to pieces. Too late then to escape, he drew his big knife from its sheath and made plunge a at his heart, but old Bruin, by a stroke of his paw, whirled the knife into the air, and enfolding its weaponless owner with his huge arms, both rolled on the ground. A fearful struggle then ensued between the combatants: one ruled by unvarying instinct, and the other guided by the dictates of reason. The former depended wholly upon hugging his adversary to death, while the latter aimed at presenting his body in such positions as would best enable him to withstand the vice-like squeeze till he could loosen the grasp. He was about six feet in height, possessing large bones and well developed muscles, and being properly proportioned, was very athletic.

The woods were perfectly open and clear of underbrush, and in their struggle they rolled in every direction. Several times he thought the severity of the hug would finish him; but by choking the bear, he would compel him to release his hold, to knock off his hands, when he would recover his breath and gain a better position. After maintaining the contest in this way for several hours, they, happily for him, rolled back near where his knife lay, which inspired him with buoyant hope, but he had to make many ineffectual efforts before he could tumble the bear within reach of it. Having finally recovered it, he stabbed him at every chance till he at last bled to death, only relaxing his hold when life became extinct. He attempted to get up, but was too much exhausted, and crawling to a log, against which he leaned, his heart sickened as he contemplated the scene. Not a rag was left on him, and over his back, arms, and legs, his flesh was lacerated to the bones by the claws of the bear. By crawling and walking, he reached home after night, with no other covering than a gore of blood from head to foot. His friends, who went out the next morning to survey the ground and bring in the

trophy, said the surface was torn up by them over the space of at least half an acre. After several weeks he recovered, but he carried with him the cicatrices and welts, some of them were more than a quarter of an inch thick, till he died, about 1880. He never desired another bear hug, but gave up hunting, and turning his attention to agriculture, left his children a comfortable patrimony and a good name.*

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ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.



GRIZZLY BEAR.

Adventure with a Grizzly Bear.

I now took a long farewell of the horse, and turned northward, electing a line close in by the base of the hills, going along at an improved pace, with the view of reaching the trading-post the same night; but stopping in a gully to look for water, I found a little pool, evidently scratched out by a bear, as there were foot-prints and claw-marks about it; and I was aware instinct prompts that brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches until he comes to it. This was one of very large size, the foot-marks behind the toes being full nine inches; and although I had my misgivings about the prudence of facing a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a

* Kelly's "Excursion to California."

ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a clay-more and a bowie-knife; so, after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the horn of the saddle, and, staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view and good shooting distance of Bruin, who was seated erect, with his side towards me, in front of a manzanti bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly round, left little time for deliberation; so, taking a ready good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, and shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him, to my dismay, on all fours, in direct pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing brush close in my rear convincing me he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reaching the rope, pulled up the picket-pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the lariat, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affright produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance betwixt us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree; but, in my nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enfeebled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously. After

a moment's pause, and a fierce glare upward from his blood-shot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw his endeavors to climb were crippled by the shoulder. However, by the aid of his jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working convulsively to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of his foot, and he instantly fell with a dreadful souse and horrific growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again somewhat tardily, and limping round the tree with up-turned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, watching my opportunity, and leaning downward, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head, that he dropped; and my nerves being now rather more composed, I leisurely distributed the remaining five balls in the most vulnerable parts of his carcass.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little enervated with the excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled profusely from the temple; so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of the flesh. I therefore hacked off a few steaks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out towards the trading-post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company, who arose to listen; after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or the use of the mule. There

was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who, judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at fifteen hundred pounds, which, he said they frequently over run, he himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's exploring party, having killed several that came to two thousand pounds. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small-girthed tree, which they cannot get up, for, not having any central joint in the fore-legs, they cannot climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer over took me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, being in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, hugging them closely, lift one of the hind feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowls. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately, in the haunts of that animal those slim juvenile saplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grisly *vis-a-vis* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.





A Bear Hunt, the test of Courage.

THE best "bear story," which has come to our knowledge, is made up of events which happened in the vicinity of the Pyrenees, in France. Just after the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745, the young Baron de Villetteon, who had distinguished himself by his courage and virtue, was publicly insulted by M. De Malatour, who envied the young man's popularity. Villetteon was, in principle, opposed to duelling, and he refused to challenge his enemy. But to prove his courage and disprove that of Malatour, he proposed that they should join in a bear hunt, on the Villetteon estate, among the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. The proposal was accepted, and De Malatour with a number of others repaired to the chateau.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saucepans, drums, &c.—were assembled

under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head ; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carbines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of the movement ; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blended with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountains from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite at each side being jointed by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans ; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place ; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunters, with the exception of the pareur, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the pareur was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice ; he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the

inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the pareur rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the barking of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the pareur and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he, in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us; let your aim be true, or else"——

"Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villetteyron, without seeming to notice the surly response "he approaches!"

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, Villetteyron!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down

the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would fain struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him on the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire, fire! he is on you!" cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire lest he should hit his master.

The latter perceiving his agitation, turned round; it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of the petrified companion, and lodged the contents in the animal's breast ere it could reach them. He rolled, in the death-struggle to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; "here are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions, as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—"one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetteon cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast, a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argentre, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming, "To the sole vanquisher of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to pass so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetreton is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argentre.

"There's a brave young man," cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."





THE MOOSE.

Hunting the Moose.

IN the wilder parts of our country to hunt and kill the moose is always an object with the hunters. The moose is an animal similar to the deer, or elk, except vastly larger. Their color is a dark gray. The horns of the male are pronged, and very large in proportion to the size of their bodies. The body is thick-set, tail short, and they have a very large upper lip. Their usual gait is a trot, swinging their legs out so as

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HUNTING THE MOOSE.

to form a half-circle in the snow when it was three or four feet deep. "I have often," says Merritt, "measured their steps in the snow, and found them seven feet apart." A man, five and half feet high, could walk under the belly of a full grown one. They usually bring two young at a time. In winter, they herd together, and as the snow increases they form yards, living upon browse, the twigs and bark of trees. Sometimes they will take a strip, following some ridge or swamp, feeding upon the brush until they fill themselves, and then lie down, the next day progressing on further.

"The last moose which I killed," said Merritt, "was out back of Brompton Lake in Canada. I was hunting with J. Bonney. It was near night when we came upon a moose-yard. We had taken provision but for one day. We were not expecting then to chase them, but merely to find the place of yarding, and then wait until the snow became deeper before we disturbed them. When the snow was deep, and particularly, when there was an icy crust, we could soon run them down and shoot them. Bonney was for giving immediate chase. I persuaded him to camp that night, and in the morning to ascertain where we could get some provisions, before we started them, as the chase might last, as it frequently did, when there was but little snow, five or six days. The next day, it took us until about noon before we could find any thing to eat. We then obtained three quarts of Indian-meal, and about four pounds of bull-beef. We had with us a small kettle, with the aid of which we made our meal into porridge. Our dogs shared our provisions with us. We did but little this day, the second of our trip, except to get back upon the trail. The third day we gave chase; but, before night, Bonney was for giving up the pursuit. I persuaded him to continue, told him that he had been fierce to begin the pursuit when we had nothing to eat, and now when we had beef and porridge, I was for going ahead. Near night the dogs came up with them, but too late for us to get a shot at them.

We again encamped. The next day, after following five miles further we overtook them back of a hill, which, by the sound, they appeared to be going around. I immediately ran to the opposite side of the hill to meet them. They came around as I expected, and I partly met them. As they turned, a large one ran upon the ice of a creek and broke in. As he rose upon the ice I was ready, and cut loose upon him, and shot him square through. This stopped his running. After securing our prize, and getting a hearty meal of fresh meat, we returned."

In the summer the moose frequents swampy or low grounds, near the margins of lakes and rivers, through which they delight to swim, as it frees them for the time from the annoyance of insects. They are also seen wading out from the shores, for the purpose of feeding on the aquatic plants that rise to the surface of the water. At this season they regularly frequent the same place in order to drink, of which circumstance the Indian hunter takes advantage to lie in ambush, and secure the destruction of the deer. During the winter, the moose, in families of fifteen or twenty, seek the depths of the forest for shelter and food.

The moose is generally hunted in the month of March, when the snow is deep and sufficiently crusted with ice to bear the weight of a dog, but not a moose. Five or six Indians, provided with knapsacks and snow-shoes, containing food for about a week, and all necessary implements for making their camp at night, set out in search of a moose-yard. When they have discovered one, they collect their dogs and encamp for the night, in order to be ready to commence the chase at an early hour, before the sun softens the crust upon the snow, which would retard the dogs and facilitate the escape of the deer. At daybreak the dogs are let on, and the hunters, wearing large snow-shoes, follow as closely as possible. As soon as the dogs approach a moose, they assail him on all sides, and force him to attempt his escape by flight. The

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deer, however, does not run far, before the crust on the snow, through which he breaks at every step, cuts his legs so much that the poor animal stands at bay, and endeavors to defend himself against the dogs by striking at them with his fore-feet. The arrival of the hunter within a convenient distance soon terminates the combat, as a ball from his rifle rarely fails to bring the moose down.

I will now close the account of the moose with an anecdote I once heard of a hunter.

The hounds had been put into the woods for the purpose of scenting a deer—a business with which they were well acquainted, whilst the hunter placed himself in a convenient spot, suitably near the deer's *run-away*, so as to be able to bring it down at a shot, as it fled at the noise of the dogs from the mountain to the river. The spot he selected to wait in ambush was on a certain flat, very near the foot of a steep hill. This flat was about three-quarters of a mile in length: at one end was the hill by which our hunter stood; at the other, a steep bank along the edge of the river. The hunter had chosen his position well; he had narrowly examined the contents of his rifle, and made sure that the priming was in good order; he had rubbed the edge of his flint on his hat to make it brighter—all was in readiness, and he stood in a listening attitude, with his ear turned towards the hill, and his mouth slightly open to assist his hearing.

He had not waited in his hiding-place long, when the distant cry of the hounds struck his ear. He now knew that but a few minutes would pass before a deer would be seen bounding along in the path of their *run-away*, for the dogs had given tokens of the chase by their yells. He was not deceived; he heard plainly the rapid, but heavy bounds of a deer, which in an instant after he perceived, as it broke over the brow of the hill, with its majestic antlers thrown back over its neck. Now comes the decisive moment; one leap more and his noble breast is exposed to death, within a few

yards of the fatal gun which has already been brought to the hunter's cheek, while his eye looked steadily along the smooth barrel. The trigger was touched—a blaze, and the death-ringing struck sharp and shrill on the air. The fugitive, a noble buck, fell, and the hunter, in a moment, to secure his victim, having dropped his gun and drawn his knife, sprung across his back in order to cut his throat.

But, behold! the ball had struck one of his horns only near the root, which stunned the animal and caused it to fall. He recovered his feet again before the hunter had time to wound him with his knife, and, finding his enemy on his back, he rose and sprung off with the speed of an arrow; while the hunter, having full occupation for his hands in holding fast by the horns, found no time to invade his throat. So, clinging with his feet under the belly of the deer, he was borne away at a fearful rate the whole length of the flat, till he came to the steep bank of the river, at which place he had no sooner arrived, than, with his rider, the deer plunged with a tremendous leap into the deep water.

Here a scuffle ensued between the hunter and the deer; the deer endeavoring to push him under water with his forefeet, while the hunter was striving to hold its head, and at the same time cut its throat. This he soon accomplished, and, swimming ashore, drew his prize after him, declaring to his companions, who had witnessed the sport, and were now assembled on the river's bank, that he had had a "most glorious ride."

This man's name was John McMullen, and he is well remembered even now by many of the old inhabitants along the Susquehanna.

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ELK—MALE, FEMALE, AND YOUNG.



Hunting the Elk.

WHEN Merritt came to the state of Ohio, in 1815, there were numerous elk in the forests of this state. The elk is of the deer species, although much larger, the male, like that of the deer, only having horns. They feed in the winter mostly upon coarse grass, and the bark of trees. They usually go in droves. In 1823, says Merritt, "I started three in the north-west corner of this township; after following them around awhile, one separated from the others. I followed that one, and at night came within two miles of home. I went home and slept, and the next morning I took my brother with me, and a rope, determining to catch and bring it in alive. We took its track, there being a little snow, and often came in sight of it. Many times we might have shot it; but we deter-

mined to halter it. The next night found us about fifteen miles from home. The third, the elk became worried and hungry, as we had not allowed it to eat. During the day it ran into a cleared field, and the dogs there stopped and held it. It was a cow elk. I came up and caught my right arm over its neck, and with my left hand I took it by the nose, She soon cleared herself from the dogs, and I found I had a wild colt to handle. She carried me with ease—frequently striking at me with her fore-feet. I managed, so that her feet usually went one upon each side of me when she reared and struck, so that I was but little hurt. I would then have been glad to be out of that scrape; but the difficulty was in letting go. We soon arrived at the opposite side of the field, where was a high and strong fence. With my weight the elk could not jump the fence, and I here, with my left hand, caught around a rail, and I found I was able to hold the creature down until my brother came with the rope. When this was fastened to her, both of us could her. With the aid of a crotched stick, to keep her off, we led her to a log stable, and there confined her. After getting help so as to have one with a halter upon each side, and one behind to whip up, we succeeded in leading her home, a space of twenty-eight miles." Merritt says, that he has killed or caught with ropes, over thirty elk, in and near this place. They have now, for more than eighteen years, all disappeared from these parts, and it will soon only be known by tradition, or from history, that such animals ever roamed our forests.



Hunters and Trappers of the Far West.

Upon the great western plains of the United States, and in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains are found a class of men, unlike any other upon the face of the earth. They are whites, and generally speak a language which might be called English; but they possess more of the nature of the roving red men than of the feelings and habits pertaining to the civilized members of their race. To nerves of steel, which fit them to endure without a murmur extremities of toil and torment, they unite a daring and restless spirit, for which there cannot be too much excitement. War and the chase have for them charms possessed by nothing else in the world.

Their character has its humorous side, also. No persons can put a broader estimate upon fun, however originated, and around their camp-fires, jokes and stories are cracked and spun, with a keen relish. Their exaggerated accounts, ridiculous metaphors and comparisons, and slang-phrases, are truly mirth-provoking. No one has more accurately drawn the character and life of these men of the prairies and mountains, than George Frederick Ruxton, a young Englishman, who spent a considerable time among them, and joined in all their pursuits and pleasures, with a sympathetic spirit. His narrative, "Life in the Far West," has all the correctness of a good history, and the picturesqueness of a good romance. The following account of an attack upon the camp of the hunters, by the Indians, and the manner in which it was revenged, will illustrate the truth of our comments.

Away to the head waters of the Platte, where several small streams run into the south fork of that river, and head in the broken ridges of the "Divide" which separates the valleys of the Platte and Arkansas, were camped a band of trappers on a creek called Bijou. It was the month of October, when the early frosts of the coming winter had crisped and dyed with sober brown the leaves of the cherry and quaking ash belting the brooks; and the ridges and peaks of the Rocky Mountains were already covered with a glittering mantle of snow, sparkling in the still powerful rays of the autumn sun.

The camp had all the appearance of permanency; for not only did it comprise one or two unusually comfortable shanties, but the numerous stages on which huge stripes of buffalo meat were hanging in process of cure, showed that the party had settled themselves here in order to lay in a store of provisions, or as it is termed in the language of the mountains, "to make meat." Round the camp fed twelve or fifteen mules and horses, their fore-legs confined by hobbles of raw hide; and, guarding these animals, two men paced backward and forward, driving in the stragglers, ascending ever

and anon the bluffs which overhung the river, and leaning on their long rifles. while they swept with their eyes the surrounding prairie. Three or four fires burned in the encampment, at some of which Indian women carefully tended sundry steaming pots; while round one, which was in the centre of it, four or five stalwart hunters, clad in buckskin, sat cross-legged, pipe in mouth.

They were a trapping party from the north fork of Platte, on their way to wintering-ground in the more southern valley of the Arkansas; some, indeed, meditating a more extensive trip, even to the distant settlements of New Mexico, the paradise of mountaineers. The elder of the company was a tall, gaunt man, with a face browned by twenty years' exposure to the extreme clime of the mountains; his long black hair, as yet scarcely tinged with gray, hanging almost to his shoulders, but his cheeks and chin clean shaven, after the fashion of the mountain men. His dress was the usual hunting-frock of buckskin, with long fringes down the seams, with pantaloons similarly ornamented, and moccasins of Indian make. While his companions puffed their pipes in silence, he narrated a few of his former experiences of western life.

As all the mountaineers sat cross-legged round the fire, pipe in mouth, and with Indian gravity, listened to the yarn of the old trapper, interrupting him with an occasional wagh! or with the exclamation of some participators in the events then under narration, who would every now and then put in a corroborative—"This child remembers that fix," "or hyar's a niggur lifted hair on that spree," &c.—that a whizzing noise was heard in the air, followed by a sharp but suppressed cry from one of the hunters.

In an instant the mountaineers had sprung from their seats, and, seizing the ever-ready rifle, each one had thrown himself on the ground a few paces beyond the light of the fire, (for it was now nightfall;) but not a word escaped them, as lying close, with their keen eyes directed towards the

gloom of the thicket, near which the camp was fixed, with rifles ready cocked, they waited a renewal of the attack. Presently the leader of the band, no other than Killbuck, who had so lately been recounting some of his experiences across the plains, and than whom no more crafty woodsman or more expert trapper ever tracked a deer or grained a beaver-skin, raised his tall, leather-clad form, and placing his hand over his mouth, made the prairie ring with the wild, protracted note of an Indian war-whoop. This was instantly repeated from the direction where the animals belonging to the camp were grazing, under the charge of the horse-guard. Three shrill whoops answered the warning of the leader, and showed the guard was on the alert, and understood the signal. However, with the manifestation of their presence the Indians appeared to be satisfied; or, what is more probable, the act of aggression had been committed by some daring young warrior, who, being out on his first expedition, desired to strike the first *coup*, and thus signalize himself at the outset of the campaign. After waiting some few minutes, expecting a renewal of the attack, the mountaineers in a body rose from the ground and made toward the animals, with which they presently returned to the camp; and, after carefully hobbling and securing them to pickets firmly driven into the ground, mounting an additional guard, and examining the neighboring thicket, they once more assembled round the fire, relit their pipes, and puffed away the cheering weed as composedly as if no such being as Redskins, thirsting for their lives, was within a thousand miles of their perilous encampment.

"If ever thar was bad Injuns on these plains," at last growled Killbuck, biting hard the pipe-stem between his teeth, "it's these Rapahos, and the meanest kind at that."

"Can't beat the Blackfeet, any how," chimed in La Bonte, from the Yellow Stone country, a fine handsome specimen of a mountaineer. "However, one of you quit this arrow



A BLACKFOOT WARRIOR.

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out of my hump," he continued, bending forward to the fire, and exhibiting an arrow sticking out under his right shoulder blade, and a stream of blood trickling down his buckskin coat from the wound.

This his nearest neighbor essayed to do; but finding, after a tug, that it "would not come," expressed his opinion that the offending weapon would have to be "butchered" out. This was accordingly effected with the ready blade of a scalp-knife; and a handful of beaver-fur being placed on the wound, and secured by a strap of buckskin round the body, the wounded man donned his hunting-shirt once more, and coolly set about lighting his pipe, his rifle lying across his lap, cocked, and ready for use.

It was now near midnight—dark and misty; and the clouds, rolling away to the eastward from the lofty ridges of the Rocky Mountains, were gradually obscuring the dim starlight. As the lighter vapors faded from the mountains, a thick black cloud succeeded them, and settled over the loftier peaks of the chain, faintly visible through the gloom of night, while a mass of fleecy scud soon overspread the whole sky. A hollow moaning sound crept through the valley, and the upper branches of the cotton woods, with their withered leaves, began to rustle with the first breath of the coming storm. Huge drops of rain fell at intervals, hissing as they dropped into the blazing fires, and pattering on the skins with which the hunters hurriedly covered the exposed baggage. The mules near the camp cropped the grass with quick and greedy bites round the circuit of their pickets, as if conscious that the storm would soon prevent their feeding, and already humped their backs as the chilling rain fell upon their flanks. The prairie wolves crept closer to the camp, and in the confusion that ensued from the hurry of the trappers to cover the perishable portions of their equipment, contrived more than once to dart off with a piece of meat, when their peculiar

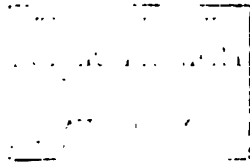
and mournful chiding would be heard as they fought for the possession of the ravished morsel.

When every thing was duly protected, the men set to work to spread their beds, those who had not troubled themselves to erect a shelter getting under the lee of the piles of packs and saddles; while Killbuck, disdainng even such care of his carcass, threw his buffalo robe on the bare ground, declaring his intention to "take" what was coming at all hazards, and "any how." Selecting a high spot, he drew his knife and proceeded to cut drains round it to prevent the water running into him as he lay; then taking a single robe he carefully spread it, placing under the end farthest from the fire a large stone brought from the creek. Having satisfactorily adjusted this pillow, he added another robe to the one already laid, and placed over all a Navajo blanket, supposed to be impervious to rain. Then he divested himself of his pouch and powder-horn, which, with his rifle, he placed inside his bed, and quickly covered up, lest the wet should reach them. Having performed these operations to his satisfaction, he lighted his pipe by the hissing embers of the half extinguished fire (for by this time the rain poured in torrents,) and went the rounds of the picketed animals, cautioning the guard round the camp to keep their "eyes skinned, for there would be 'powder burned' before morning." Then returning to the fire, and kicking with his moccasined foot the slumbering ashes, he squatted down before it, and thus soliloquized—

"Thirty years have I been knocking about these mountains from Missouri's head as far sothe as starving Gila. I've trapped a 'heap,' and many a hundred pack of beaver I've traded in my time, wagh! What has come of it, whar's the dollars as ought to be in my possibles? Whar's the ind of this, I say? Is a man to be hunted by Injuns all his days? Many's the time I've said I'd strike for Tacs, and trap a squaw, for this child's getting old, and feels like wanting a



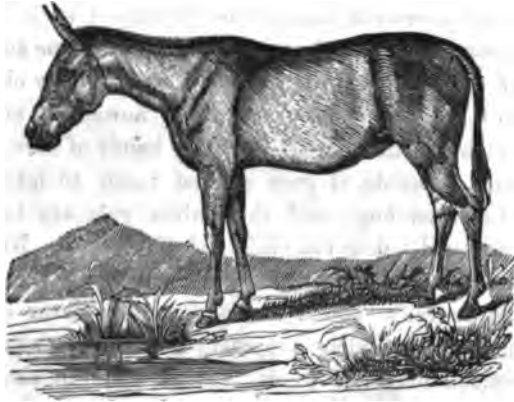
RAPAHO INDIANS.



woman's face about his lodge for the balance of his days ; but when it comes to caching of the old traps, I've the smallest kind of heart, I have. Certain, the old state come across my mind now and agin, but who's thar to remember my old body ? But them diggings get too overcrowded nowadays, and it is hard to fetch breath amongst them big bands of cornercrackers to Missoura. Beside, it goes against natur to leave bufler meat and feed on hog ; and them white gals are too much like picturs, and a deal too 'fofaraw' (fanfaron.) No ; darn the settlements, I say. It won't shine, and whar's the dollars ? However, beaver's 'bound to rise ;' human natur can't go on selling beaver a dollar a pound ; no, no, that arn't going to shine much longer, I know. Them was the times when this child first went to the mountains : six dollars the plew—old 'un or kitten. Wagh ! but it's bound to rise, I says agin ; and hyar's a coon knows whar to lay his hand on a dozen pack right handy, and then he'll take the Taos trail, wagh !"

Thus soliloquizing, Killbuck knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed it in the gayly ornamented case that hung round his neck, drew his knife-belt a couple of holes tighter, resuming his pouch and powder-horn, took his rifle, which he carefully covered with the folds of his Navajo blanket, and striding into the darkness, cautiously reconnoitered the vicinity of the camp. When he returned to the fire he sat himself down as before, but this time with his rifle across his lap ; and at intervals his keen gray eye glanced piercingly around, particularly towards an old, weather-beaten, and grizzled mule, who now, old stager as she was, having filled her belly, stood lazily over her picket-pin, with her head bent down and her long ears flapping over her face, her limbs gathered under her, and her back arched to throw off the rain, tottering from side to side as she rested and slept.

"Yep, old gal !" cried Killbuck to the animal, at the same time picking a piece of burnt wood from the fire and throwing it at her, at which the mule gathered itself up and cocked



KILLBUCK'S MULE.

her ears as she recognised her master's voice. "Yep, old gal! and keep your nose open; thar's brown skin about, I'm thinkin', and maybe you'll get roped, (lassooed) by a Rapaho, afore mornin'."

Again the old trapper settled himself before the fire; and soon his head began to nod, as drowsiness stole over him. Already he was in the land of dreams; revelling among bands of "fat cow," or hunting along a stream well peopled with beaver; with no Indian "sign" to disturb him, and the merry rendezvous in close perspective, and his peltry selling briskly at six dollars the plew, and galore of alcohol to ratify the trade. Or, perhaps, threading the back trail of his memory, he passed rapidly through the perilous vicissitudes of his hard, hard life—starving one day, revelling in abundance the next; now beset by whooping savages thirsting for his blood, baying his enemies like a hunted deer, but with the unflinching courage of a man; now, all care thrown aside, secure and forgetful of the past, a welcome guest in the hospitable trading fort; or back, as the trail gets fainter, to his childhood's home in the brown forests of old Kentuck, tended and cared



KILLBUCK AT A TRADING POST.

1910

for—his only thought to enjoy the hommony and johnny cakes of his thrifty mother. Once more, in warm and well remembered homespun, he sits on the snake fence round the old clearing, and munching his hoe-cake at set of sun, listens to the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, or the harsh cry of the noisy cat-bird, or watches the agile gambols of the squirrels as they chase each other, chattering the while, from branch to branch of the lofty tamarisks, wondering how long it will be before he will be able to lift his father's heavy rifle, and use it against the tempting game. Sleep, however, sat lightly on the eyes of the wary mountaineer, and a snort from the old mule in an instant stretched his every nerve. Without a movement of his body, his keen eye fixed itself upon the mule, which now stood with head bent round, and eyes and ears pointed in one direction, snuffing the night air, and snorting with apparent fear. A low sound from the wakeful hunter roused the others from their sleep; and raising their bodies from their well-soaked beds, a single word apprised them of their danger.

“Injuns!”

Scarcely was the word out of Killbuck's lips when, above the howling of the furious wind, and the pattering of the rain, a hundred savage yells broke suddenly upon their ears from all directions round the camp; a score of rifle-shots rattled from the thicket, and a cloud of arrows whistled through the air, while a crowd of Indians charged upon the picketed animals, “Owgh, owgh—owgh—owgh—g-h-h.” “Afoot, by gor!” shouted Killbuck, “and the old mule gone at that. On 'em, boys, for old Kentuck!” And he rushed toward his mule, which jumped and snorted, mad with fright, as a naked Indian strove to fasten a lariat round her nose, having already cut the rope which fastened her to the picket pin.

“Quit that, you cussed devil!” roared the trapper, as he jumped upon the savage, and without raising his rifle to his shoulder, made a deliberate thrust with the muzzle at his

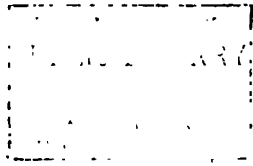
naked breast, striking him full, and at the same time pulling the trigger, actually driving the Indian two paces backward with the shock, when he fell in a heap, and dead. But at the same moment, an Indian, sweeping his club round his head, brought it with fatal force down upon Killbuck; for a moment the hunter staggered, threw out his arms wildly into the air, and fell headlong to the ground.

"Ough! ough! ough-h-h!" cried the Rapaho, and striding over the prostrate body, he seized with his left hand the middle lock of the trapper's long hair, and drew his knife round the head to separate the scalp from the skull. As he bent over his work, the trapper named La Bonte saw his companion's peril, rushed quick as thought at the Indian, and buried his knife to the hilt between his shoulders. With a gasping shudder the Rapaho fell dead upon the prostrate body of his foe.

The attack, however, lasted but a few seconds. The dash at the animals had been entirely successful, and, driving them before them, with loud cries, the Indians disappeared in the darkness. Without waiting for daylight, two of the three trappers who alone were to be seen, and who had been within the shanties at the time of attack, without a moment's delay commenced packing two horses, which having been fastened to the shanties had escaped the Indians, and placing their squaws upon them, showering curses and imprecations upon their enemies, left the camp, fearful of another onset, and resolved to retreat and *cache* themselves until the danger was over. Not so La Bonte, who, stout and true, had done his best in the fight and now sought the body of his old comrade, from which, before he could examine the wounds, he had first to remove the corpse of the Indian he had slain. Killbuck still breathed. He had been stunned; but, revived by the cold rain beating upon his face, he soon opened his eyes, and recognised his trusty friend, who, sitting down, lifted his head into his lap, and wiped away the blood that streamed from the



SCALPING.



wounded scalp. "Is the top-knot gone, boy?" asked Kill buck; "for my head feels queersome, I tell you."

"Thar's the Injun as felt like lifting it," answered the other, kicking the dead body with his foot.

"Wagh! boy, you've struck a coup; so scalp the nigger right off, and then fetch me a drink."

The morning broke clear and cold. With the exception of a light cloud which hung over Pike's Peak, the sky was spotless; and a perfect calm had succeeded the boisterous storm of the previous night. The creek was swollen and turbid with the rains; and as La Bonte proceeded a little distance down the bank to find a passage to the water, he suddenly stopped short, and an involuntary cry escaped him. Within a few feet of the bank lay the body of one of his companions, who had formed the guard at the time of the Indians' attack. It was lying on the face, pierced through the chest with an arrow which was buried to the very feathers, and the scalp torn from the bloody skull. Beyond, but all within a hundred yards, lay the three others, dead, and similarly mutilated. So certain had been the aim, and so close the enemy, that each had died without a struggle, and consequently had been unable to alarm the camp. La Bonte, with a glance at the bank, saw at once that the wily Indians had crept along the creek, the noise of the storm facilitating their approach undiscovered, and crawling up the bank, had watched their opportunity to shoot the four hunters on guard.

Returning to Killbuck, he apprised him of the melancholy fate of their companions, and held a council of war as to their proceedings. The old hunter's mind was soon made up. "First," said he, "I get back my old mule; she's carried me and my traps these twelve years, and I aint a goin' to lose her yet. Second, I feel like taking hair, and some Rapahos has to 'go under' for this night's work. Third We have got to *cache* the beaver. Fourth We take the Injun trail, wherever it leads.

No more daring mountaineer than La Bonte ever trapped a beaver, and no counsel could have more exactly tallied with his own inclination than the law laid down by old Killbuck.

"Agreed," was his answer, and forthwith he set about forming a *cache*. In this instance they had not sufficient time to construct a regular one, so they contented themselves with securing their packs of beaver in buffalo robes, and tying them in the forks of several cotton-woods, under which the camp had been made. This done, they lit a fire, and cooked some buffalo meat: and, while smoking a pipe, carefully cleaned their rifles and filled their horns and pouches with a good stock of ammunition.

A prominent feature in the character of the hunters of the far west is their quick determination and resolves in cases of extreme difficulty and peril, and their fixedness of purpose, when any plan of operations has been laid, requiring bold and instant action in carrying out. It is here that they so infinitely surpass the savage Indian, in bringing to a successful issue their numerous hostile expeditions against the natural foe of the white man in the wild and barbarous regions of the west. Ready to resolve as they are prompt to execute, and combining far greater dash and daring with equal subtlety and caution, they possess great advantage over the vacillating Indian, whose superstitious mind in a great degree paralyzes the physical energy of his active body; and who, by waiting for propitious signs and seasons before he undertakes an enterprise, often loses the opportunity by which his white and more civilized enemy knows how to profit.

Killbuck and La Bonte were no exceptions to this characteristic rule; and before the sun was a hand's-breadth above the eastern horizon, the two hunters were running on the trail of the victorious Indians. Striking from the creek where the night attack was made, they crossed to another, known as Kioway, running parallel to Bijou, a few hours' journey westward, and likewise heading in the "divide." Following this

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KILBUCK AND LA BONTE.

to its forks, they struck into the upland prairies lying at the foot of the mountains; and crossing to the numerous water-courses which feed the creek called "Vermilion," or "Cherry," they pursued the trail over the mountain spurs until it reached a fork of the Boiling Spring. Here the war-party had halted and held a consultation, for from this point the trail turned at a tangent to the westward, and entered the rugged gorges of mountains. It was now evident to the two trappers that their destination was the Bayou Slade—a mountain valley which, is a favorite resort of the buffalo in the winter season, and which, and for this reason, is often frequented by the Yuta Indians as their wintering-ground. That the Rapahos were on a war expedition against the Yutas, there was little doubt; and Killbuck, who knew every inch of the ground, saw at once, by the direction the trail had taken, that they were making for the Bayou in order to surprise their enemies, and, therefore, were not following the usual Indian trail up the canon of the Boiling Spring river. Having made up his mind to this, he at once struck across the broken ground lying at the foot of the mountains, steering a course a little to the eastward of north, or almost in the direction whence he had come: and then, pointing westward, about noon he crossed the mountain chain, and descending in a ravine through which a little rivulet tumbled over its rocky bed, he at once proved the correctness of his judgment by striking the Indian trail, now quite fresh, as it wound through the canon along the bank of the stream. The route he had followed, impracticable to pack-animals, had saved at least half a day's journey, and brought them within a short distance of the object of their pursuit; for, at the head of the gorge, a lofty bluff presenting itself, the hunters ascended to the summit, and, looking down, described at their very feet the Indian camp, with their own stolen cavallada feeding quietly round.

"Wah!" exclaimed both the hunters in a breath. "And thar's the old gal at that," chuckled Killbuck, as he recog-

nised his old grizzled mule making good play at the rich buffalo grass with which these mountain valleys abound.

"If we don't make 'a raise' afore long, I wouldn't say so. Thar plans is plain to this child as beaver sign. They're after Yuta hair, as certain as this' gun has hind-sights; but they arn't a-goin' to pack them animals after 'em, and have crawled like 'rattlers' along this bottom to *cache* 'em till they come back from the Bayou—and maybe they'll leave half a dozen 'soldiers' with 'em."

How right the wily trapper was in his conjectures will be shortly proved. Meanwhile, with his companion, he descended the bluff, and pushing his way into a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar, sat down on a log, and drew from an end of the blanket, strapped on his shoulder, a portion of a buffalo's liver, which they both discussed, raw, with infinite relish; eating in lieu of bread, (an unknown luxury in these parts) sundry strips of dried fat. To have kindled a fire would have been dangerous, since it was not impossible that some of the Indians might leave their camp to hunt, when the smoke would at once have betrayed the presence of enemies. A light was struck, however, for their pipes, and after enjoying this consolation for some time, they laid a blanket on the ground, and side by side, soon fell asleep.

If Killbuck had been a prophet, or the most prescient of "medicine-men," he could not have more exactly predicted the movements in the Indian camp. About three hours before "sun-down," he rose and shook himself, which movement was sufficient to awaken his companion. Telling La Bonte to lie down again and rest, he gave him to understand that he was about to reconnoitre the enemy's camp; and after carefully examining his rifle, and drawing his knife-belt a hole or two tighter, he proceeded on his dangerous errand. Ascending the same bluff whence he had first discovered the Indian camp, he glanced rapidly around, and made himself master of the features of the ground—choosing a ravine by which he might

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INDIAN COUNCIL.

approach the camp more closely, and without danger of being discovered. This was soon effected; and in half an hour the trapper was lying on his belly on the summit of a pine-covered bluff, which overlooked the Indians within easy rifle-shot, and so perfectly concealed by the low spreading branches of the cedar and arbor-vitæ, that not a particle of his person could be detected; unless, indeed, his sharp twinkling gray eye contrasted too strongly with the green boughs that covered the rest of his face. Moreover, there was no danger of their hitting upon his trail, for he had been careful to pick his steps on the rock-covered ground, so that not a track of his moccasin was visible. Here he lay, still as a carcajen in wait for a deer, only now and then shaking the boughs as his body quivered with a suppressed chuckle, when any movement in the Indian camp caused him to laugh inwardly at his (if they had known it) unwelcome proximity. He was not a little surprised, however, to discover that the party was much smaller than he had imagined, counting only forty warriors; and this assured him that the band had divided, one half taking the Yuta trail by the Boiling Spring, the other (the one before him) taking a longer circuit in order to reach the Bayou, and make the attack on the Yutas in a different direction.

At this moment the Indians were in deliberation. Seated in a large circle round a very small fire, the smoke of which ascended in a thin straight column, they each in turn puffed a huge cloud of smoke from three or four long cherry-stemmed pipes, which went the round of the party; each warrior touching the ground with the heel of the pipe-bowl, and turning the stem upward and away from him as "medicine" to the Great Spirit, before he himself inhaled the fragrant kin-nik-kinnik. The council, however, was not general, for only fifteen of the old warriors took part in it, the others sitting outside and at some little distance from the circle. Behind each were his arms—bow and quiver, and shield hanging from

a spear stuck in the ground, and a few guns hung in ornamented covers of buckskin were added to some of the equipments. Near the fire, and in the centre of the inner circle, a spear was fixed upright in the ground, and on this dangled the four scalps of the trappers killed the preceding night; and underneath them, affixed to the same spear, was the mystic "medicine-bag," by which Killbuck knew that the band before him was under the command of the principal chief of the tribe.

Toward the grim trophies on the spear, the warriors, who in turn addressed the council, frequently pointed—more than one, as he did so, making the gyratory motion of the right hand and arm, which the Indians use in describing that they have gained an advantage by skill or cunning. Then pointing westward, the speaker would thrust out his arm, extending his fingers at the same time, and closing and reopening them repeatedly, meaning, that although four scalps already ornamented the "medicine" pole, they were as nothing compared to the numerous trophies they would bring from the Salt Valley, where they expected to find their hereditary enemies the Yutas. "That now was not the time to count their coups," (for at this moment one of the warriors rose from his seat, and, swelling with pride, advanced toward the spear; pointing to one of the scalps, and then striking his open hand on his naked breast, jumped into the air, as if about to go through the ceremony.) "That before many suns all their spears together would not hold the scalps they had taken, and they would return to their village and spend a moon relating their achievements, and counting coups."

All this Killbuck learned—thanks to his knowledge of the language of signs—a master of which, even if he have no ears or tongue, never fails to understand, and be understood by, any of the hundred tribes whose languages are perfectly distinct and different. He learned, moreover, that at sundown the greater part of the band would resume the trail, in

order to reach the Bayou by the earliest dawn; and also, that no more than four or five of the younger warriors would remain with the captured animals. Still the hunter remained in his position until the sun had disappeared behind the ridge; when, taking up their arms, and throwing their buffalo robes on their shoulders, the war party of Rapahos, one behind the other, with noiseless step, and silent as the dumb, moved away from the camp. When the last dusky form had disappeared behind a point of rocks which shut in the northern end of the little valley or ravine, Killbuck withdrew his head from the screen, crawled backwards on his stomach from the edge of the bluff, and, rising from the ground, shook and stretched himself; then gave one cautious look around, and immediately proceeded to rejoin his companion.

"*Lave* (get up;) boy," said Killbuck, as soon as he reached him. "Hyar's grainin' to do afore long—and sun about down, I'm thinking."

"Ready, old hos," answered La Bonte, giving himself a shake. "What's the sign like, and how many's the lodge?"

"Fresh, and five, boy. How do you feel?"

"*Half froze for hair!* Wagh!"

"We'll have moon to-night, and as soon as she gets up, we'll make 'em 'come.'"

Killbuck then described to his companion what he had seen, and detailed his plan. This was simply to wait until the moon afforded sufficient light, then approach the Indian camp and charge into it, "lift" as much "hair" as they could, recover their animals, and start at once to the Bayou and join the friendly Yutas, warning them of the coming danger. The risk of falling in with either of the Rapaho bands was hardly considered; to avoid this, they trusted to their own foresight, and the legs of their mules, should they encounter them.

Between sundown and the rising of the moon, they had leisure to eat their supper, which, as before, consisted of raw

buffalo liver; after discussing which, Killbuck pronounced himself "a 'heap' better, and ready for 'huggin'."

In the short interval of almost perfect darkness which preceded the moonlight, and taking advantage of one of the frequent squalls of wind which howl down the narrow gorges of the mountains, these two determined men, with footsteps noiseless as the panther's, crawled to the edge of the little plateau of some hundred yards square, where the five Indians in charge of the animals were seated round a fire, perfectly unconscious of the vicinity of danger. Several clumps of cedar bushes dotted the small prairie, and among these the well-hobbled mules and horses were feeding. These animals, accustomed to the presence of whites, would not notice the two hunters as they crept from clump to clump, nearer to the fire, and also served, even if the Indians should be on the watch, to conceal their movements from them.

This the two men at once perceived; but old Killbuck knew that if he passed within sight or smell of his mule, he would be received with a hinny of recognition, which would at once alarm the enemy. He therefore first ascertained where his own animal was feeding, which luckily was at the father side of the prairie, and would not interfere with his proceedings.

Threading their way among the feeding mules, they approached a clump of bushes about forty yards from the spot where the unconscious savages were seated smoking round the fire; and here they awaited, scarcely drawing breath the while, the moment when the moon rose above the mountain into the clear cold sky, and gave them light sufficient to make sure their work of bloody retribution. Not a pulsation in the hearts of these stern, determined men beat higher than its wont; not the tremor of a nerve disturbed their frame. They stood with lips compressed and rifles ready, their pistols loosened in their belts, their scalp-knives handy to their gripe. The lurid glow of the coming moon already shot into the sky above the ridge, which stood out in bold relief against the light;

and the luminary herself just peered over the mountain, illuminating its pine-clad summit, and throwing her beams on the opposite peak, when Killbuck touched his companion's arm, and whispered, "Wait for full light boy."

At this moment, however, unseen by the trapper, the old grizzled mule had gradually approached, as she fed along the plateau; and, when within a few paces of their retreat, a gleam of moonshine revealed to the animal the erect forms of the two whites. Suddenly she stood still and pricked her ears, and stretching out her neck and nose, snuffed the air. Well she knew her old master.

Kilbuck, with eyes fixed upon the Indians, who was on the point of giving the signal of attack to his comrade, when the shrill hinny of his mule reverberated through the gorge. The Indians jumped to their feet and seized their arms, when Killbuck, with a loud shout of "At 'em, boy; give the niggurs h—!" rushed from his concealment, and with La Bonte by his side, yelling a fierce war-whoop, sprung upon the startled savages.

Panic-struck with the suddenness of the attack, the Indians scarcely knew where to run, and for a moment stood huddled together like sheep. Down dropped Killbuck on his knee, and stretching out his wiping-stick, planted it on the ground at the extreme length of his arm. As methodically and as coolly as if to aim at a deer, he raised his rifle to this rest and pulled the trigger. At the report an Indian fell forward on his face, at the same moment that La Bonte, with equal certainty of aim and like effect discharged his own rifle.

The three surviving Indians, seeing that their assailants were but two, and knowing that their guns were empty, came on with loud yells. With the left hand grasping a bunch of arrows, and holding the bow already bent, and arrow fixed, they steadily advanced, bending low to the ground to get their objects between them and the light, and thus render their aim more certain. The trappers, however, did not care

to wait for them. Drawing their pistols, they charged at once; and although the bows twanged, and the three arrows struck their mark, on they rushed, discharging their pistols at close quarters. La Bonte threw his empty one at the head of an Indian, who was pulling his second arrow to its head, at a yard's distance, drew his knife at the same moment, and made at him.

But the Indian broke and ran, followed by his surviving companion; and as soon as Killbuck could ram home another ball, he sent a shot flying after them as they scrambled up the mountain side, leaving in their fright and hurry their bows and shields on the ground.

The fight was over, and the two trappers confronted each other—"We've given 'em h—!" laughed Killbuck.

"*Well*, we have," answered the other, pulling an arrow out of his arm—"Wagh!"

"We'll lift the hair any how," continued the first, "afore the scalp's cold."

Taking his whetstone from the little sheath on his knife-belt, the trapper proceeded to "edge" his knife, and then stepping to the prostrate body, he turned it over to examine if any symptoms of vitality remained. "Thrown cold!" he exclaimed, as he dropped the lifeless arm he had lifted. "I sighted him about the long ribs, but the light was bad, and I couldn't get a 'bead' 'off hand' any how."

Seizing with his left hand the long and braided lock on the centre of the Indian's head, as he passed the pointed edge of a keen butcher-knife round the parting, turning it at the same time under the skin to separate the scalp from the skull; then with a quick and sudden jerk of his hand, he removed it entirely from the head, and giving the reeking trophy a wring upon the grass to free it from the blood, he coolly hitched it under his belt, and proceeded to the next; but seeing La Bonte operating upon this, he sought the third, who lay at some little distance from the others. This one was

still alive, a pistol-ball having passed through his body, without touching a vital spot.

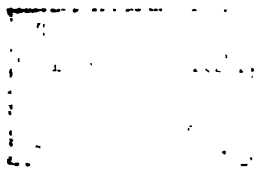
"Gut-shot is this niggur," exclaimed the trapper; "them pistols never throws 'em in their tracks;" and thrusting his knife, for mercy's sake, into the bosom of the Indian, he likewise tore the scalp-lock from his head, and placed it with the other.

La Bonte had received two trivial wounds, and Killbuck till now had been walking about with an arrow sticking in the fleshy part of his thigh, the point being perceptible near the surface of the other side. To free his leg from this painful encumbrance, he thrust the weapon completely through, and then cutting off the arrow-head below the barb, he drew it out, the blood flowing freely from the wound. A tourniquet of buckskin soon stopped this, and, heedless of the pain, the hardy mountaineer sought for his old mule, and quickly brought it to the fire, (which La Bonte had rekindled,) lavishing many a caress, and most comical terms of endearment, upon the faithful companion of his wanderings. They found all the animals safe and well; and after eating heartily of some venison which the Indians had been cooking at the moment of the attack, made instant preparation to quit the scene of their exploit, not wishing to trust to the chance of the Rapahos being too frightened to again molest them.

Having no saddles, they secured buffalo robes on the backs of two mules—Killbuck, of course, riding his own—and lost no time in proceeding on their way. They followed the course of the Indians up the stream, and found that it kept the canons and gorges of the mountains, where the road was better; but it was with no little difficulty that they made their way, the ground being much broken and covered with rocks. Killbuck's wound became very painful, and his leg stiffened and swelled distressingly, but he still pushed on all night, and at daybreak, recognizing their position, he left the Indian trail, and followed a little creek which rose in a moun-

tain chain of moderate elevation, above which, and to the south, Pike's Peak towered high into the clouds. With great difficulty they crossed this ridge, and ascending and descending several smaller ones, which gradually smoothed away as they met the valley, about three hours after sunrise they found themselves in the south-east corner of the Bayou Salade.

Judging, from the direction the Rapahos were taking, that the friendly tribe of Yutas were there already, the trappers had resolved to join them as soon as possible; and, therefore, without resting, pushed on through the uplands, and, toward the middle of the day, had the satisfaction of descrying the conical lodges of the village, situated on a large level plateau, through which ran a mountain stream. A numerous band of mules and horses were scattered over the pasture, and round them several mounted Indians kept guard. As the trappers descended the bluffs into the plain, some straggling Indians caught sight of them; and instantly one of them, lassoing a horse from the herd, mounted it, barebacked, and flew like wind to spread the news. Soon the lodges disgorged their inmates; first the women and children rushed to the side of the strangers' approach; then the younger Indians, unable to restrain their curiosity, mounted their horses, and galloped forth to meet them. The old chiefs, enveloped in buffalo robes (softly and delicately dressed as the Yutas alone know how,) and with tomahawk held in one hand and resting in the hollow of the other arm, sallied last of all from their lodges, and squatting in a row on a sunny bank outside the village, awaited with dignified composure, the arrival of the whites. Killbuck was well known to most of them, having trapped in their country and traded with them years before at Robideau's fort at the head waters of the Rio Grande. After shaking hands with all who presented themselves, he at once gave them to understand that their enemies, the Rapahos, were at hand, with a hundred warriors at least, elated by the coup they had just struck against the whites, bringing,





INDIANS COOKING.

moreover, four white scalps to incite them to brave and daring deeds.

At this news the whole village was speedily in commotion: the war-shout was taken up from lodge to lodge; the squaws began to lament and tear their hair; the warriors to paint and arm themselves. The elder chiefs immediately met in council, and, over the medicine-pipe, debated as to the best course to pursue—whether to await the attack, or sally out and meet the enemy. In the mean time, the braves were collected together by the chiefs of the respective bands, and scouts, mounted on the fastest horses, dispatched in every direction to procure intelligence of the enemy.

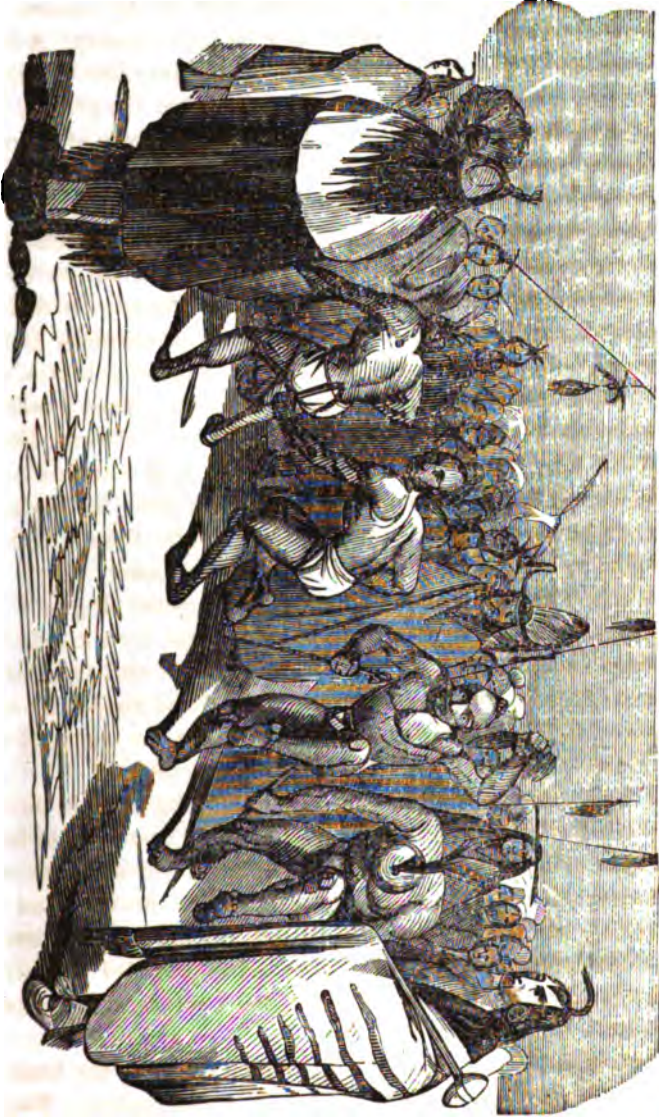
The two whites, after watering their mules and picketing them in some good grass near the village, drew near the council-fire, without, however, joining in the "talk," until they were invited to take their seats by the eldest chief. Then Killbuck was called upon to give his opinion as to the direction in which he judged the Rapahos to be approaching, which he delivered in their own language, with which he was well acquainted. In a short time the council broke up, and, without noise or confusion, a band of one hundred chosen warriors left the village, immediately after one of the scouts had galloped in and communicated some intelligence to the chiefs. Killbuck and La Bonte volunteered to accompany the war-party, weak and exhausted as they were; but this was negatived by the chiefs, who left their white brothers to the care of the women, who tended their wounds, now stiff and painful: and spreading their buffalo robes in a warm and roomy lodge, left them to the repose they so much needed.

The next morning, Killbuck's leg was greatly inflamed, and he was unable to leave the lodge; but he made his companion bring the old mule to the door, that he might give her a couple of ears of Indian corn, the last remains of the slender store brought by the Indians from the Navajo country. The day passed, and sun-down brought no tidings of the war-party.

This caused no little wailing on the part of the squaws, but was interpreted by the whites as a favorable augury. A little after sunrise, on the second morning, the long line of the returning warriors was discerned winding over the prairie, and a scout having galloped in to bring in the news of a great victory, the whole village was soon in a ferment of paint and drumming. A short distance from the lodges, the warriors halted to await the approach of the people. Old men, children, and squaws sitting astride their horses, sallied out to escort the victorious party in triumph to the village. With loud shouts and songs, and drums beating the monotonous Indian time, they advanced and encircled the returning braves, one of whom, his face covered with black paint, carried a pole on which dangled thirteen scalps, the trophies of the expedition. As he lifted these on high, they were saluted with deafening whoops and cries of exultation and savage joy. In this manner they entered the village, almost before the friends of those fallen in the fight had ascertained their losses. Then the shouts of delight were converted into yells of grief; the mothers and wives of those braves who had been killed (and seven had "gone under") presently returned with their faces, necks, and hands blackened, and danced and hopped around the scalp-pole, which had been deposited in the centre of the village, in front of the lodge of the great chief.

Killbuck now learned that a scout having brought intelligence that the two bands of Rapahos were hastening to form a junction, as soon as they learned that their approach was discovered, the Yutas had successfully prevented it; and attacking one party, had entirely defeated it, killing thirteen of the Rapaho braves. The other party had fled on seeing the issue of the fight, and a few of the Yuta warriors pursued them.

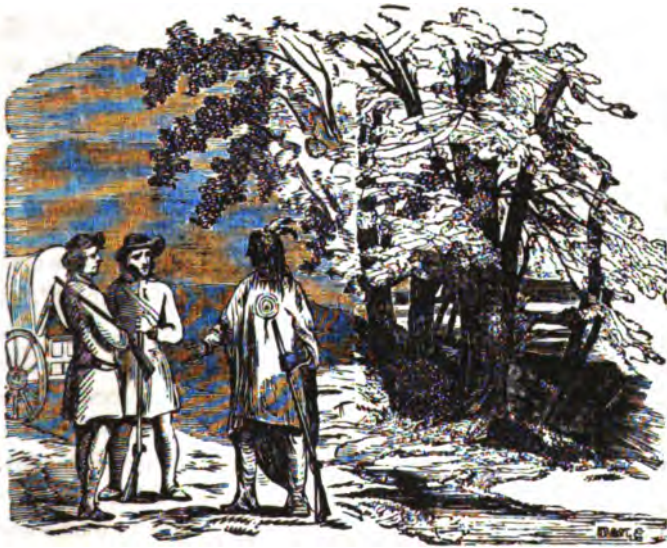
Such is the life of peril and excitement led by the hunters of the west. At no moment can they feel secure. Naturally, they attach themselves to some particular tribes, and by



THE SCALP DANCE.

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AS ...
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doing so they draw upon themselves the enmity of the foes of those tribes. Besides, there are bands of Indians, who steal wherever they can find an opening, from friend or foe; and these will not hesitate to take life, if necessary for their work. Yet the bold hunter, trusting in his own strength and skill, will frequently travel many miles alone in the neighborhood of those he knows to be thirsting for his blood, and triumph over his red enemies if not too numerous and vigilant.



La Bonte's Adventures.

THE many exploits and mischances of La Bonte, the indomitable companion of old Killbuck, while on his first hunting expedition forms an interesting portion of Mr. Ruxton's narrative. La Bonte was a native of Missouri. Being unfortunate in love, and anxious to quit the scene of his mishap, he made the acquaintance of the hunters, who visited St. Louis, and determined to join them in their mode of life. Equipping himself with gun, ammunition, traps, mules, and blankets, he went to Independence, the starting place for hunters and emigrants. The band set out upon the prairie about the latter end of May. Its adventures we give in the words of Ruxton.

Camping the first night on "Black Jack," our mountaineers here cut each man a spare hickory wiping-stick for his rifle; and La Bonte, who was the only greenhorn of the party, witnessed a savage ebullition of rage on the part of one of his companions, exhibiting the perfect unrestraint which these men impose upon their passions, and the barbarous anger which the slightest opposition to their will excites. One of the trappers, on arriving at the camping-place, dismounted from his horse, and after divesting it of its saddle, endeavored to lead his mule by the rope up to the spot where he wished to deposit his pack. Mule-like, however, the more he pulled the more stubbornly she remained in her tracks, planting her fore-legs firmly, and stretching out her neck with provoking obstinacy. Truth to tell, it does require the temper of a thousand Jobs to manage a mule; and in no case does the



INDIAN LODGE.

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wilful mulishness of the animal stir up one's choler more than in the very trick this one played, and which is a daily occurrence. After tugging ineffectually for several minutes, winding the rope round his body, and throwing himself suddenly forward with all his strength, the trapper actually foamed with passion; and although he might have subdued the animal at once by fastening the rope with a half hitch round its nose, this, with an obstinacy equal to the mule itself, he refused to attempt, preferring to vanquish her by main strength. Failing to do so, the mountaineer, with a volley of blasphemous imprecations, suddenly seized his rifle, and leveling it at the mule's head, shot her dead.

Passing the Wa-ka-rasha, a well timbered stream, they met a band of Osages going "to buffalo." These Indians, in common with some bands of Pawnees, shave the head, with the exception of a ridge from the forehead to the centre of the scalp, which is "roached" or hogged like the mane of a mule, and stands erect, plastered with unguents, and ornamented with feathers of the hawk and turkey. The naked scalp is often painted in mosaic, with black and red, the face with shining vermilion. This band were all naked to the breech-clout, the warmth of the sun having made them throw their dirty blankets from their shoulders. These Indians not unfrequently levy contributions on the strangers they accidentally meet; but they easily distinguish the determined mountaineer from the incautious greenhorn, and think it best to let the former alone.

Crossing Vermilion, the trappers arrived on the fifth day at "Blue," where they encamped in the broad timber belting the creek, and there awaited the arrival of the remainder of the party.

It was two days before they came up; but the following day they started for the mountains, fourteen in number, striking a trail which follows the "Big Blue" in its course through the prairies, which, as they advanced to the westward,

gradually smoothed away into a vast unbroken expanse of rolling plain. Herds of antelope began to show themselves, and some of the hunters, leaving the trail, soon returned with plenty of their tender meat. The luxuriant but coarse grass they had hitherto seen now changed into the nutritious and curly buffalo grass, and their animals soon improved in appearance on the excellent pasture. In a few days, without any adventure, they struck the Platte river, its shallow waters (from which it derives its name) spreading over a wide and sandy bed, numerous sand bars obstructing the sluggish current, nowhere sufficiently deep to wet the forder's knee.

By this time, but few antelopes having been seen, the party ran entirely out of meat; and one whole day having passed without so much as a stray rabbit presenting itself, not a few objurgations on the buffalo grumbled from the lips of the hunters, who expected ere this to have reached the land of plenty. La Bonte killed a fine deer, however, in the river bottom, after they had encamped, not one particle of which remained after supper that night, but which hardly took the rough edge off their keen appetites. Although already in the buffalo range, no traces of these animals had yet been seen; and as the country afforded but little game, and the party did not care to halt and lose time in hunting in it, they moved along hungry and sulky, the theme of conversation being the well remembered merits of good buffalo meat—of “fat fleece,” “hump-rib,” and “tender-loin,” of delicious “boudins,” and marrow-bones too good to think of.

La Bonte had never seen the lordly animal, and consequently but half believed the accounts of the mountaineers, who described their countless bands as covering the prairie far as the eye could reach, and requiring days of travel to pass through; but the visions of such dainty and abundant feeding as they descanted on set his mouth watering and danced before his eyes as he slept supperless, night after night, on the banks of the hungry Platte.

LA BONTÉ HUNTING THE DEER.



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One morning he had packed his animals before the rest, and was riding a mile in advance of the party, when he saw on one side the trail, looming in refracted glare which mirages the plains, three large dark objects without shape or form, which rose and fell in the exaggerated light like ships at sea. Doubting what it could be, he approached the strange objects; and as the refraction disappeared before him, the dark masses assumed a more distinct form, and clearly moved with life. A little nearer, and he made them out—they were buffalo. Thinking to distinguish himself, the greenhorn dismounted from his mule, and quickly hobbled her, throwing his lasso on the ground to trail behind when he wished to catch her. Then, rifle in hand, he approached the huge animals, and, being a good hunter knew well to take advantage of the inequalities of the ground, and face the wind; by which means he crawled at length to within forty yards of the buffalo, which quietly cropped the grass, unconscious of danger. Now for the first time, he gazed upon the noble beast he had so often heard of, and longed to see. With coal-black beard sweeping the ground as he fed, an enormous bull was in advance of the others, his wild brilliant eyes peering from an immense mass of shaggy hair, which covered his neck and shoulder. From this point his skin was smooth as one's hand, a sleek and shining dun, and his ribs was well covered with shaking flesh. While leisurely cropping the short curly grass he occasionally lifted his tail into the air, and stamped his foot as a fly or musquitto annoyed him—flapping the intruder with his tail, or snatching at the itching part with his ponderous head.

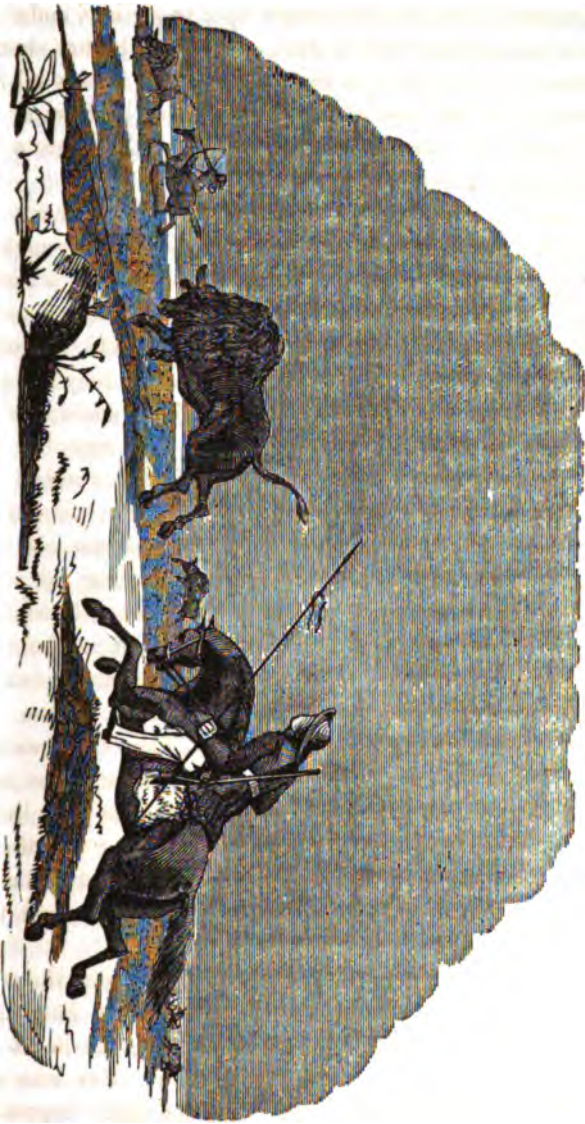
When La Bonte had sufficiently admired the buffalo, he lifted his rifle, and, taking steady aim, and certain of his mark, pulled the trigger, expecting to see the huge beast fall over at the report. What was his surprise and consternation, however, to see the animal only flinch when the ball struck him, and then gallop off followed by the others, apparently unhurt. As is generally the case with greenhorns, he had fired too

high, ignorant that the only certain spot to strike a buffalo is but a few inches above the brisket, and that a higher shot is rarely fatal. When he rose from the ground, he saw all the party halting in full view of his discomfiture; and when he joined them, loud were the laughs, and deep the regrets of the hungry at his first attempt.

However, they knew that they were in the country of meat; and a few miles farther, another band of stragglers presenting themselves, three of the hunters went in pursuit, La Bonte taking a mule to pack in the meat. He soon saw them crawling toward the band, and shortly two puffs of smoke, and the sharp cracks of their rifles, showed that they had got within shot; and when he rode up, two fine buffaloes were stretched upon the ground. Now, for the first time, he was initiated in the mysteries of "butchering." He watched the hunters as they turned the carcass on the belly, stretching out the legs to support it on each side. A transverse cut was then made at the nape of the neck, and, gathering the long hair of the boss in one hand, the skin was separated from the shoulder. It was then laid open from this point to the tail, along the spine, and then, freed from the sides and down to the brisket, but still attached to it, was stretched upon the ground to receive the dissected portions. Then the shoulder was severed, the fleece removed from along the back-bone, and the hump-ribs cut off with a tomahawk. All this was placed upon the skin; and after the "boudins" had been withdrawn from the stomach, and the tongue—a great dainty—taken from the head, the meat was packed upon the mule, and the whole party hurried to camp rejoicing.

There was rejoicing in the camp that night, and the way they indulged their appetites—or, in their own language, "throw'd the meat "cold"—would have made the heart of a dispeptic leap for joy or burst with envy. Far into the "still watches of the tranquil night" the fatal clad "depoile" saw its fleshy mass grow small by degrees and beautifully

LA BONTE AND THE BISON.



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less, before the trenchant blades of the hungry mountaineers ; appetizing yards of well-browned "boudin" clipped glibly down their throats ; rib after rib of tender hump was picked and flung to the wolves ; and when human nature, with helpless gratitude, and confident that nothing of super-excellent comestibility remained, was lazily wiping the greasy knife that had done such good service—a skilful hunter was seen to chuckle to himself as he raked the deep ashes of the fire, and drew therefrom a pair of tongues so admirably baked, so soft, so sweet, and of such exquisite flavor, that a veil is considerably drawn over the effects their discussion produced in the mind of our greenhorn La Bonte, and the raptures they excited in the bosom of that, as yet, most ignorant mountaineer. Still, as he ate, he wondered, and wondering admired, that nature, in giving him such profound gastronomic powers, and such transcendent capabilities of digestion, had yet bountifully provided an edible so peculiarly adapted to his ostrich-like appetite, that after consuming nearly his own weight in rich and fat buffalo meat, he felt as easy and as little incommoded as if he had lightly supped on strawberries and ice cream.

Sweet was the digestive pipe after such a feast ; soft was the sleep and deep, which sealed the eyes of the contented trappers that night. It felt like the old thing, they said, to be once more among the "meat."

However, no enemies showed themselves as yet, and they proceeded quietly up the river, vast herds of buffalo darkening the plains around them, affording them more than an abundance of choicest meat ; but, to their credit be it spoken, no more was slaughtered than was absolutely required—unlike the cruel slaughter made by most of the white travellers across the plains, who wantonly destroy these noble animals, not even for the excitement of sport, but in cold-blooded and insane butchery. La Bonte had practised enough to perfect him in the art, and, before the buffalo range was passed, he

was ranked as a first-rate hunter. One evening he had left the camp for meat, and was approaching a band of cows for that purpose, crawling toward them along the bed of a dry hollow in the prairie, when he observed them suddenly jump toward him, and immediately afterward a score of mounted Indians appeared, whom, by their dress, he at once knew to be Pawnees and enemies. Thinking they might not discover him, he crouched down in the ravine; but a noise behind caused him to turn his head, and he saw some five or six advancing up the bed of the dry creek, while several more were riding on the bluffs. The cunning savages had cut off his retreat to his mule, which he saw in the possession of one of them. His presence of mind, however, did not desert him; and seeing at once that to remain where he was would be like being caught in a trap, (as the Indians could advance to the edge of the bluff and shoot him from above,) he made for the open prairie, determined to sell his scalp dearly, and make a "good fight." With a yell the Indians charged, but halted when they saw the sturdy trapper deliberately kneel, and, resting his rifle on the wiping-stick, take a steady aim as they advanced. Full well the Pawnees knew to their cost, that a mountaineer seldom pulls his trigger without sending a bullet to the mark; and, certain that one at least must fall, they hesitated to make the onslaught. Steadily the white retreated with his face to the foe, bringing the rifle to his shoulder the instant that one advanced within shot, the Indians galloping round, firing the few guns they had among them at long distances, but without effect. One young brave, more daring than the rest, rode out of the crowd, and dashed at the hunter, throwing himself, as he passed within a few yards, from the saddle, and hanging over the opposite side of his horse, thus presenting no other mark than his left foot. As he crossed La Bonte, he discharged his bow from under his horse's neck, and with such good aim, that the arrow, whizzing through the air, struck the stock of the hunter's



INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

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rifle, which was at his shoulder, and glancing off, pierced his arm, inflicting, luckily, but a slight wound. Again the Indian turned in his course, the others encouraging him with loud war-whoops, and, once more passing at still less distance, he drew his arrow to the head. This time, however, the eagle eye of the white detected the action, and suddenly rising from his knee as the Indian approached (hanging by his foot alone over the opposite side of the horse,) he jumped toward the animal with outstretched arms and a loud yell, causing it to start suddenly, and swerve from its course. The Indian lost his foot-hold, and, after a fruitless struggle to regain his position, fell to the ground; but instantly rose upon his feet and gallantly confronted the mountaineer, striking his hand upon his brawny chest and shouting a loud whoop of defiance. In another instant the rifle of La Bonte had poured forth its contents; and the brave savage, springing into the air, fell dead to the ground, just as the other trappers, who had heard the firing, galloped up to the spot. At sight of them, the Pawnees, with yells of disappointed vengeance, hastily retreated.

That night La Bonte first lifted hair!

A few days later the mountaineers reached the point where the Platte divides into two great forks: the northern one, stretching to the northwest, skirts the eastern base of the Black Hills, and sweeping round to the south rises in the vicinity of the mountain called the New Park, receiving the Laramie, Medicine Bow, and Sweet Water creeks. The other, or "South Fork," strikes towards the mountains in a south-westerly direction, hugging the base of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; and, fed by several small creeks, rises in the uplands of the Bayou Salade, near which is also the source of the Arkansas.

About noon they had crossed the left bank of the fork, intending to camp on a large creek where some fresh beaver "sign" had attracted the attention of some of the trappers;

and as, on further examination, it appeared that two or three lodges of that animal were not far distant, it was determined to remain here a day or two and set their traps.

Gonneville, old Luke, and La Bonte had started up the creek, and were carefully examining the banks for "sign," when the former, who was in front, suddenly paused, and looking intently up the stream, held up his hand to his companions to signal them to stop.

Luke and La Bonte both followed the direction of the trapper's intent and fixed gaze. The former uttered in a suppressed tone the expressive exclamation, "Wagh!"—the latter saw nothing but a wood-duck swimming swiftly down the stream, followed by her downy progeny.

Gonneville turned his head, and extending his arm twice with a forward motion up the creek, whispered—"Les sauvages."

"Injuns, sure, and Sioux at that," answered Luke.

Still La Bonte looked, but nothing met his view but the duck with her brood, now rapidly approaching; and as he gazed, the bird suddenly took wing, and flapping on the water, flew a short distance down the stream, and once more settled on it.

"Injuns?" he asked; "where are they?"

"Whar?" repeated old Luke, striking the flint of his rifle, and opening the pan to examine the priming. "What brings a duck a-streaking it down stream if humans ain't behind her? and who's thar in these diggins but Injuns, and the worst kind? and we'd better push to camp, I'm thinking, if we mean to save our hair."

"Sign" sufficient indeed, it was to all the trappers, who, on being apprized of it, instantly drove in their animals, and picketed them; and hardly had they done so when a band of Indians made their appearance on the banks of the creek, from whence they galloped to the bluff which overlooked the camp at the distance of about six hundred yards; and crown-



LA BONTÉ HUNTING THE BEAVER.

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ing this, in number some forty or more, commenced brandishing their spears and guns, and whooping loud yells of defiance. The trappers had formed a little breastwork of their packs, forming a semicircle, the chord of which was made by the animals standing in a line, side by side, closely picketed and hobbled. Behind this defence stood the mountaineers, rifle in hand, and silent and determined. The Indians presently descended the bluff on foot, leaving their animals in charge of a few of the party, and, scattering, advanced under cover of the sage bushes which dotted the bottom, to about two hundred yards of the whites. Then a chief advanced before the rest, and made the sign for a talk with the Long-knives, which led to a consultation among the latter as to the policy of acceding to it. They were in doubt as to the nation these Indians belonged to, some bands of the Sioux being friendly, and others bitterly hostile to the whites.

Gonneville, who spoke the Sioux language, and was well acquainted with the nation, affirmed that they belonged to a band called the Yanka-taus, well known to be the most evil-disposed of that treacherous nation; another of the party maintained they were Brules, and that the chief advancing toward them was the well-known Tah-sha-tunga or Bull Tail, a most friendly chief of that tribe. The majority, however, trusted to Gonneville, and he volunteered to go out to meet the Indian, and hear what he had to say. Divesting himself of all arms save his butcher-knife, he advanced toward the savage, who awaited his approach enveloped in the folds of his blanket. At a glance he knew him to be a Yanka-tau, from the peculiar make of his moccasons, and the way in which his face was daubed with paint.

"Howgh!" exclaimed both as they met; and, after a silence of a few moments, the Indian spoke, asking—"Why the Long-knives hid behind their packs, when his band approached? Were they afraid or were they preparing a dog-feast to entertain their friends? The whites were passing

through his country, burning his wood, drinking his water, and killing his game; but he knew they had now come to pay for the mischief they had done, and that the mules and horses they had brought with them were intended as a present to their red friends.

“He was Mah-to-ga-shane,” he said, “the Brave Bear: his tongue was short, but his arm long; and he loved rather to speak with his bow and his lance than with the weapon of a squaw. He had said it: the Long-knives had horses with them and mules; and these were for him, he knew, and for his ‘braves.’ Let the White-face go back to his people and return with the animals, or he, the ‘Brave Bear,’ would have to come and take them; and his young men would get mad, and would feel blood in their eyes; and then he would have no power over them; and the whites would have to ‘go under.’”

The trapper answered shortly—“The long-knives,” he said, “had brought the horses for themselves—their hearts were big, but not toward the Yanka-taus: and if they had to give up their animals, it would be to *men* and not to *squaws*. They were not ‘Wah-keitcha,’ (French *engagés*,) but Long-knives; and, however, short were the tongues of the Yanka-taus, theirs were still shorter, and their rifles longer. The Yanka-taus, were dogs and squaws, and the the Long-knives spat upon them.”

Saying this, the trapper turned his back and rejoined his companions; while the Indian slowly proceeded to his people, who, on learning the contemptuous way in which their threats had been treated, testified their anger with loud yells; and, seeking whatever cover was afforded, commenced a scattering volley upon the camp of the mountaineers. The latter reserved their fire, treating with cool indifference the balls which began to rattle about them; but as the Indians, emboldened by this apparent inaction, rushed for a closer position, and exposed their bodies within a long range, half-a



STOUX ON A MARCH.

THE
REPLACEMENT
AND
TITLE

dozen rifles rang from the assailed, and two Indians fell dead, one or two more being wounded. As yet, not one of the whites had been touched, but several of the animals had received wounds from the enemies' fire of balls and arrows. Indeed, the Indians remained at too great a distance to render the volleys from their crazy fuses any thing like effectual, and had to raise their pieces considerably to make their bullets reach as far as the camp. After three of their band had been killed outright, and many more wounded, their fire began to slacken, and they drew off to a greater distance, evidently resolved to beat a retreat. Retiring to the bluff, they discharged their pieces in a last volley, mounted their horses and galloped off, carrying their wounded with them. This last volley, however, although intended as a mere bravado, unfortunately proved fatal to one of the whites. Gonneville, at the moment, was standing on a pack to get an uninterrupted sight for a last shot, when one of the random bullets struck him in the breast. La Bonte caught him in his arms as he was about to fall, and laying the wounded trapper gently on the ground, stripped him of his buckskin hunting-frock, to examine the wound. A glance was sufficient to convince his companions that the blow was mortal. The ball had passed through the lungs: and in a few moments the throat of the wounded man swelled and turned to a livid blue color, as the choking blood descended. Only a few drops of purple blood trickled from the wound—a fatal sign—and the eyes of the mountaineer were already glazing with death's icy touch. His hand still grasped the barrel of his rifle, which had done good service in the fray. Anon he essayed to speak, but, choked with blood, only a few inarticulate words reached the ears of his companions, as they bent over him.

“Rubbed—out—at—last,” they heard him say, the words gurgling in his blood-filled throat; and opening his eyes once more, and turning them upward for a last look at the bright

sun, the trapper turned gently on his side and breathed his last sigh.

With no other tools than their scalping-knives, the hunters dug a grave on the banks of the creek; and while some were engaged in this work, others sought the bodies of the Indians they had slain in the attack, and presently returned with three reeking scalps, the trophies of the fight. The body of the mountaineer was wrapped in a buffalo robe, the scalps being placed on his breast, and the dead man was then laid in the shallow grave, and quickly covered—without a word of prayer, or sigh of grief; for, however much his companions may have felt, not a word escaped them. The bitten lip and frowning brow told of anger rather than sorrow, as they vowed—what they thought would better please the spirit of the dead man than vain regrets—bloody and lasting revenge.

Trampling down the earth which filled the grave, they raised upon it a pile of heavy stones; and packing their mules once more and taking a last look at their comrade's lonely resting-place, they turned their backs upon the stream, which has ever since been known as "Gonneville's Creek."

In all the philosophy of hardened hearts, our hunters turned from the spot where the unfortunate trapper met his death. La Bonte, however; not yet entirely steeled by mountain life to a perfect indifference to human feeling, drew his hard hand across his eye, as the unbidden tear rose from his rough but kindly heart. He could not forget so soon the comrade he had lost, the companion in the hunt or over the cheerful camp-fire, the narrator of many a tale of dangers past, of sufferings from hunger, cold, thirst, and untended wounds, of Indian perils, and other vicissitudes. One tear dropped from the young hunter's eye, and rolled down his cheek—the last for many a long year.

In the forks of the northern branch of the Platte, formed by the junction of the Laramie, they found a big village of the Sioux encamped near the station of one of the fur com-



A WOUNDED TRAPPER.

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panies. Here the party broke up; many finding the alcohol of the traders an impediment to their further progress, remained some time in the vicinity, while La Bonte, Luke, and a trapper named Marcelline, started in a few days to the mountains, to trap on Sweet Water and Medicine Bow.

La Bonte and his companions proceeded up the river, the Black Hills on their left hand, from which several small creeks or feeders swell the waters of the North Fork. Along these they hunted unsuccessfully for beaver "sign," and it was evident the spring hunt had almost exterminated the animal in this vicinity. Following Deer Creek to the ridge of Black Hills, they crossed the mountain on to the waters of the Medicine Bow, and here they discovered a few lodges, and La Bonte set his first trap. He and old Luke finding "cuttings" near the camp, followed the "sign" along the bank until the practiced eye of the latter discovered a "slide," where the beaver had ascended the bank to chop the trunk of a cotton wood, and convey the bark to its lodge. Taking a trap from "sack," the old hunter, after setting the trigger, placed it carefully under the water, where the "slide" entered the stream, securing the chain to the stem of a sapling on the bank; while a stick, also attached to the trap, by a thong, floated down the stream, to mark the position of the trap, should the animal carry it away. A little farther on, and near another "run," three traps were set; and over these Luke placed a little stick, which he first dipped into a mysterious-looking phial containing his "medicine."

The next morning they visited the traps, and had the satisfaction of finding three fine beaver secured in the first three they visited, and the fourth, which had been carried away, they discovered by the float-stick, a little distance down the stream, with a large drowned beaver between its teeth.

This animal being carefully skinned, they returned to camp with the choicest portions of the meat, and the tails, on which they most luxuriously supped; and La Bonte was fain to

confess that all his ideas of the super-excellence of buffalo were thrown in the shade by the delicious beaver tail, the rich meat of which he was compelled to allow was "great eating," unsurpassed by "tender-loin," or "boudin," or other meat of whatever kind he had eaten of before.

Trapping with tolerable success in this vicinity, the hunters crossed over, as soon as the premonitory storms of approaching winter warned them to leave the mountains, to the waters of Green river, one of the affluents of the Colorado, intending to winter at a rendezvous to be held in "Brown's Hole"—an inclosed valley so called—which, abounding in game, and sheltered on every side by lofty mountains, is a favorite wintering-ground of the mountaineers. Here they found several trapping bands already arrived; and a trader from the Uintah country, with store of powder, lead, and tobacco, prepared to ease them of their hard-earned peltries. Singly, and in bands numbering from two to ten, the trappers dropped into the rendezvous; some with many pack-loads of beaver, others with greater or less quantity, and more than one on foot, having lost his animals and peltry by thieving Indians. Here were soon congregated many mountaineers, whose names are famous in the history of the Far West. Fitzpatrick and Hatcher, and old Bill Williams, well-known leaders of trapping parties, soon arrived with their bands. Sublette came in with his men from Yellow Stone, and many of Wyeth's New Englanders were there. Chabonard with his half-breeds, Wah-keitchas all, brought his peltry from the lower country; and half a dozen Shawnese and Delaware Indians, with a Mexican from Taos, one Marcelline, a fine strapping fellow, the best trapper and hunter in the mountains, and ever first in the fight. Here, too, the "Burgeoise" traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, with their superior equipments, ready to meet their trappers, and purchase the beaver at an equitable value; and soon the trade opened, and the encampment assumed a busy appearance.



AN INDIAN CHIEF.



A curious assemblage did the rendezvous present, and representatives of many a land met there. A son of *la belle France* here lit his pipe from one proffered by a native of New Mexico. An Englishman and a Sandwich Islander crut a quid from the same plug of tobacco. A Swede and an "old Virginian" puffed together. A Shawnese blew a peaceful cloud with a scion of the "Six Nations." One from the Land of Cakes—a canny chiel—sought to "get round" (in trade) a right "smart" Yankee, but could't "shine."

The beaver went briskly, six dollars being the price paid for a pound, in goods—for money is seldom given in the mountain market, where "beaver" is cash, for which the articles supplied by the traders are bartered. In a very short time peltries of every description had changed hands, either by trade, or gambling with cards and betting.

Before the winter was over, La Bonte had lost all traces of civilized humanity, and might justly claim to be considered as "hard a case" as any of the mountaineers then present. Long before the spring opened, he had lost all the produce of his hunt and both his animals, which, however, by a stroke of luck, he recovered, and wisely "held on to" for the future. Right glad when spring appeared, he started from Brown's Hole, with four companions, to hunt in the Uintah or Snake country, and the affluents of the larger streams which rise in that region and fall into the Gulf of California.

In the valley of the Bear River they found beaver abundant, and trapped their way westward until they came upon the famed locality of the Beer and Soda Springs—natural fountains of mineral water, renowned among the trappers as being "medicine" of the first order.

Arriving one evening, about sun-down, at the Bear Spring, they found a solitary trapper sitting over the rocky basin, intently regarding, with no little awe, the curious phenomenon of the bubbling gas. Behind him were piled his saddles and a pack of skins, and at a little distance a hobbled Indian pony

fed among the cedars which formed a grove round the spring. As the three hunters dismounted from their animals, the lone trapper scarcely noticed their arrival, his eyes being still intently fixed upon the water. Looking round at last, he was instantly recognized by one of La Bonte's companions, and saluted as "Old Rube." Dressed from head to foot in buckskin, his face, neck, and hands appeared to be of the same leathery texture, so nearly did they assimilate in color to the materials of his dress. He was at least six feet two or three in his moccasins, straight-limbed and wiry, with long arms ending in hands of tremendous grasp, and a quantity of straight black hair hanging on his shoulders. His features, which were undeniably good, wore an expression of comical gravity, never relaxing into a smile, which a broad good-humored mouth could have grinned from ear to ear.

"What, boys," he said, "will you be simple enough to camp here, alongside these springs? Nothing good ever came of sleeping here, I tell you, and the worst kind of devils are in those dancing waters."

"Why, old hos," cried La Bonte, "what brings you hyar then, and camp at that?"

"This nigger," answered Rube, solemnly, "has been down'd upon a sight too often to be skeared by what can come out from them waters; and thar arn't a devil as hisses thar, as can 'shine' with this child, I tell you. I've tried onest, an' fourt him to clawin' away to Eustis, and if I draws my knife again on such varmint, I'll raise his hair, as sure as shootin'."

Spite of the reputed dangers of the locality, the trappers camped on the spot, and many a draught of the delicious, sparkling water they quaffed in honor of the "medicine" of the fount. Rube, however, sat sulky and silent, his huge form bending over his legs, which were crossed, Indian fashion, under him, and his long bony fingers spread over the fire, which had been made handy to the spring. At last they elicited from him that he had sought this spot for the purpose

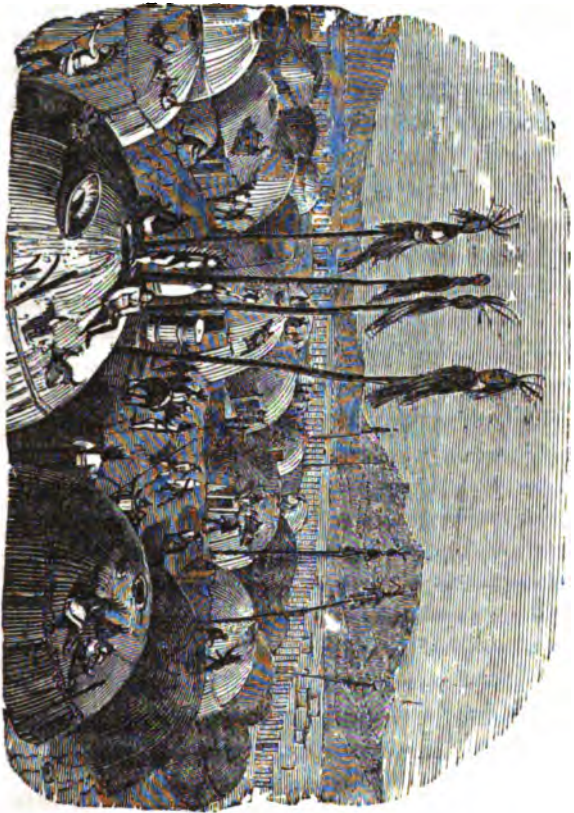
of "making medicine," having been persecuted by extraordinary ill luck, even at this early period of his hunt—the Indians having stolen two out of his three animals, and three of his half-dozen traps. He had, therefore, sought the springs for the purpose of invoking the fountain spirits, which, a perfect Indian in his simple heart, he implicitly believed to inhabit their mysterious waters. When the others had, as he thought, fallen asleep, La Bonte observed the ill-starred trapper take from his pouch a curiously carved red stone pipe, which he carefully charged with tobacco and kinnik-kinnik. Then approaching the spring, he walked three times round it, and gravely sat himself down. Striking fire with his flint and steel, he lit his pipe, and bending the stem three several times towards the water, he inhaled a vast quantity of smoke, and bending back his head and looking upward, puffed it into the air. He then blew another puff toward the four points of the compass, and emptying the pipe into his hand, cast the consecrated contents into the spring, saying a few Indian "medicine" words of cabalistic import. Having performed the ceremony to his satisfaction, he returned to the fire, smoked a pipe on his own hook, and turned into his buffalo robe, conscious of having done a most important duty.

In the course of their trapping expedition, and accompanied by Rube, who knew the country well, they passed near the Great Salt Lake, a vast inland sea, whose salitrose waters cover an extent of waters upward of one hundred and forty miles in length, by eighty in breadth. Fed by several streams, of which the Big Bear river is the most considerable, this lake presents the curious phenomenon of a vast body of water without any known outlet.

While following a small creek at the southwest extremity of the lake, they came upon a band of miserable Indians, who, from the fact of their subsisting chiefly on roots, are called "Diggers." At first sight of the whites they fled from their wretched huts, and made toward the mountain; but one of

the trappers, galloping up on his horse, cut off their retreat, and drove them like sheep before him back to their village. A few of these wretched creatures came into camp at sundown, and were regaled with such meat as the larder afforded. They appeared to have no other food in their village but bags of dried ants and their larvæ, and a few roots of the yampah. Their huts were constructed of a few bushes of grease-wood, piled up in a sort of bre kwind, in which they huddled in their filthy skins. During the night, they crawled up to the camp and stole two of the horses, and the next morning not a sign of them was visible. Now La Bonte witnessed a case of mountain law, and the practical effects of the "lex talionis" of the Far West."

The trail of the runaway Diggers bore to the northwest, or along the skirts of a barren waterless desert, which stretches far away from the southern shores of the Salt Lake to the borders of Upper California. La Bonte, with three others, determined to follow the thieves, recover their animals, and then rejoin the other two (Luke and Rube) on a creek two days' journey from their present camp. Starting at sunrise, they rode on at a rapid pace all day, closely following the trail, which led directly to the northwest, through a wretched sandy country, without game or water. From the appearance of the track, the Indians must have still been several hours ahead of them, when the fatigue of their horses, suffering from want of grass and water, compelled them to camp near the head of a small water-course, where they luckily found a hole containing a little water, whence a broad Indian trail passed, apparently frequently used. Long before daylight they were again in the saddle, and, after proceeding a few miles, saw the lights of several fires a short distance ahead of them. Halting here, one of the party advanced on foot to reconnoitre, and presently returned with intelligence that the party they were in pursuit of had joined a village numbering thirty or forty huts.



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

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Loosening their girths, they permitted their tired animals to feed on the scanty herbage which presented itself, while they refreshed themselves with a pipe of tobacco—for they had no meat of any description with them, and the country afforded no game. As the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, they mounted their horses, after first examining their rifles, and moved cautiously toward the Indian village. As it was scarcely light enough for their operations, they waited behind a sandhill in the vicinity, until objects became more distinct, and then, emerging from their cover, with loud war-whoops, charged into the midst of the village.

As the frightened Indians were scarcely risen from their beds, no opposition was given to the daring mountaineers, who, rushing upon the flying crowd, discharged their rifles at close quarters, and then, springing from their horses, attacked them knife in hand, and only ceased the work of butchery when nine Indians lay dead upon the ground. All this time the women, half dead with fright, were huddled together on the ground, howling piteously; and the mountaineers advancing to them, whirled their lassoes round their heads, and throwing the open nooses into the midst, hauled out three of them, and securing their arms in the rope, bound them to a tree, and then proceeded to scalp the dead bodies. While they were engaged in this work, an old Indian, withered and grisly, and hardly bigger than an ape, suddenly emerged from a rock, holding in his left hand a bow and a handful of arrows, while one was already drawn to the head. Running toward them, and almost before the hunters were aware of his presence, he discharged an arrow at a few yards' distance, which buried itself in the ground not a foot from La Bonte's head, as he bent over the body of an Indian he was scalping; and hardly had the whiz ceased, when whirr flew another, striking him in the right shoulder. Before the Indian could fit a third arrow to his bow, La Bonte sprang upon him, seized him by the middle, and spinning his pigmy form round his

head, as easily as he would have twirled a tomahawk, he threw him with tremendous force upon the ground at the feet of one of his companions, who, stooping down, coolly thrust the knife into the Indian's breast, and quickly tore off his scalp.

The slaughter over, without casting an eye to the captive squaws, the trappers proceeded to search the village for food, of which they stood much in need. Nothing, however, was found but a few bags of dried ants, which, after eating voraciously of, but with wry mouths, they threw aside, saying the food was worse than "poor bull." They found, however, the animals they had been robbed of, and two more besides—wretched, half-starved creatures; and on these mounting their captives, they hurried away on their journey back to their companions, the distance being computed at three days' travel from their present position. However, they thought, by taking a more direct course, they might find better pasture for their animals, and water, besides saving at least half a day by the short cut. To their cost they proved the old saying, that "a short cut is always a long road," as will be presently shown.

It has been said that from the southwestern extremity of the Great Salt Lake, a vast desert extends for hundreds of miles, unbroken by the slightest vegetation, destitute of game and water, a cheerless expanse of sandy plain, or rugged mountain, thinly covered with dwarf pine or cedar, the only evidence of vegetable life. Into this desert, ignorant of the country, the trappers struck, intending to make their short cut; and, travelling on all day, were compelled to camp at night, without water or pasture for their exhausted animals "gave out," and they were fain to leave them behind; but imagining that they must soon strike a creek, they pushed on, till noon, but still no water presented itself, nor a sign of game of any description. The animals were nearly exhausted and a horse, which could scarcely keep up with the slow pace

of the others, was killed, and its blood greedily drunk ; a portion of the flesh being eaten raw, and a supply carried with them for future emergencies.

The next morning two of the horses lay dead at their pickets, and one only remained, and this in such a miserable state that it could not possibly have travelled six miles further. It was, therefore, killed, and its blood drunk, of which, however, the captive squaws refused to partake. The men began to feel the effects of their consuming thirst, which the horse's hot blood only served to increase ; their lips became parched and swollen, their eyes bloodshot, and a giddy sickness seized them at intervals. About mid-day they came in sight of a mountain on the right hand, which appeared to be more thickly clothed with vegetation ; and arguing from this that water would be found there, they left their course and made towards it, although some eight or ten miles distant. On arriving at the base, the most minute search failed to discover the slightest traces of water, and the vegetation merely consisted of dwarf pinon and cedar. With their sufferings increased by the exertions they had used in reaching the mountain, they once more sought the trail, but every step told on their exhausted frames. The sun was very powerful, the sand over which they floundered was deep and heavy, and, to complete their sufferings, a high wind blew it in their faces, filling their mouths and noses with its searching particles.

Still they struggled on manfully, and not a murmur was heard until their hunger had entered the second stage upon the road to starvation. They had now been three days without food or water ; under which privation nature can hardly sustain herself for a much longer period. On the fourth morning the men looked wolfish, their captives following behind in sullen and perfect indifference, occasionally stooping down to catch a beetle if one presented itself, and greedily devouring it. A man named Forey, a Canadian half-breed,

was the first to complain. "If this lasts till sundown," he said, "some of them would 'be rubbed out;' that meat had to be raised any how; and for his part, he knew where to look for a feed, if no game was seen before they put out of camp on the morrow; and meat was meat any how they might fix it."

No answer was made to this, though his companions well understood him; their natures as yet revolted against the last expedient. As for the three squaws, all of them young girls, they followed behind their captors without a word of complaint, and with the stoical indifference to pain and suffering which alike characterizes the haughty Delaware of the north, and the miserable, stunted Digger of the deserts of the Far West. On the morning of the fifth day, the party were seated round a small fire of pinon, hardly able to rise and commence their journey, the squaws squatting over one at a little distance, when Forey commenced again to suggest that, if nothing offered, they must either take the alternative of starving to death, for they could not hope to last another day, or have recourse to the revolting extremity of sacrificing one of the party to save the lives of all. To this, however, there was a murmur of dissent, and it was finally resolved that all should sally out and hunt; for a deer track had been discovered near the camp, which, although it was not a fresh one, proved that there must be game in the vicinity. Weak and exhausted as they were, they took their rifles and started for the neighboring uplands, each taking a different direction.

It was nearly sunset when La Bonte returned to the camp, where he already espied one of his companions engaged in cooking something over the fire. Hurrying to the spot, overjoyed with the anticipations of a feast, he observed that the squaws were gone; but, at the same time thought it was not improbable they had escaped during their absence. Approaching the fire, he observed Forey broiling some meat on the

embers, while at a little distance lay what he fancied was the carcass of a deer.

"Hurrah, boy!" he exclaimed, as he drew near the fire. "You've 'made' a 'raise,' I see."

"Well, I have," rejoined the other, turning his meat with the point of his butcher knife. "There's the meat, hos—help yourself."

La Bonte drew the knife from his scabbard, and approached the spot his companion was pointing to; but what was his horror to see the yet quivering body of one of the Indian squaws, with a large portion of the flesh butchered from it, part of which Forey was already greedily devouring. The knife dropped from his hand, and his heart rose to his throat.

The next day he and his companion struck the creek where Rube and the other trapper had agreed to await them, and found them in camp with plenty of meat, and about to start again on their hunt, having given up the others for lost. From the day they parted nothing was ever heard of La Bonte's other two companions, who doubtless fell a prey to utter exhaustion, and were unable to return to the camp. And thus ended the Digger expedition.

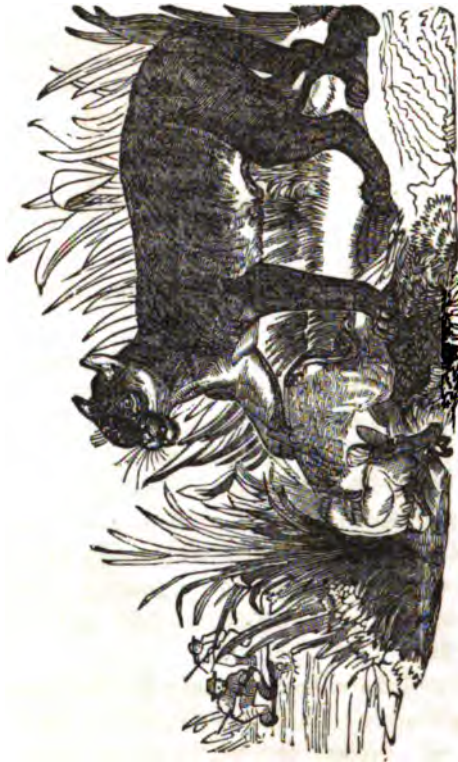
It may appear almost incredible that men having civilized blood in their veins could perpetrate such wanton and cold-blooded acts of aggression on the wretched Indians, as that detailed above; but it is a fact that the mountaineers never lose an opportunity of slaughtering these miserable Diggers, and attacking their villages, often for the purpose of capturing women, whom they carry off, and not unfrequently sell to each other. In these attacks neither sex nor age is spared; and your mountaineer has as little compunction in taking the life of an Indian woman, as he would have in sending his rifle-ball through the brain of a Crow or Blackfoot warrior.

It may be some satisfaction to the reader to know that La Bonte, after a mountain and prairie life of about fifteen years, during which he met with many adventures of a character

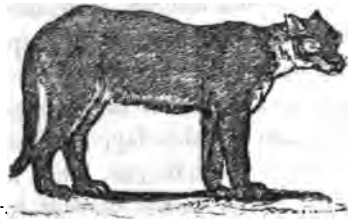
similar to those above narrated, had the pleasure of rescuing his former sweetheart from the hands of the Indians; of finding her still true to him, of returning with her to the settlements, and of enjoying many years of connubial delight. It was a sore trial for him to give up his free and roving habits, but love worked the magic in him which many greater men have felt. Killbuck "lost his hair" and "went under" in a fight with the Indians.



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PANTHER HUNTING.



A Panther Adventure.

It is much to be regretted that the great mass of personal adventures, with which the life of the pioneers in the west is known to have abounded, has accompanied the actors in those scenes to the oblivion of the grave. And yet we could expect nothing else. The privations and sufferings of the wilderness, the dangers and escapes in conflicts with savage beasts, and equally savage Indians were such every day occurrences, as to be considered hardly worth repeating, still less recording, and many a spirit-stirring incident and adventure is now forever lost.

Here and there, however, may be found some rough pine-knot survivor, who in the evening of life can look back to the scuffles with Indians, or conflicts with wild beasts with an interest of which he felt nothing at the time, the more so when he finds a stranger like myself, ready and desirous to take the narrative from his own lips.

Mr. E. E. Williams, has furnished me with some interesting notes of pioneer adventures. He has been an old hunter, supplying not only his own family, but the settlements in

which he lived—Cincinnati among the rest,—with venison and bear meat. He killed the last buffalo ever seen in Kentucky. At the age of seventy-five, his bodily and mental powers are unimpaired. He owns a farm in the rear of Covington Kentucky, and, at that age, as his day's work, *splits over one hundred rails.*

"Well," said this old veteran, after finishing his statistics of Indian warfare, and in reply to other questions, "let me tell you a story or two of bears and panthers.

"I was living on a branch of Bigbone, called Panther Run, from the circumstance to this day. It was the year after I had been out with General Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk, and butcher knife in my belt as customary, and scouring about the woods, I come to a thick piece of brush, a perfect thicket of hoop-poles. I discovered some dreadful growling and scuffling was going on, by the sound apparently within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept, on until I found myself within perhaps twenty steps of two very large male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting and yelling like a couple of ram cats, only much louder, as you may guess. At last one of them seemed to have absolutely killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This is what I had been waiting for, and while the other was swinging back and forwards over him in triumph, I blazed away, but owing to that kind of motion, I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly. They are a very hard animal to kill, any how. But he made one prodigious bound through the brush, and cleared himself out of my sight, the ground where we were being quite broken as well as sideling. I then walked up to the other, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him, when he made one spring to his feet and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds. I was uncommonly active as well as stout in

those days, and feared neither man nor mortal in a scuffle, but I had work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put into him as fast as possible for dear life. So we tussled away, and the ground being sideling and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling; we gradually worked down hill till I was forced against a log, and we both came to the ground, I inside and the panther outside of it, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. I kept on knifing away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last to my great rejoicing. I got to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had dropped early in the scuffle, got it and ran home. I gathered the neighbors with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one I had knifed dying, and the one I had shot making an effort to climb a tree to the height of eight or ten feet, when he was speedily dispatched. Next day I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a saddler at Lexington, for two dollars a piece. You may depend, I never got into such a grip again with a panther.





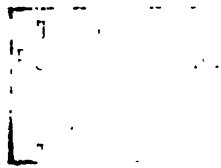
Hunting in Chinese Tartary.

MUCH may have been said, but little has been written, of the yet but very partially explored part of the world between China and the Himalaya chain. Moorcroft and Gerard, many years ago, visited some parts bordering on the extreme north-west parts of the British Possessions in India. Fraser, a few years later, penetrated probably those parts of it adjoin-

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TARTARS IN CAMP.



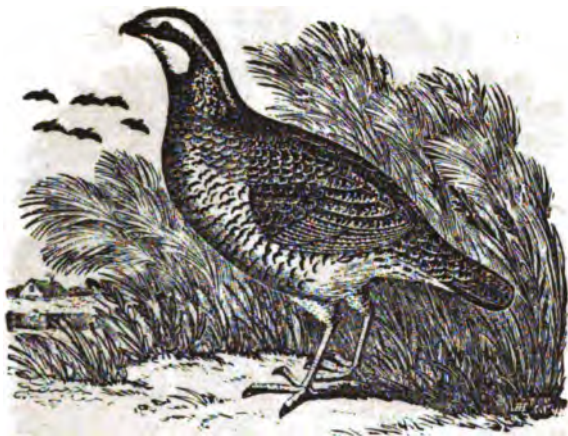
ing the central hill sanatoriums of Simla and Almorah, and he, like his predecessors, was stopped by the jealous government and inhabitants. Previous to entering Chinese Tartary from British India, the traveller has to cross certain passes in the great snowy range, some of them varying in height from sixteen to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Barinda, one of the best known and most frequented of these passes, is variously estimated at from seventeen to eighteen thousand feet. The months of June, July, and August, are generally considered the best months for crossing.

The scenery in and around these passes is of the most sublime description. As I should assuredly fail, however, in describing it, I must content myself with a narration of some personal adventures which befel me in an attempt to carry into effect a long-cherished determination to make the acquaintance of the Seeta Bhaloo, (White Bear,) and the Burul, (Wild Sheep,) found only in these regions. By the route I took, seventeen marches brought me to the snow. Here our "roughing," commenced, the Peharrees, or hill men, of our side of the snow, having a most religious horror of the great snowy range. The air there they say is charged with "bis," (poison,) and this is the only way they can in their original way account for the painful and distressing effects which the rarefied air in those elevations produces on the human frame. The first intimation we have that we are far above the altitude of comfort, is a dull heavy pain on the shoulders, as if you were carrying a load above your capacity; then a very painful sensation on the forehead, as if it had been bandaged unpleasantly tight, accompanied by a burning sensation of the eyes and nose, followed by an involuntary bleeding of the latter. This last symptom of the effect of high rarefaction, is, to an Englishman, at least it was to us, always a great relief. It operates differently upon the natives; they become more alarmed and helpless, and, unless hurried through the passes very expeditiously, invariably perish. On my first trip,

I left two unfortunate hill men in the Sogla Pass. Two more would have perished, had I not taken one wheelbarrow fashion, by the legs, and dragged him after me (although very much distressed myself) until we had descended sufficiently to rest with safety. My head man, Jye Sing, by my direction took the other man, and both were saved.

After getting through the pass, we came upon the inhabited tracks, and made the acquaintance of the Bhootias. I found them very original, very dirty, and very honest with regard to every thing except tobacco. This, neither father nor mother, husband nor wife, could help stealing, whenever they had an opportunity; and the most amusing part of it was, they never attempted to deny the theft, but stoutly maintained their right to the article! Numerous were the thrashings inflicted by Buctoo on them for tobacco thieving, but the thefts did not diminish.

As my object in coming into these fastnesses was to get on terms of familiarity with the quadrupedal rather than the bipedal inhabitants, I will leave the Bootias, and proceed to describe my rencontres with the equally civilized four-footed denizens. I had in my employ Shikarees (game-seekers) of no ordinary class, who, having been many years with me, were well tutored; although, when first caught, they were ignorance personified, as far as sporting matters went. Their original incapacity will be easily credited, when I inform them that my second best, Buctoo, had followed the sporting occupation of a village fiddler, before he entered my service, and knew as much of the capabilities of an English double-barrelled rifle as he did of the "Pleiades." Jye Sing was a little better informed, for he told me confidentially, one day, he had seen a gentleman at Subathoo actually kill quail flying with small shot. His occupation had been that of findal (porter) to some families at Simla. Two months' training turned him out, not only one of the most intelligent, but the pluckiest Shikaree I ever had.



QUAIL.

Having, in my numerous excursions into the hills, obtained some very vague information from the many villagers I came in contact with, that they had often heard from parties residing near the snow that there was an animal to be found there strongly resembling the famous sheep, (*Ovis Burrul*,) I determined upon dispatching Jye Sing and Buctoo to those regions, to obtain all the precise information that might be available, cautioning them not to return without either having seen the animal, or bringing me some proof of its existence, and further promising them a handsome present, if they brought me satisfactory information. They were absent two months, and returned with some most marvellous stories about what they had seen and heard, and, as a proof of the existence of the animal, brought me the horn of a wild sheep they had picked up in one of the valleys in the snow, after an avalanche had melted. This physical fragment at once removed all my doubts, the horn being different from that of any tame sheep. I was now wound up to the highest pitch of hopeful excitement; my marching establishment was soon put in order, and we started on the following day. Fifteen forced marches



WOODCOCK.

brought me to the foot of the snow, and also to the last village, called "Ufsul." I found the inhabitants of this village a most rude and demi-barbarous race, knowing little, and wishing to know less, of Englishmen, of whom they seemed to have the greatest dread. However, two days' soft sawdering with a plentiful supply of hill "Buckshee," (spirits,) made them more communicative; and they at last informed me, if I would promise only to remain a week, they would show me the wild sheep. This promise, of course, I gave; and on the following morning at daybreak, shivering cold as it was, we started to ascend the snow-capped mountains and glaciers, which the animal patronized. On the road up, I was often sorely tempted to draw my ball and ram down shot, in order to bring down some of the many woodcocks we were constantly flushing, and which were so unaccustomed to be disturbed, that they only flew a few yards away; but I resisted the temptation.

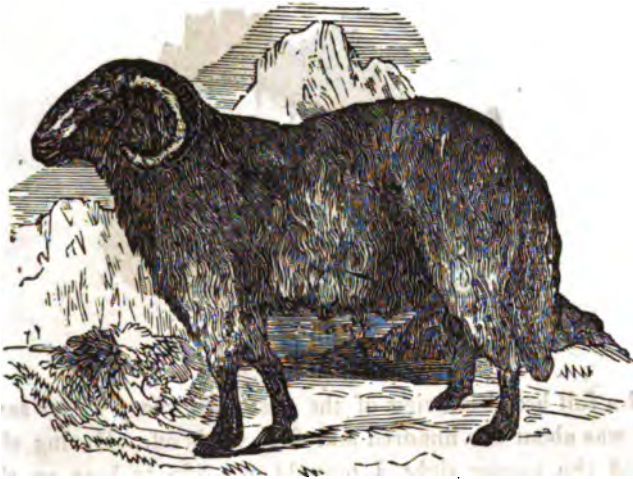
As we progressed into the regions of eternal snow, we began to find pedestrianism a difficult task. Some parts of the path



KILLING A WILD SHEEP.

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THIBETAN WILD SHEEP.

were very slippery and hard; others, soft and knee-deep in snow. An idea may be formed of the height we had to ascend, and the nature of the ground which we traversed, when I mention that we left our tents at seven A. M., and had not arrived at the "sheep-walk" before *one*.

Now commenced the difficulty. The burrul, from its well-known and secluded habits, is a most difficult animal to approach. I was, however, rewarded for my labor. About two o'clock we came upon the fresh marks of the flock; we followed them for some distance, but coming near a hot spring where they had evidently been grazing, of course lost all farther track. For the next hour I worked up one glacier, around another, used my telescope, but could not discern any object. suddenly one of the villagers called my attention to something above me. I looked up and beheld a pair of enormous horns bending over. None of the body of the animal was then visible. I now cautiously moved a short distance to the right, when I had the satisfaction of seeing not only his horns, but



A WHITE BEAR.

had a full broadside view of the first wild sheep I ever saw. He was about one hundred and fifty yards off. Having elevated the proper sight, I brought my rifle to bear on the shoulder, took a steady and gradual draw of the trigger, the rifle cracked, and *dead* came down the burru of Thibet.

Perhaps, up to this time, the burru had known no other mortal foe than the white, or whitey-brown bear of the hills—the *seeta bhaloo*, as he is called. And this brings me to another part of my hunting excursion.

Whether from the scarcity of food, or the amiability of their dispositions, the *seeta bhaloo* are to be met with constantly in small bodies of from five to ten, differing in this respect from their sable brethren, who are generally found alone, unless a matrimonial alliance has been formed, when the intrusion of a third party, whether male or female, ensures a fight.

The white bear is only carnivorous when pressed by hunger, and in that state is very destructive to the numerous Tartar flocks of sheep, for Bruin with an empty larder is not to be deterred from his ravenous attacks by men or dogs—a haunch of mutton he will have. His mode of devouring it differs greatly from that of the tiger or leopard. He tears the fleece off with his paws, and instead of gnawing and tearing



HUNTING THE WHITE BEAR.

the flesh, as most carnivorous animals do, he commences sucking it, and in this way draws off the flesh in shreds, thus occupying four or five hours in doing what a tiger or leopard would effectually achieve in half an hour. It is well known among the Tartars, and I know it also from experience, that a bear, after feasting off flesh is a very dangerous customer, and will always show fight. If near the carcass he has captured, he will give very little trouble in looking for him, indeed, he will almost invariably attack the intruder. One day, while following up some wild sheep, I came upon two bears very busily engaged in digging up the snow where an avalanche had fallen. Being hid from their sight, I determined to wait some little time to ascertain why they were digging. I accordingly ensconced myself behind a rock, and allowed them to work away. In about an hour they made a very good opening; and on using my glass I found they had got hold of something. I now pushed up to them. One immediately showed fight, and came out to meet me. He made one charge at me, which I rebutted with a rifle-ball, killing him the very first shot. The other bear got away. On going to the spot where they had been at work, I found the exhumed dead bodies of three wild sheep. They had been carried away and buried underneath the avalanche, probably as far back as the previous year, considering the very compact and frozen state the snow was in. The sheep were in excellent order. We skinned them, and took them to our tents, and excellent mutton we had for several days.

On the melting of the snow, the golden eagle of the Himalaya—a magnificent bird, often measuring thirteen feet from the tip of one wing to the other—is one of the best of pointers a sportsman can follow, to ascertain where any animal has been carried away by an avalanche. He hovers over the spot, constantly alighting, and then taking wing again; but if once you observe him pecking with his beak you may proceed to the spot, and be certain of finding, a very short



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

distance below the snow, the carcass of a wild sheep, as fresh as it was on the day it was carried away. Many a haunch of good mutton have I obtained in this way.

The Himalaya golden eagle is a very carrion crow, never destroying its own game, but feeding on any dead carcass it may find. Many an eagle have I shot feeding on the carcass of an unfortunate hill bullock, which, either through stupidity or fright, had tumbled over a precipice; and never, during the many years I shot over all parts of these hills, do I know

HUNTING THE WILD SHEEP.



1911

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1913

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THE LAMMERGEYER.

an instance of a golden eagle pouncing on or carrying away a living prey.

The Tartar shepherds near the snow informed me that during the lambing season the eagles were very troublesome. If a ewe dropt a sickly lamb, and left it, the eagles would attack it, but never attempted to stoop to carry away a lively one, or one that followed its mother. The Indian golden eagle is identical with the Lammergeyer of the Alps, but wants the courage of the latter bird.

Revenons a nous moutons—literally, let us go back to our sheep. A companion and myself had been working hard in the "Sogla," one of the passes in the snowy range conducting into Chinese Tartary, after the wild sheep, and found them this day more wary than on any previous occasion. It is not generally known that there are two species of wild sheep—one called the Dairuk, and the other (an enormous animal, at least as far as its horns are concerned) known to naturalists as the *ovis ammon*. The horns and head of the latter are as much as a hill man can lift, and singular enough the body is small indeed, out of all proportion to the horns borne by a full-grown ram. My companions and self espied on an opposite hill what we at first (through our telescopes) thought was an

enormous pair of horns moving without any ostensible carriage. At last we observed the body, and I, in delight, exclaimed, "By Jove, there is the *ovis ammon* at last." After considerable trouble and precious hard work, we worked up to within range, when a shot from my rifle brought the ram tumbling down over the snow. I hoped and believed he was dead; but he was only wounded. He got up again, and, in spite of the wound, made a very good gallop over the deep snow. Finding he was too fast for us, we slipped our dogs, and among them my poor "Karchia." The poor dog, as usual, was first up with the ram, and seized him. The ram, having still a good deal in him, broke the hold, and down he went to the bottom of the ravine, where ran the Tonse river, a tributary of the Jumna here in the snow. The river was covered over in many places by avalanches, and was also partly frozen; but in many places there were large holes. The ram bounded over these until my poor dog Karchia again closed with and seized him behind. With a vigorous effort the *ovis ammon* shook him off. A few yards before the steep was a large hole in the Tonse, the water foaming up through it; into this *ovis ammon* threw himself, and was carried under the snow, Heaven knows where. On arriving at the spot I found my poor dog baying most piteously, and trying to bite away the frozen sides, but to no purpose, and I was obliged immediately to get him chained up, fearing he would have plunged in after the game, when I should have lost him, and most probably my own life. Having thus introduced the wild sheep and white bear of Tartary, a few sentences may not unprofitably be spent in describing the *genus homo* of the Snowy Range. The Tartars, as may be imagined, are a very original race, and in those parts visited by me I found them very primitive and inoffensive, always barring the petty larceny propensities. Depending chiefly on the sale of their wool for their support, and being Bhuddhists by religion, they dare not destroy animal life; but when nature has deprived one of their bullocks

THE GOLDEN EAGLE DEVOURING A WILD SHEEP.



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or sheep of existence, either by accident or old age, Tartar economy forbids their wasting the carcass, and it is eagerly devoured by them. Some of the ancient rams I saw would require a deal of mastication and powerful digestive organs when summoned to their forefathers and committed to a Tartar's jaws.

I cannot say that the hill people thrive on the diet, for in appearance they are a miserable-looking, stunted race, very filthy in their habits, seldom changing their coarse woollen clothing, and entertaining a religious horror of cold water. They have no objection to the good things brought from the other side of the snow, and I have seen them devour salt beef and pork with great gusto. But what they most delight in, when they can get it, is English brandy and tobacco. The former they will drink in great quantities, and for men unaccustomed to liquor it is astonishing how well they resist its intoxicating properties. I saw one man a "Siana," the head of a village, drink off two bottles of pure brandy, without apparently feeling any ill effects from the potation. On questioning him about his sensations, he said that the only difference he found between the brandy and the water was, that it made his inside comfortably warm, and his tongue very *slippery*, of which he gave us proof by chattering and singing in a most uncouth way. Of all the horrible noises I ever heard, those which a half-drunken Tartar makes are the most discordant. The deep nasal and guttural noises he emits would beat Welsh and Gaelic by a long chalk.

Although petty thefts are common among the Thibetans, valuable articles may with safety be left among them—even money they will not touch. Many an hour have I whiled away among them watching Jye Sing and Buctoo showing them many articles of my property, the use or value of which they could not comprehend. Of my guns and rifles in particular, they stood in great awe, and for a long time none of them could be induced to touch one. Our telescopes also



JYE SING.

caused great terror, and many were the learned arguments they had as to what possibly could be the use of the latter. I invariably carried a favorite Dolland across my shoulder, and Buctoo was provided with a similar instrument, of which he was proud, and in the use of which he became expert. One day, after a good day's sport, we had all sat down near a beautiful spring, and I was enjoying a luncheon, when I found Buctoo had collected some fifty Tartars about him, who sat in a circle, listening to his explanation of the use of his telescope. None of his hearers could for some time be induced to touch it; they were afraid of its either exploding or metamorphosing them into wild sheep.

The large village of Tchong Si was about four miles below our bivouac, and several of the head men of the village had come up to have a look at us. The village was just discernible to the naked eye, and Buctoo politely inquired of one of the chiefs, if he would like to be informed what was going on in



TARTARS.

the village below ! The chief told him he should, when Buctoo drew out the glass, on which all the Tartars moved off to a very respectable distance. After looking at the village, he described certain parts of it so correctly that they were astonished. (I must here mention that neither myself nor any of my servants had been allowed to enter the village.) The Tartars at first could hardly credit it ; but after sundry questions as to the description of houses on the northern side, and again on the southern, which Buctoo, on carefully examining, correctly described, they became sadly perplexed. Buctoo once more endeavored to persuade them to take a look themselves, and, after much coaxing and a little brandy, one of the head men was induced to take the telescope into his hand.

The figure he cut on doing so, I shall not easily forget. He held it out at arm's length, grinned at it most horribly, and chattered some abominable gibberish in Tartaree, that no

one understood, appearing to expect every moment that the glass would bite him. After some minutes spent in this way, he drew it near to him, and by degrees became more confident. Buctoo then approached him and set it, telling him to look through it. He appeared very suspicious about this movement, evidently fancying the glass was going to explode. At length he threw it down, for which Buctoo boxed his ears. He then took it up again, and it was brought to bear on the village. But the Tartar did us again; for he shut both his eyes. However, after a good deal of persuasion, he was induced to open one and shut the other, and to peep through the glass. For a second or two he trembled violently, then groaned heavily—threw down the glass, and commenced rolling down the hill, head over heels, at a most awful pace. The whole batch, some forty, were seized with the same complaint, and down they went after their chief, roaring out, "Hi! ha!" at the top of their voices. Break their necks they could not very easily; but how many of them escaped serious injury I did not stop to ascertain. Upon seeing them all off, I fell down heavily, fracturing my sides with laughter. Buctoo was in the same state, and so were all my servants. We at last saw them, on reaching a piece of level ground, get on their legs, the chief still leading, and bolting for the village, at a pace nothing would warrant but a tin kettle at their heels. In about ten minutes we heard the gongs and bells beating and tolling at a great pace, with frightful shouting from men and women, and this lasted for two hours, when all became quiet.

Not a Tartar could we get hold of for two days after this. At last, by sending a small party near the village, several men showed themselves, offering us any thing we wanted, if we would only return to the other side of the snow. This they were told we would do, if they would only show us three or four days' more good sport; but if not, we would remain there six months, and turn them all into wild sheep. Upon



BUCTOO.

this, they had a consultation, when it was decided that they would show excellent sport provided we would take our departure in four days, and never come there again. This was duly agreed to, and after some very cautious approaches we got them once more up to our tents. They certainly kept their promise, for I had excellent sport, and was therefore bound to fulfil my part of the agreement.

On the fourth day arriving, they were invited to come once more to the tent, and to receive a few trifling rewards for the sport they had shown. Brandy was first served out, and this soon restored confidence among us, when the distribution of a few knives, looking-glasses, beads, &c. &c., and sundry pieces of red cloth, brought them into good humor. Every thing was going on as well as could be desired, when some unfortunate dispute arose among some of my guides (not my own servants, but men taken from the last village on our side of the snow) and Tartars. They knew each other well, having, at

a large fair held at the foot of the pass, a year's intercourse. These men, I have no doubt, assisted by one of my own men, (and I strongly suspected Buctoo, although he most solemnly denied doing it,) played them a sad trick. I may here note that almost every Tartar carries a pipe, rudely made of wrought-iron, of about the size and shape of a common clay pipe. Being inveterate smokers, a pipe full of good tobacco is one of the most convincing arguments you can employ. While I was at dinner, I ordered some tobacco to be given to them, and it was proposed they should put that in their pouches, and allow some of my fellows to charge their pipes with their own tobacco, of which they begged their acceptance.

The Tartars, nothing loth, assented, and each man gave his iron pipe to be charged, which was duly done, and returned to each owner. Smoking then commenced, and, on finishing my dinner and coming outside the tent, I found the Tartars all in a circle, smoking away, and my men, some ten yards from them, and above them, and talking to them. They were also smoking. Thinking nothing of this at the time, I took no notice, and had my chair brought outside, and smoked my cigar. In less than five minutes I was considerably astonished on hearing a salvo as of a volley of musketry, and iron pipes flying up and down in all directions. Then a general shout, and off went the Tartars, as if Old Nick was at their heels, hallooing most fearfully. They, however, this time did not run far; they brought up about three hundred yards from where they had started, demanding only their pipes back. I went up to them, asking what was the matter; and after a short time they said nothing farther than that they would take precious good care never to smoke English tobacco again, for it was too strong for them. We smoked with tobacco, and *shot* with tobacco, and Sheitzan must have been the manufacturer.

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CHASING THE KANGAROO.



Kangaroo Hunting.

KANGAROOING in Tasman's Peninsula is essentially a pedestrian sport. I am aware that in an open country, and especially in New South Wales, where the chase is followed on horseback, my assertion may seem like rank heresy.

I have pursued the sport both mounted and on foot, and if a horse enables you occasionally, on comparatively unencumbered ground, to see something more of the run, you must still have pedestrians to hunt the dogs. After all, decide this point as you will, we esteem it the poorest variety of the chase. Some excitement must necessarily attend it, but too much is left to the imagination, and too little of either the game or the dogs is given to the eye.

It is rarely, except when on horseback, that one has the good fortune to be in at the death, or to see the kangaroo pulled down.

The ground is usually hilly, the scrub thick, and the grass high. It is needless to say that on the present occasion we were all on foot. Forestier's Peninsula is no place for a horse except the traveller be jogging along the rugged and little unfrequented track which leads to Hobart Town, by a most circuitous route.

Away then we strode, skirting the shore pretty closely, until we came to a valley which had been partially cleared by one of those extensive bush conflagrations which are of annual occurrence.

The forest is fired in several places every summer, with a view to keeping down the scrub, and giving a chance of growth to the grass and the larger forest trees. These fires burn for several consecutive days, and at night the glare from them, lighting up the adjacent horizon, and the wind at one time whirling along vast clouds of smoke, and again throwing up sheets of flame and myriads of burning particles, produce an effect as grand as can be imagined. Here, then, in the glade, we paused, disposed ourselves in an extended line, slipped four dogs, and gave the word, "go seek."

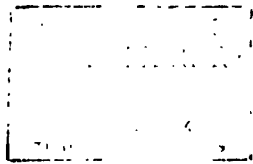
Away they trotted with nose to the ground, cautiously hunting, crossing and recrossing, but occasionally getting not only out of sight in the long grass, but out of hearing and command. Presently a sharp bark gave the signal of game started, and the next moment we catch a glimpse of the kangaroo in mid air, as he bounds down the declivity in a succession of leaps such as the kangaroo only can accomplish.

There he goes, his tiny ears laid back on his small deer-like head, his forefeet gathered up like a penguin's flappers, and his long stout tail erect in the air! Now bounding aloft, now vanishing as he plunges into the waving grass.

Two more of the dogs have sighted him, and are silently tearing along on his track. Every bound increases his distance from his pursuers, he winds round the base of the hill, to avoid the ascent, but up he must go; this is the only chance



KILLING A KANGAROO.



for the dogs, for running up hill is the kangaroo's weak point. But now we lose sight of both dogs and kangaroo; a burst of three minutes has sufficed to exhaust our first wind, and to break one of our shins; for, tearing through grass as high as one's middle and tumbling over charred stumps and fallen trees, soon reduces one to the "dead-beat" predicament. Jerry, alone, thanks to his hard condition, follows the chase, *longo intervallo*.

All the party are now scattered, and after a while re-assemble by dint of continuous "cooees." Whilst swabbing the perspiration off our brow, one of the dogs makes his appearance, and, trotting slowly back with panting flanks and lolling tongue, throws himself on his side exhausted. His mouth is now carefully examined, and two fingers being inserted, scoop round the fauces. The test is successful; there are traces of blood and fluff. "Bravo, Rattler! Show him—good dog. Show him!" Rattler rises with an effort, and lazily strikes into the bush, to the right. We follow in Indian file, and at about half a mile distant we come upon the kangaroo lying dead, with the second dog, old "Ugly," stretched at his side.

The kangaroo usually found in the Peninsula is not the largest description commonly known in these colonies as the "boomer" or "forester," but the brush kangaroo, which rarely exceeds seventy pounds in weight; forty is more common. There is a still smaller variety known as the "wallaby." The brush kangaroo is easily killed by the dogs: A grip in the throat or loins usually suffices. The boomer is a more awkward customer, and, if he can take the water, he shows fight, and, availing himself of his superior height, he endeavors to drown the dogs as they approach him. The kangaroo is a graceful animal, but appears to most advantage when only the upper part of the body is seen. His head is small and deer-shaped, his eyes soft and lustrous, but his tapering superior extremities rise almost pyramidally from a heavy and disproportioned base of hind legs and tail.

The kangaroo dog never mangles his prey, although fond of the blood, with a portion of which he is always rewarded.

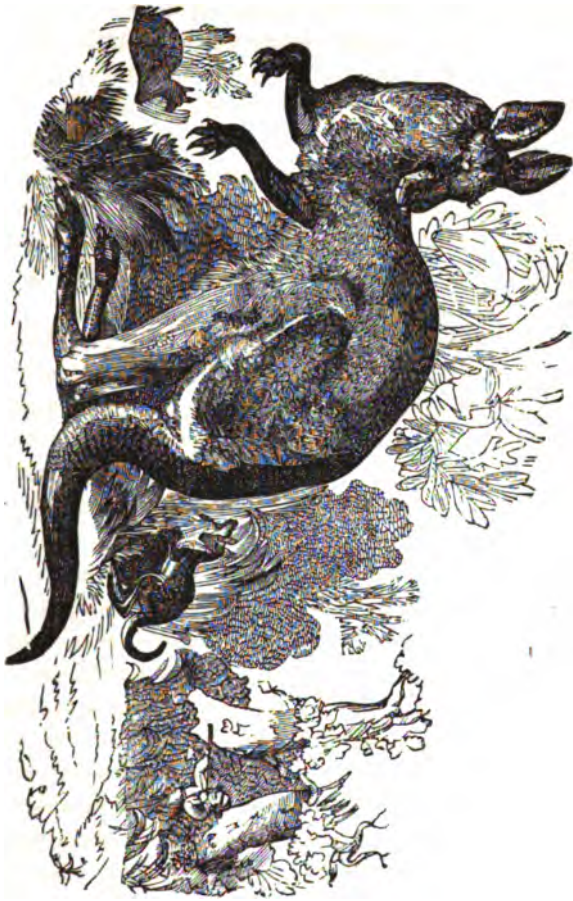
Jerry now threw himself on the ground beside the game, and, drawing his *couteau de chasse*, commenced the operation of disembowelling. After ripping up the belly, he thrusts in his arm, and drawing out the liver and a handful of coagulated blood, he invited the dogs to partake of it. The carcass being gutted, some dry fern is thrust in, the tail is drawn through the fore legs, and secured with a bit of whipcord, and then the game is suspended over the shoulder—no insignificant weight either. If the kangaroo be very heavy, the hind quarters only are carried, but the skin being of some value, it is not needlessly destroyed.

There is a peculiarity in the stomach of the kangaroo, which I have not seen noticed in description of that animal, but of which I have assured myself by frequent personal observation. On opening the stomach, even while still warm, the grass found in it is swarming with small white worms, about a quarter of an inch in length, and not thicker than a fine thread.

The entire contents of the stomach even the most recently masticated grass, (and grass seems to be its only food,) are equally pervaded with these worms, which swarm in myriads, even where no signs of decomposition are perceptible.

Resuming our progress we presently heard a baying from the dogs, who had again disappeared to hunt. On nearing the spot whence the noise proceeded, we found them assembled round the trunk of a large tree, in the hollow of which was a large wombat, a most unsightly brute, in appearance partaking somewhat of the bear, the pig, and the badger. An average sized one will weigh sixty pounds. The head is flat, neck thick, body large, legs short, eyes and ears small; the feet provided with sharp claws for burrowing, three on the hind foot, and an additional one on the fore foot. They make deep excavations in the ground, and live chiefly on roots. The hide is

HUNTING THE GREAT KANGAROO.





A WOMBAT.

very tough and covered with a coarse wiry hair, and with this defensive armor, and his formidable teeth and claws, the wombat is a customer not much relished by the dogs. It was not till we had stunned our new acquaintance, as he stood at bay in his den, by repeated blows of our sticks on his head, that we were able to drag him out, and cut his throat. The flesh is eatable, and I have heard that the hams are held in some esteem, but I cannot speak from personal experience. On the present occasion none of our party was ambitious of the honor of carrying our defunct friend during the day's march that we had before us; so I contented myself with pocketing his four paws, and leaving the rest of the carcass for formic epicures.

Our destination for the evening was Eagle Hawk Neck, or rather our dining quarters were there fixed, for I proposed to be home some time during the night; and, as we had some twelve miles of fatiguing walking before us, we now circled round towards Flinder's Bay whence we were to follow the foot track to the "Neck."

It may readily be imagined that brush travelling in the Australian colonies is often an intricate affair; long practice alone can give one assurance and confidence. Few *habitues* in the Peninsula think of entering it without a pocket compass, flint, and steel; and even the best bushmen have in their day been reduced to the greatest extremities.

For our ambition part, never inclined to the adventurous task of exploring the bush, content with the subordinate part of trusting to the superior sagacity of the more experienced;

and often have our wonder and admiration been excited by the unerring judgment of our guide, when there was neither sun to direct, nor any opening above or around whereby to obtain a view of the surrounding country.

As we were approaching Flinder's Bay, on our return, a kangaroo was started some distance ahead of us; presently I observed an old dog, who was wont to "run cunning," suddenly stop close in front of me. The next moment the game, closely pursued, dropped in a bound, not six yards from the spot where I stood, and before he could rise again, old "Ugly" had his prize by the throat. This proved to be a doe, and on examining her pouch a foetus was found in it, perfectly detached as usual, and about three inches and a half long. The generation, growth, and alimentation of the foetus of the kangaroo and other marsuipial animals (ultra interine and detached from the parent, as it appears to be at all stages,) is a mystery in physiology which has yet to be unravelled.

A "medico" who was of our party, did not neglect this opportunity for research. With a view to the investigation of the subject at leisure, he dropped the foetus into his glove for conveyance home.

Outside the station of Flinder's Bay, we came upon a small limpid stream, brawling over a rocky bed, which seemed a suitable place to refresh the inner man with a sandwich, and a thimbleful of Cognac. Cigars were then lighted, and shouldering our game, we resumed our route.

The sun was low, when we descended the steep hill whence we opened a view of Eagle Hawk Neck and the Pacific, after a long and toilsome ascent "the Saddle," by a path which abounded more in loose sharp stones than any which it has been my misfortune to fall in with. However, refreshment was at hand, which we were quite in condition to appreciate, for we will back a day's kangarooing against any other sport, for giving a zest both to victuals and drink.

Our host, C——, was famous for his kangaroo soup; this

HUNTING THE WALLABY, OR SMALL KANGAROO.



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is made of the tail of the animal, and when well prepared may vie with an ox tail, if, indeed, it be not superior, having the advantage of a game flavor. The flesh of the kangaroo resembles in taste and appearance that of the hare though drier and inferior in flavor when roasted. The only part thus cooked is the hind quarter, which should be boned, stuffed, and larded, and after all, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Not so "kangaroo steamer." To prepare this savory dish, portions of the hind quarters, after hanging for a week, should be cut into small cubical pieces; about a third proportion of the fat of bacon should be similarly prepared, and these, together with salt, pepper, and some spice, must simmer gently in a stew-pan for three or four hours. Now water must enter into the composition, but a little mushroom ketchup added, when served, is an improvement.

Although averse to the diet of brush vermin, so often extolled, in these colonies, and although carefully eschewing all parrot pies, red-bill ragouts, black swans, kangaroo rats, porcupines, and such vaunted nastiness, we strongly contend for the excellence of "kangaroo steamer," as savory and appetizing dish. We cannot reproach it with a fault, save its tendency to lead one to excess; the only difficulty is to know when you have had enough.

We were able to do ample justice to the good cheer provided by C—, who, although the Alexander Selkirk of his post, reigning in solitary grandeur, for he had not a single associate within ten mile, could always boast of a well stocked-larder and cellar. What with his garden, poultry-yard, and dairy, hunting and sea-fishing, he was tolerably independent of the ter-weekly visits of the boat which brought the commissariat supplies.



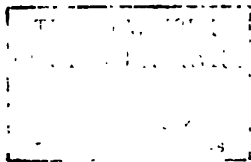
Hunting in Southern Africa.

WE are indebted for the following narrative of hunting exploits to Captain William Cornwallis Harris's "Wild Sports of Southern Africa," comprising a hunting expedition from the Cape of Good Hope through the territories of the chief Moselekatse to the tropic of Capricorn. Our extract includes the passage from Chooi to the Mimori river. Captain Harris was accompanied by Mr. Richardson and a retinue of Hottentots, with a train of wagons and an abundant supply of ammunition.

(190)

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.







GRIQUAS.

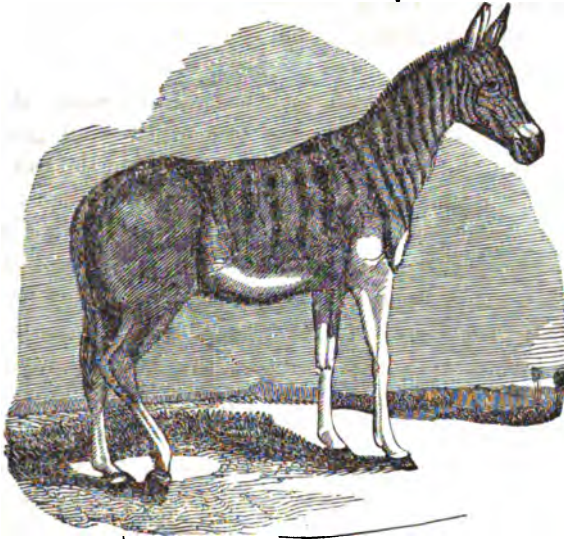
“The true zebra is exclusively confined to mountainous regions, from which it rarely if ever descends; but the extensive plains of Southern Africa abound with two distinct species of the same genus, the quagga and the striped quagga, or Burchell’s zebra. These differ little from each other in point of shape or size, both having the tail and ears of the horse, whilst the zebra has those of the ass. Of a pale red color, the quagga is faintly striped only on the head and neck—but Burchell’s zebra is adorned over every part of the body with broad black bands, which beautifully contrast with a pale yellow ground. The gnoo and the common quagga delighting in the same situations, not unfrequently herding together—but I have seldom seen Burchell’s zebra unaccompanied by a troop of brindled gnoo,—an animal differing materially from its brother of the same genus, from which, though scarcely

less ungainly, it is readily distinguishable at a greater distance by its black mane and tail, more elevated withers, and clumsy action.

“ We were preparing to leave Chooi, when a party of Griquas arrived with three wagons. They had been hunting giraffe on the Molopo, and having expended their ammunition, were returning to Daniel's Kuil with the spoils. Their horses and oxen were perfect skeletons, and their wagons literally tumbling to pieces. Tireless wheels were lashed together with strips of raw hide, and festoons of dried meat termed “ Biltong,” occupied the place of the awning ; whilst a number of filthy women and children were stowed away with an odoriferous *melange* of garbage and fat. These people had approached to the western limit of Moselekatse's territory without molestation,—a circumstance which seemed to inspire our timid followers with confidence. Large parties are annually formed for the purpose of hunting the camelopard and eland—the flesh of these animals being held in great estimation, and their skins applied to the manufacture of shoes and a variety of other uses. We would gladly have purchased some of the miserable horses, but the owners declined receiving any thing in exchange but gunpowder, which we could not have given without incurring the risk of twelve months' imprisonment on our return to the Colony, although a single pound would have given us the choice of the stud.

“ After crossing the Saltpan, we passed a long line of pit-falls used for entrapping game. Upwards of sixty of these were dug close together in a treble line ; a high thorn fence extending in the form of a crescent a mile on either side, in such a manner that gnoos, quaggas, and other animals may easily be driven into them. They are carefully concealed with grass, and their circumscribed dimensions render escape almost impossible. Heaps of whitened bones bore ample testimony to the destruction they had occasioned.

‘ We now entered upon the Chooi Desert, an extensive



QUAGGA.

flat, denuded of trees—broken occasionally by low ridges, but still remarkable for its scorched and sterile uniformity. After travelling twenty miles across this “region of emptiness, howling and drear,” we reached Loharon, at which there was a prospect of obtaining water, but unfortunately the only tank in the country was exhausted. The small supply that we had brought in the wagons was barely drinkable in the coffee; but our sufferings were nothing compared with those of the unhappy oxen, which although tried to death with the sultry march, ran frantically in quest of some pool where they might slake their thirst—making the air resound with their mournful lowings. During the night, the hyenas, attracted by the smell of our mutton, actually devoured a spring-buck within the limits of our camp.

“As we advanced, the game became hourly more abundant, although still exceedingly wild. Groups of hartebeests,

quggas, and brindled gnoos, were every where to be seen—the sleek variegated coats of the two former species sparkling in the rays of the sun; and the fierce little eyes of the latter glistening like fire beneath their shaggy forelocks. A short chase was sufficient to seal the fate of three quaggas—all males, averaging thirteen hands high. During the run I had not seen a human being, and fancied myself alone; but I had scarcely dismounted to secure my game, when a woolly head protruded in itself from every bush, and in an instant I was surrounded by thirty Barolongs, who having by signs expressed their approbation of my performance, proceeded to devour the carcass with the greatest avidity—greedily drinking the blood, rubbing the fat upon their bodies, and not leaving so much even as the entrails for the birds of prey.

“Our unfortunate cattle had now tasted no water for six-and thirty hours, and we resolved to travel day and night in search of this necessary of life. The sun at length departed, darkness overtook us, and no moon succeeded to guide our course; when, by a singular instinct, the two horses we had obtained from Captain Sutton, and which were consequently acquainted with the road, suddenly separated themselves from us, and galloped off. Following them up, the scream of water-fowl sounded like music in our ears, and we had the gratification of perceiving a pond of mephitic water a little to the right of the road. Both man and beast appeared simultaneously apprised of the cheering discovery—water was the universal cry—the Hottentots rushed to the edge of the pond, and throwing themselves on their faces, swallowed large quantities—indifferent to the crowd of horses, oxen, and sheep, which followed close upon their heels. The oxen in the wagons were with difficulty restrained until the yokes had been removed, when impatient of their burning thirst, they also rushed headlong into the now muddy pool.

“An accident deprived us of the handsome dog that we had obtained from Brother Mark Graaff, the itinerant tutor;

no bush presenting itself which could shelter him for a moment during the long march, from the scorching rays of a vertical sun, he had sought an asylum beneath the wagon, the wheels of which passed over his body. For many days past the feet of our canine companions had suffered greatly from their contact with the heated earth; and, in some instances, had become perfectly raw. Ever and anon the unfortunate animals would voluntarily present a paw, and, with a supplicating whine, solicit another dressing of the tar and fat composition used for greasing the axletrees—from the application of which they experienced temporary relief.

“In order to recruit the exhausted strength of the oxen, we halted a day at Great Chooi, another extensive salt-lake, which we reached early the following morning. No pen can describe the scene that here took place. The Hottentots, having first mutinied against Richardson, deputed Andries—who advanced to me with a step of defiance—to acquaint me with their determination not to obey his orders: the contracts at Graaff Reinet having, to save trouble, been made in my name only. The discussion having been suppressed by me, led to a disagreement among themselves; they fought with inconceivable fury for half an hour, and were with difficulty prevented from murdering each other. With blood streaming from many a ghastly wound, they at length retired to ablute themselves, and returned better friends than ever. The engagement had been witnessed by a party of savages, who carried umbrellas of ostrich feathers, twisted round a long stick so as to resemble the nodding plumes of a hearse. In honor of their own courageous bearing, the Hottentots purchased a number of these for a small piece of tobacco, and binding them round their hats, strutted forth knights of the sable plume.

“The scattered inhabitants of this part of the country are remnants of various Bechuana tribes, which have been conquered by Moselekatse—and consist principally of Barolong,

Wangkets, Batlapi, and Baharootzi. These poor wretches live in small communities, and, being destitute of cattle, depend entirely for subsistence on locusts, or such game as chance may direct to their pitfalls. Crowds of them, attracted by prey, now hovered round me in my hunting expeditions, which were here particularly successful; and having obtained a plentiful supply of meat, with the luxuries of snuff and tobacco, for which they were constantly begging, under the denominations of *lishuena* and *muchoko*, they composed themselves to sleep, appearing to be in the enjoyment of as much happiness as man in a state of mere animal existence probably ever attains. Our little band was also instinctively attended by a host of hungry vultures, who, little disturbed by the presence of man, divided the office of carrion scavengers with hyenas and jackals. Wheeling in circles high above our heads, like small specks in the firmament, these voracious birds were ever ready to pounce upon game that might be shot, or upon the carcasses of oxen that perished on the road—devouring the largest bodies with a promptitude truly surprising.

“We had now crossed the unvaried level expanse of the Chooi Desert, and were entering upon a country, which though equally remarkable for its sameness of appearance presented a different character. Immense sandy flats, with a substratum of lime, were uniformly covered with mokaala trees, low thorn bushes, and long grass, interspersed with numerous dry tanks; but no hill or conspicuous object that could direct the footsteps of the wanderer. Before reaching the Siklagole river, twenty-two miles, we passed many extensive villages totally deserted; rude earthen vessels, fragments of ostrich egg-shells, and portions of the skins of wild animals, however, proving that they had been recently inhabited. During the whole of this and the following day we saw no human being, a circumstance which I note here, because it added in no small degree to the troubles I am about to detail.



SPOTTED HYENA.



THE GN00.

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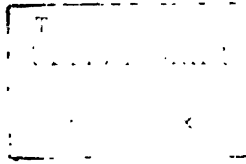
“On the morning of the 9th of October, when the wagons had started on their way to the Meritsane river, our next stage, I turned off the road in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger—then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, sassaybes and hartebeests, pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewed with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket compass, and being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success; the prints of my horse’s hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality; but returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which, together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly all the day under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances, I should have avoided intercourse with the inmates, but dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and to my inexpressible disappointment, found them deserted. The same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited, I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the

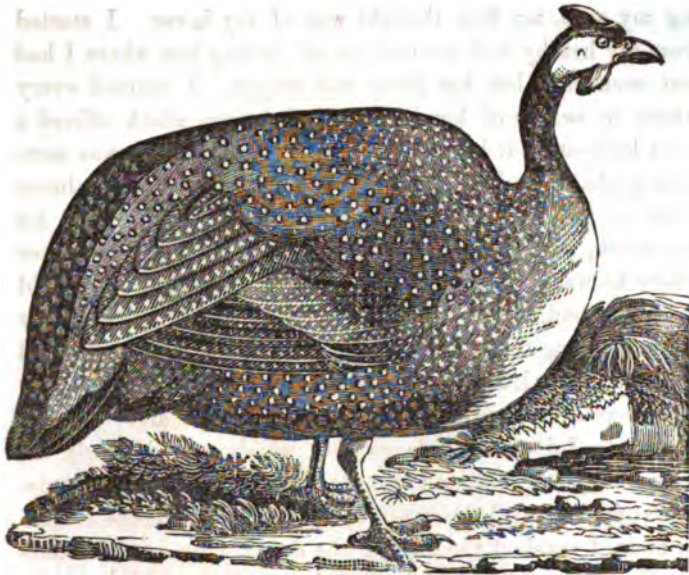
smell of meat would as usual attract some stragglers to the spot. But no. The keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling haystacks; and under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water. Alas! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social grosbeaks, those winged republicans of whose architecture and magnificent edifices, I had, till now, entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened. Large troops of ostriches running in one direction, plainly indicated that I was approaching water; and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children—soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

“Those only who have suffered as I did during this day from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and I may add, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, which I mounted immediately and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the wagons before dark. The banks are precipitous—the channel deep, broken, and rocky; clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing around, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowl,



SOCIABLE GROSBEAKS.





GUINEA FOWL.

were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and having knee-haltered my horse to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse, that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from chills as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep. On open-

ing my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed every where in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look-out, but he was no where to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his foot-mark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now re-crossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human skeletons, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour, I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the wagon road; but as I could detect no recent traces upon it, I turned to the southward, and after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Sicklagole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the wagons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain. The discharge of my rifle at a little distance had relieved the anxiety of my companions and followers, who during the night had entertained the most gloomy forebodings on my account, being convinced that I had either been torn piecemeal by lions, or speared by the assagais of the cannibals! A cup of coffee was immediately offered me, which as I had scarcely tasted nourishment for thirty hours proved highly grateful; and I learned that Richardson had been obliged to halt in the plain in the preceding night, in consequence of the great length of the march, and the darkness overtaking him. This accounted for my not meeting him on the river bank, which we again reached in about two hours, encamping under a grove of spreading mokaala trees.



CAPTAIN HARRIS AND THE LION

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MOSELEKATSE.

“Both the Sicklelagole and the Meritsane take their source in the low range of hills called Kunuana, considerably to the eastward of the point where we crossed them; and, joining about the same distance to the westward, empty themselves into the Molopo. Near their confluence the camp of Mr. Bain, a trader, was attacked in 1834, by Moselekatse. A party of marauding Griquas, whom he had imprudently taken with him to assist in hunting, entered the territories of that prince, and succeeded in capturing several head of cattle, with which they had made good their retreat. A large party of warriors, however, overtook them when within sight of the camp; nearly all the followers fled in disorder on the first alarm, leaving their master to shift for himself, who, finding the camp surrounded and resistance vain, jumped on his horse, and, accompanied by four of his people, narrowly



MATABILI WARRIOR.

escaped with life, by riding through and killing some of the assailants. After travelling several days, and suffering dreadfully from want of food and water, the party reached Motito nearer dead than alive.

“The reports of four savages of the Batlapi tribe who joined us yesterday, determined us to halt a day for the purpose of hunting. Richardson and myself left the wagons at daybreak, attended by these men, and crossing the river, took a north-westerly direction through a park of magnificent camelthorn trees, many of which were groaning under the huge nests of the social grosbeak; whilst others were decorated with green clusters of misletoe, the bright scarlet ber-



HUNTING OSTRICHES.

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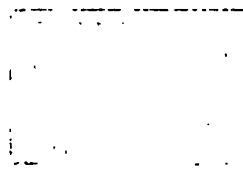
ELAND.

ries of which were highly ornamental. We soon perceived large herds of quaggas and brindled gnooks, which continued to join each other, until the whole plain seemed alive. The clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than fifteen thousand; a great extent of country being actually checkered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles, extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen, towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbors, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybes, and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly under-

stood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake, quickly dispatching the wounded gnooks by a touch on the spine with the point of an assagai, and instantly covering up the carcasses with bushes, to secure them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey. As we proceeded, two strange figures were perceived standing under the shade of a tree; these we instantly knew to be elands, the savages at the same moment exclaiming, 'Impofo, impofo,' and pressing our horses to the utmost speed, we found ourselves for the first time at the heels of the largest and most beautiful species of the antelope tribe. Notwithstanding the unwieldy shape of these animals, they had at first greatly exceeded the speed of our jaded horses, but being pushed they soon separated; their sleek coats turned first blue and then white with froth; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides. Their pace gradually slackened, and with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly toward us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball. They were young bulls, measuring upwards of seventeen hands at the shoulder.

"I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood and shouting with barbarous exultation, as it issued from each newly inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive eland.

"In size and shape, the body of the male eland resembles that of a well-conditioned Guzerat ox, not unfrequently attaining the height of nineteen hands, and weighing two thousand pounds. The head is strictly that of the antelope, light,





A STAMPEDE.

graceful, and bony, with a pair of magnificent straight horns, about two feet in length, spirally ringed, and pointed backwards. A broad and deep dewlap, fringed with brown hair, reaches to the knee. The colour varies considerably with the age, being dun in some, in others an ashy blue with a tinge of ochre; and in many also sandy grey approaching to white. The flesh is esteemed by all classes in Africa, above that of any other animal; in grain and colour it resembles beef, but is better tasted, and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavor, and the quantity of fat with which it is interlarded is surprising, greatly exceeding that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The female is smaller and of slighter form, with less ponderous horns. The stoutest of our savage attendants could with difficulty transport the head of the eland to the wagons, where one of the Hottentots had just arrived with the carcass of a sassaybe that he had dragged a considerable distance assisted by upwards of twenty savages. These men were no sooner made acquainted with the occurrences of the morning, than they set off at speed upon the tracks of our horses, and were presently out of sight. About sunset the party returned gorged to the throats, and groaning under an external load of flesh, which having been unable to consume, they had hung round their necks.

“About midnight an unusual commotion caused us to start from our sleep. The whole of the cattle had burst through the thorn fence by which they were surrounded, and panic-stricken, were blindly charging they knew not whither; oxen, horses, and sheep, tumbling headlong over the wagon poles, and over each other, in indescribable confusion. The night was intensely dark,—Cœur de Lion had clambered on to the top of the baggage-wagon, and was screaming like a woman, whilst each Hottentot was discharging his gun, loaded with ball, in any direction that the muzzle might happen to have assumed. The horses were the least alarmed, and after floundering about in the dark for some time, we succeeded in

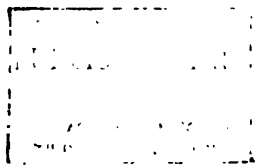
recovering all but one; but every endeavor to reclaim the oxen and sheep proving abortive, we retired again to rest, having first ascertained, by the light of a candle, that the consternation had been occasioned by three lions that had entered the fold and slain two of the sheep.

“At daybreak both Hottentots and savages were dispatched on the tracks of the fugitives. Some of the savages shortly returned with the sheep, several more having, however, been devoured by lions; but the former did not make their appearance till noon, when they informed us that the oxen had divided into two parties, and being dreadfully alarmed, would not stop in all probability until they should reach the Kuruman; adding, that if we wished to recover them, each Hottentot must be provided with a horse and a supply of ammunition. Knowing from sad experience the fate that awaited our steeds, upon whose well-being our sport entirely depended, we resisted the application; upon which all but Claas and Elthaldur begged to throw up their commissions. No one had any complaint to allege except April, who objected to the fatness of the mutton, and Andries, who felt aggrieved by a threat of retribution extended at Chooi. The latter looked particularly black, and it was not until after he had been dispatched with Cobus on horseback in quest of the oxen, that we discovered him to have been the instigator of a plot, which had been joined by all, to desert us in the wilderness, and to return to the Colony with the horses and whatever else they could lay their hands upon.

“Apprehensive of another attack from lions, we moved in the afternoon to the opposite side of the river, drawing up the wagons on the top of a hillock, in such a manner as to flank the cattle inclosure—an arrangement which we ever afterwards observed. Our friends the Batlapi returned about sunset with the oxen, which they had found twelve miles off, a piece of service for which, according to agreement, they were rewarded with a yard of tobacco and a tinder-box.



RHINOCEROS.



Cobus and Andries also came back during the night, having galled the backs of both the horses, without obtaining any tidings of the lost one. The whole of the following day was passed in fruitless endeavors to recover the truant, and it was not until six months afterwards, that we ascertained he had returned to the farm on which he had been bred in the New Hantam, a distance of five hundred miles. Continuing our journey on the 14th of October, twenty-eight miles, through a beautiful country abounding with trees and grass, we reached the Lotlokane, the shallow channel of a periodical river, said in the rainy season to contribute its mite to the Molopo, which it joins some distance to the westward. At this season it was perfectly dry; but we had fortunately found a small pool of water on the road, at which we breakfasted, after killing several hartebeests and sassaybes. The skins of both these animals, and especially of the latter, are in great demand amongst the savages, for *kobos*, or fur cloaks, both on account of their brilliant colour and their supple nature. They are cured by means of continual rubbing, stretching, and scraping; and for this purpose are constantly carried about, and referred to as an amusement in moments of leisure. The operation is rendered less tedious by the constant addition of grease; and less irksome, by savage howlings and gruntings, intended to pass current for singing.

“The sassaybes, or crescent-horned antelope, and the caama, hartebeest, are both members of the Acronotine group, and are alike remarkable for their elevated withers, drooping hind quarters, and triangular form. The colour of the former is of a pompadour or purple violet, and of the latter bright orange; their legs and faces being eccentrically marked as if with a brush of a sign painter. Their brain as well as that of the gnoo, is filled with large white maggots—a phenomenon, of which, until I had received ocular evidence, I could not help being sceptical. And the horns of the hartebeest are placed on the very summit of the head,

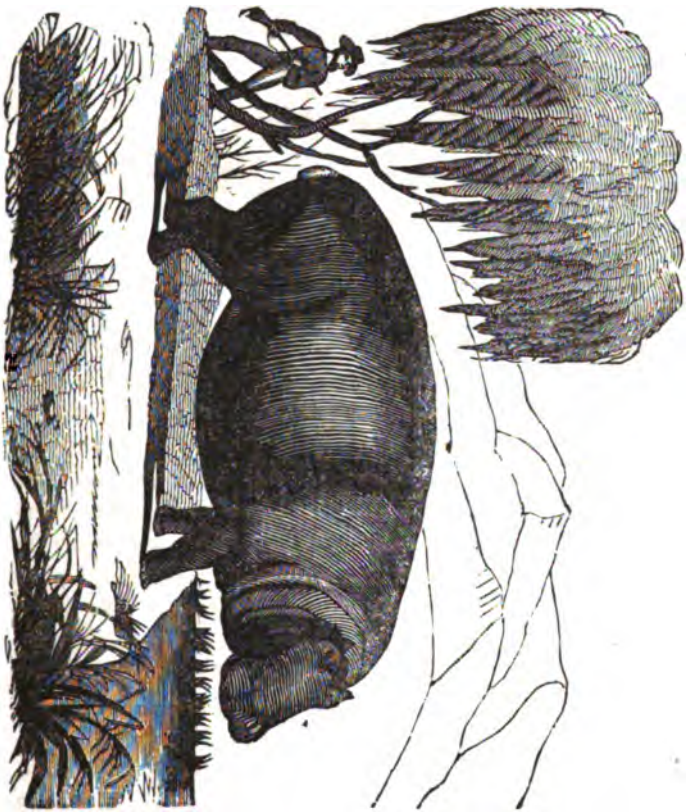


WILD DOG.

upon a prolongation of the frontal bone, instead of above the eyes as in most other antelopes.

“Rations of flour were here first served out to the followers, in the measure of three-quarters of a pound of meal to each man, and were continued daily during the rest of the journey. In the morning four savages volunteered to show us a rhinoceros. We accompanied them amongst ruined stone kraals of great extent, situated to the left of the road, and so overgrown with thorn-bushes, that we were not unfrequently obliged to exchange an erect for a stooping posture, and at times, even to travel on our hands and knees. We found nothing, however, but a pack of wild dogs that had just hunted down a hartebeest. Like the wild dogs of India, these animals take the field in organized packs, and by their perseverance seldom fail to weary out the swiftest antelope. Of a slender form, the general colour is an ochreous yellow, brindled and blotched with dingy black. The ears are large and semi-circular; the muzzle and face black, and the tail bushy like that of a fox.

“During the day we passed another extensive stone town, which once contained its “busy thousands,” but now presents a heap of ruins. The walls extend more than a mile on each



HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

1944

side of the road, and the plains on which it is constructed is thickly covered with a species of wild basil, yielding an aromatic scent when crushed under the foot. We had scarcely passed this desolate city of the desert, when the lightning began to flash, and tremendous peals of thunder burst over our heads. A black cloud that had suddenly formed then emptied its contents upon us; the rain pouring down like sluice for five minutes, and obliging us to seek shelter in the wagons. Ceasing as abruptly as it commenced, we passed on at once to parched and dusty land, from a tract which had in an instant become covered with pools of water.

“It was nearly dark when we reached the Molopo, a few miles below its source. This river which forms the western boundary of Moselekatse’s territory, exhibits a broad shallow bed, covered with turf, traversed by a deep stream about ten yards wide, completely overgrown with high reeds. The soil on both sides is black, spread with luxuriant grass, and detached clumps of acacia. We crossed, and encamped on the northern bank, under a solitary tree, around which was a ready made fence for the cattle. During the night, the obtrusive visit of a hippopotamus—of which amphibious animals there are abundance in the river—caused great consternation; Richard screaming, and the Hottentots expending their ball-cartridge as usual.

“The two following days were spent in hunting the eland and gemsbok. The latter, which is doubtless the animal from which the delineations of the fabulous unicorn have descended, is one of the most magnificent antelopes in the universe. Although common in Namaqua-land, it is rare in this part of the country, and we were fortunate in finding three, one of which I succeeded in riding down; nearly, however, sacrificing my best horse in the arduous achievement. The oryx is about the size of an ass, and nearly of the same ground colour, with a black list stripe down the back and on each flank; white legs variegated with black bands; and a white

face, marked with the figure of a black nose-band and head-stall, imparting altogether to the animal the appearance of being clad in half-mourning. Its copious black tail literally sweeps the ground; a mane reversed, and a tuft of flowing black hair on the breast, with a pair of straight slender horns (common to both sexes,) three feet in length, and ringed at the base, completing the portrait. During the chase, I passed under the nose of three rhinoceroses, which, on my return, I was unable to find. Richardson had fallen in with a troop of five lions, one of which he wounded, but being deserted by the Hottentots, was unable to follow among the brushwood; and my horse was so completely exhausted, that I was obliged to drag him home, carrying the saddle myself.

“Prodigious swarms of locusts passed overhead to the eastward during the greater part of the day, and were followed by such dense flights of birds as almost to darken the air. The *springhaan vogel*, as the latter is called by the colonists, is about the size of a swallow, with numerous speckles like the starling, and is said to subsist almost exclusively upon the destructive insects with which it literally vies in point of numbers. The ravages committed by the locusts, whose desolating visits have been the theme of naturalists and historians in all ages, have too probably been witnessed by the majority of my Indian readers; but Africa, more especially the northern parts of it, would appear to be a quarter of the globe even more frequently and more severely subjected to the scourge of their inroads than Asia. Often have the lands on the frontier of the colony been totally laid waste by the migratory swarms, which, as usual, have been followed by all the horrors of famine; whilst to the wandering Bushman, who has neither flocks nor herds to perish for lack of nourishment—no garden nor cornfields of which to lament the devastation, the intrusion, so appalling to the grasier and agriculturalist, proves a source of joy rather than of sorrow. Following up their devouring hosts, he feeds upon them as



DRIVING IN THE ISLAND.

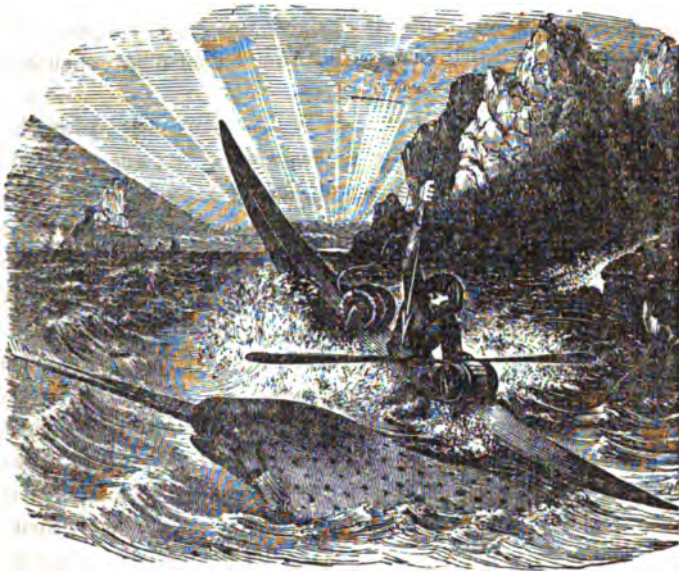
they advance, and preserving also a large quantity for future emergencies, finds in the insect army a ready and ample compensation for the wild game which has been compelled to abandon the ravaged pastures of the wilderness. The hereditary enemies are also numerous; almost every animal, domestic as well as wild, contributes to their destruction—fowls, horses, oxen, sheep, and antelopes, alike swallowing them with the greatest avidity.

“The night of the 17th was rainy and tempestuous; and the lions, never failing to take advantage of such an opportunity, prowled round the camp, roaring in concert with the sighing of the reeds, which so alarmed the cattle that they thrice broke loose, and were recovered with difficulty. There was nothing, however, to prevent our resuming the journey in the morning, the thirsty earth having completely absorbed the deluge that had fallen. Our road lay across a plain, with isolated groves of acacia, and we frequently passed over a solid pavement of granite. Visiting the scene of the gemsbok's humiliation, and searching amongst a low belt of wooded hillocks, which skirted a part of the road, I found a fine fat eland, which I drove into a plain, and, assisted by Richardson, brought up to the wagons, and then dispatched, the caravan being immediately halted. We frequently afterwards adopted the plan, which saved the trouble of carrying the meat from a distance; and the unfortunate animal once blown, was much more manageable than a Smithfield ox.

“Andries having donned his best apparel, here proposed to proceed on horseback to Mosega, in order to apprise the king of our approach—an offer which we gladly accepted. From this point, the summits of distant ranges of hills could be distinguished, across extensive plains covered with grass waving to the breeze, which stretched away to the northward and eastward, far as the eye could reach. On the left, the low range of hillocks, already noticed, terminated at some distance in several detached hills—some conical, others table-

topped—the white slabs on the sides of these strongly contrasting with the black charred bushes which grew amongst the crevices. A large portion of the country had been set on fire a few weeks before, in order to clear off the withered grass, and the bountiful thunder-clouds having caused the young green blades to make their appearance, large herds of game had been attracted to the spot. At the gorge of these hills was an extensive line of pit-falls, into one of which a hartebeest, whose leg I had broken, fell as I was riding him down—my horse being nearly engulfed in a second, at the same moment. During the day I killed another impofo, which actually measured nineteen hands two inches at the shoulder, and was even more remarkably unwieldy than any we had hitherto seen.

“Our road was now sometimes over a rocky pavement, at others over ground which threatened the destruction of the wagons; large stones more than a foot in height, offering sharp sides and projecting points, were firmly fixed in the ground, and added to careless driving, threw the vehicles from side to side with a violence that shook every spoke. About four o'clock we halted at the Mimori river, only five miles from Mosega. A chain of lakes to the left of our camp containing a herd of wild buffaloes, whose formidable heads, resembling masses of rock, were protruding from the water amid waving sedges, the whole of their bodies being immersed. I wounded one, which I attempted to ride down; but the sharp-pointed stones cutting the shoeless feet of my horse to pieces, I brought him back to the wagons, dead lame.”



GREENLANDER HUNTING NARWHAL.

Hunting the Narwhal and the Whale.

ALTHOUGH the narwhal has not suffered from false reports so much as many other animals, yet it has unwittingly contributed to propagate a very old error. The spiral tusk of the narwhal was accustomed to be sold as the real horn of the unicorn; and as an accredited part of that animal, forming direct proof of its existence, it used to fetch a very high price. Of course, when the whale fishery was established, the real owner of the horn was discovered, and the unicorn left still enveloped in mystery.

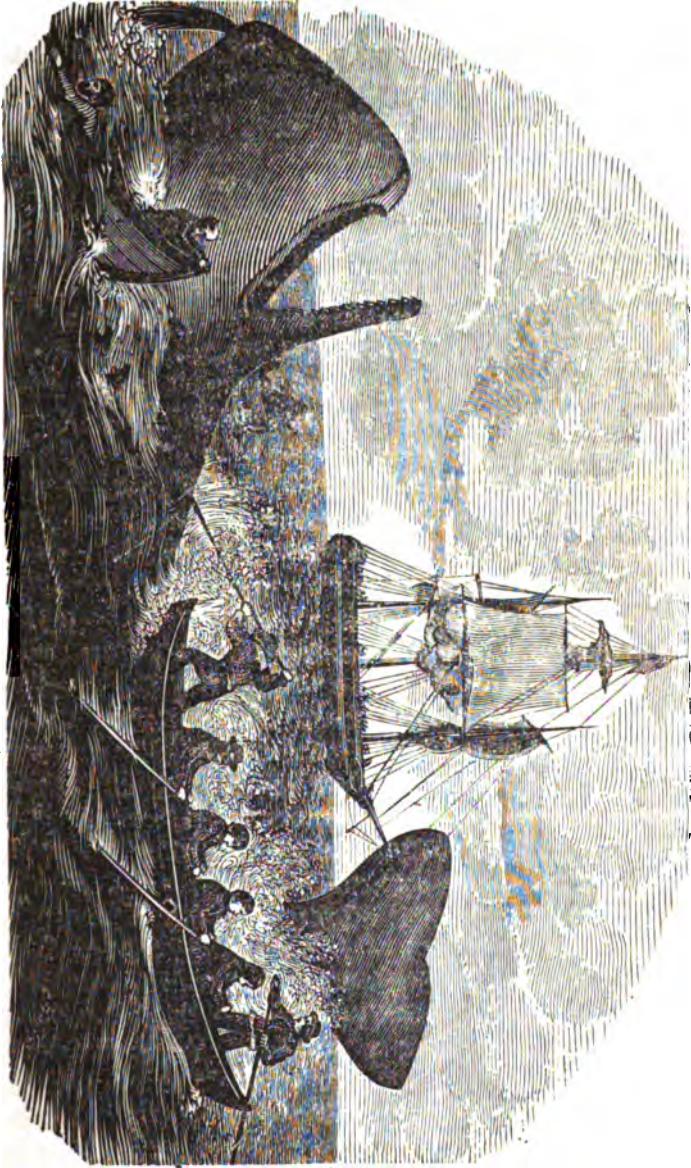
The name *Monodon* is not strictly correct, as the narwhal possesses two of these tusks, one each side of its head. Only the left tusk projects, the other remaining within the head. Sometimes a specimen has been found with both tusks projecting, and some think that when the left tusk has been broken off by accident, the right one becomes large enough to supply its place.

The use of these tusks is not known; some supposing that they are employed to dig up sea-weeds, &c., on which the narwhal feeds, and some imagining that the living prey is first transfixed and then eaten. Be this as it may, as a weapon the tusk is not to be despised, as the strength and rapidity of the Narwhal are very great. Instances are on record, of the thick oak timbers of a ship being pierced by the ivory tusk of this creature. The Greenlanders employ this ivory in the manufacture of spears, arrows, hooks, &c. They take the narwhal by a kind of harpoon attached to a line, with a buoy at its extremity. The use of the buoy is to harass and retard the narwhal when struck, and to give notice when about to rise. Immediately that it reaches the surface, a lance is thrust into it, which generally proves its death-blow. The adventurous Greenlander finds it a most welcome prey, as he obtains from it oil, food, weapons, and ropes. Its body is from thirty to forty feet in length.

The most entertaining account of hunting the whale which we have seen, is in the "Narrative of a Journey Round the World," by F. Gerstaecker, just published by the Harpers. This intelligent and observing German thus describes a whaling cruise.

With a good breeze, the next day Hawaii, or Owhyhee, where Captain Cook was slain, hove in sight. We could notice the gigantic volcano masses, and the smoke curling up from the furnace of the goddess Tele: and I watched this mountain a long, long while as it rose on the horizon, with its sharp outline against the clear blue sky, a wonderful rock and lava,

LANCING A WHALE.



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growing out from the bottom of the sea, with only a crust upon it, that covered a bed of fire.

The volcano was working at this time, at least a thundering and rumbling within, and only a year later it broke out anew, and rolled immense masses of lava down even to the foaming sea. No wonder the Indians thought, that a fire god lives in the boiling streams of glowing lava, though we contradict it, of course, and prove to them the impossibility of the thing.

But leaving the goddess Tele to prove her existence herself, we manned the tops next day—that is, two men were sent, one to the main and one to the fore-top to look out for whales, and with this our cruise commenced. Whalers—to say at least a few words about our vessel itself, and introduce the reader to our fishing gentry—always carry more than the usual complement of men for vessels of their tonnage, because they must have hands left on board to work the ship, and after fish have been taken, to boil out the blubber, while four boats from large vessels, and fewer from smaller ones, are usually out chasing other fish in sight. Each boat has a crew of four men, besides the boat-steerer and a man at the head of the boat. The captain of vessels never leaves his ship, though in some, he goes himself in the first boat as the look-out, leaving another one at the same time to command the vessel.

A whale-ship also differs in its deck construction from any other vessel. Between the mainmast and the foremast are the try-works—large furnaces built of brick, and containing two or more very large iron-pots for trying out the oil from the blubber—close to it is the galley, sometimes not much larger than an overgrown sentry-box, with a stove in it, which leaves hardly room enough for the cook to sit before and broil his knees; all kinds of pots and kettles hang up inside, and a perfect variety of copper and iron vessels are fitted upon every part, in every nook and corner of this machine; while it is a mystery to me how a human being is able to

stand the heat of such a box in a warm climate, at least six or seven hours of the day. It is true they nearly always have black men for cooks, who are used to a great deal more heat than their northern pale-colored brethren, but even these, I should think, must have their very marrow dried up.

Before the galley there is also a blacksmith shop, most commonly fitted up in a kind of box, capable of being moved from one place to another; a blacksmith always having something to do on board a whale-ship in mending of spades, lances, or irons, and fitting rings or hasps on other articles, for the ship itself or the boats.

Between the main and mizzen masts, and usually extending behind the latter, a framework of spars is erected, called bearers, upon which the spare boats, nearly always four, are turned bottom upwards.

We ran south nearly fourteen days, and tried to get as far east out of the trades as we possibly could; but it was very little, for the wind instead of being north-east, northward of the line, blew nearly due east, and our vessel, no first-rate one by the wind, could not work up well against it. Besides that we sailed very slowly, and therefore drifted the more. The "Alexander Barkley," an American built ship, before she started from Bremen, instead of being coppered, was covered with plates of new invention, a kind of zinc which, while being a great deal cheaper than copper, was said to last just as long; but the ship had not been out more than two or three months before the plates began to give way, and when I came on board, about twelve months after her first start, there was hardly any of it left on her bow, and on both sides the rags hung perfectly round her retarding us, of course, considerably, and stopping her headway.

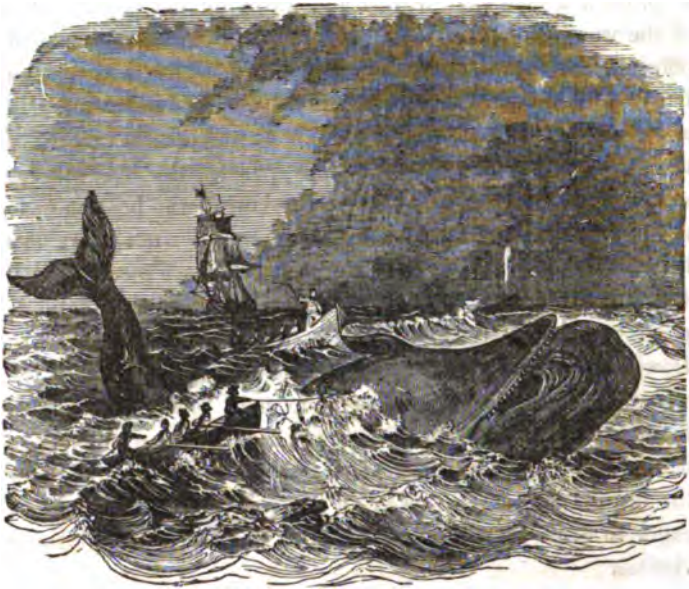
Thursday, the 2nd of January, we crossed the line in about one hundred and fifty-six degrees west longitude, and two days afterward the call gladdened our ears, "There she blows!"

A person who has never heard this call on board a whale-

ship, after a long spell of rest and watching, can have no idea of the wonderful effect it produces, like an electric blow, upon officers and crew. "There she blows!"—the word passes from lip to lip—"Where, where!"—"On the lee-bow, nearly ahead;" and the men fly to their boats; the boat header takes the steering oar till his boat comes "fast," the boat-steerer stands with the iron (harpoon) in the bow of the boat to have the first throw. "There she blows again," not a cable's length from the vessel, and five or six spouts are seen in quick succession; the monstrous fish, unconscious of any danger, playing and chasing each other in the slowly heaving waves. Down the boats go, as quickly and noiselessly as possible, the officers get into them, some of the men scramble in after them, the broad sail of the little craft flies up, the wind catches it, and away the sharply-cut boat dashes through and over the foaming waters, followed by the second, third, fourth, all eager to come up with some of their blowing and splashing victims.

In former times sailing up to a whale in a boat was thought a very dangerous and daring feat, because they were not able to run back again quickly enough, after the whale was struck; but in later times, when the whales have become, like all other game, much more shy and wild, whalers find pulling up to a fish much too slow and uncertain work to be very profitable, and nearly all the fishermen, and principally the Americans, sail with their boats up to the fish, strike their irons into them, if they get a chance, and try to get away afterwards in the best way they can.

We could make nothing of the first whales we saw, for they ran too fast to be overtaken by the boats, and though two came very nearly within striking distance, they got off, at last, unharmed. Our captain, however, an old whaler, liked the look of the water here, and running under, shortened sail half the night on the old course we tacked about midnight, to be in the morning as nearly as possible on the same spot



STRIKING A WHALE.

again ; and sure enough, the sun was hardly an hour high—just far enough out of the water to allow a fair view over its surface—when the cry, “There she blows, blows, blows!” as new spouts followed the first, brought our ship to, and the boats down again.

This time the first boat-header, an old American, who had been bred up to whaling, and done hardly any thing else all his life, and at the same time the finest specimen of an old tar I ever saw, was the first to come up with one of the whales, and get fast, as he carried the largest sail. The other three boats followed the rest of the shoal, which swam along on the surface of the water a considerable time and then disappeared below it, the boats, without stopping, keeping in a straight course in hopes of seeing the fish rise again after awhile, and then having a fair throw at them. But the fish,



WHALE DIVING.

quite contrary to their calculation, had not the least idea of running away, but only dived to some depth, the boats passing away over them, and then rose again very nearly on the same spot where they had disappeared. The three other boats, seeing the spouts behind them, turned round as quickly as they could, and the second boat-header, also an American, got fast to another whale.

During this and the next day our ship lay to, taking the whales alongside, and cutting them up; no look-out even being kept in the top before the carcasses had been cleared away from her sides.

The most interesting part of the cutting-up to me was the first fastening of the immense blubber-hook, a large iron hook of extraordinary dimensions, to attach which, one of the boat-steerers has to go down upon the whale, with a rope slung around his waist in case of accident, and lift the hook—for it takes all his strength to do that—in to a hole which the spades of the boat-headers have cut for it; these, at the same time, keeping watch over the boat-steerer, who is sometimes half under water, and has half-a-dozen sharks close around him, which the scent of the blood has enticed to the captured fish, and which are driven nearly to madness by their unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide.

There were five of these hyenas of the deep round this one whale, and coming as boldly and insolently as possible right under the spades of the men. But the sailors hate to strike their sharpened tools upon the rough and hard skin of the shark because it dulls their instruments directly, and the carpenters have their hands full of work without that, in keeping the instruments in good order. Only once the first boat-header dropped his spade which was as sharp as a razor, upon the head of a shark, and laid it open as if it had been a soft potato. The shark, a fellow of about seven feet long, had come up to the boat steerer—who had just succeeded in fastening the hook, and had no time to look round—close enough to take one of his legs off with a single snap, but the spade prevented it. Showing the white of its belly directly, it sank, and the boat-steerer looking over his shoulder and seeing his dead enemy, only shook his fist at it as it disappeared in the troubled and bloody water.

The cutting up, or hoisting in of the blubber, occupied all the next day, and even when it had become perfectly dark, one of the heads was still in the water, held by a rope and pushed about by a couple of sharks, which had already torn off big pieces from it.

A SHARK.



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In the afternoon I had thrown a lance into one of these savage fellows, while it was busy in tearing off a piece from one of the heads; as I was some distance off, the lance dropped short of the mark, and only pierced the thick part of the greedy monster's tail. The shark immediately left its hold of the head, and as the lance came out, swam some hundred yards off; but it soon returned, and fastened on the head again, tore it off, and disappeared with it before I had time to pull up the lance.

A difficulty now arose in fastening the blubber-hook on the head in the dark, and the second boat-steerer had made several unsuccessful attempts, when the boat-header called out for a blubber lantern, and soon afterward a most singular torch was brought forward. It consisted of iron hoops about four inches through; and this fire basket was filled with thin split wood, and stripes of greasy blubber. The flame soon caught the oil, and blazing to a height of nearly three feet, lit up the dark ocean for a distance of about thirty yards giving the dancing waves a singular transparent hue, and throwing a wild unearthly light over the figure of the reckless sailor who knelt on the dark slimy surface of the whale's head, his left hand firmly grasping the open blubber, and his right arm slung round the heavy iron hook to lift it into the right place.

What was that light streak shooting past the rolling mass just now? Only a shark, frightened by the gleaming torch, and returning to get another bite at the fish, his lawful prey; for is it not the wild and fiery master of the deep. This shark held on by the whale's head till it rose, lifted by the powerful windlass, nearly out of the water, when it left its hold with the piece of the torn-off blubber between its teeth.

"The next morning the mast-heads were manned again, and not having made any head-way from the neighborhood where the whales seemed to have their feeding-ground, the men had been hardly an hour aloft when the call. "There she blows!" but this time over to the windward; again set

the hands into the boats, and out to sea, pulling right against the wind, toward the place where the whales were spouting. Three hours afterward the first headsman, Mr. Luis, got fast again; and as we were beating against a tolerably stiff breeze, it became nearly dark before we could get the whale alongside.

The old blubber had now come on deck to make room in the blubber hole for the fresh, and the stench it emitted next day was nearly suffocating. All the white varnished parts of the vessel received a blue and lustrous tinge, the smell on deck being as bad, and even worse, than in the cabin.

We commenced trying out on the sixth, and had finished on the tenth of January. The deck still looked bad enough, but the blubber was gone, and the deck was also soon cleared. The grease of the sperm whale can be removed very easily with salt water, being in this respect not half so bad as that of the common whale, which requires to be removed by the ashes of the burnt blubber, and hard scrubbing. A singular fact connected with sperm-fish is, that its own skin forms the best soap for washing off its grease. If your hands are dirtied with the grease, you have only to scrape the thin black and soft outer part of the skin a little, and you may wash in salt-water the grease as easily off with this as with soap in fresh water.

These three fish, though of no great size, yielded about one hundred and four barrels of oil; and our captain had strong hopes of falling in with some more of this kind; but day after day passed without seeing a single spout. The deck was hailed several times, it is true, but only, as it turned out afterward, for a finback, or perhaps the deceiving light of the sun that glittered on the waves, and made the look-out fancy it the spout of a sperm-fish."





The Muckle Hart of Benmore.

ST. JOHN'S "Wild Sports of the Highlands," is a work peculiarly attractive, by the unaffected simplicity and honest cordiality which pervade it. The author's hand is evidently more familiar with the rod and rifle than with the pen—he gives a blunt country gentleman sort of detail of Highland sport by field and flood, and has an observant eye to the habits of the lower animals, and a kindly regard withal to the objects of the chase, which is ever characteristic of the legitimate sportsman. We extract, with slight abridgment,
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THE EAGLES.

one of the most stirring incidents in the volume, the stalking of "The Muckle Hart of Benmore."

"Malcolm, the shepherd of the sheiling at the foot of Benmore, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size, and guessed it must be 'the muckle stag of Benmore.' This was an animal seldom seen, but which had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report 'the muckle stag' bore a charmed life; he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too, and, having got the necessary information, resolved to try to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.

"*Monday.*—This morning, at sunrise, Mr. St. John with his rifle, Donald, an eccentric gillie, carrying his double-barreled gun, and Bran, his deer-hound, took their way up the glen to the sheiling at the foot of Benmore. After a fruitless beating of the glen, we turned, at nightfall, to the sheiling, rather disheartened; but the shepherd cheered us by the

assurance that the hart was still in the district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good sized heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh caught trout, oat-cake, and milk, with a modicum of whiskey, which certainly was of unusual flavor and potency.

"*Tuesday.*—We were off again by daybreak. I will pass by several minor adventures, but one cannot be omitted. Malcolm went with us to show us where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food; and on examining the place, we found the carcass of a sheep half eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and merely pointed out to us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough to the carcass to enable him to have a shot at the eagles if they should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day, without any luck to cheer us, my resolution 'not to be beat,' being, however, a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards the afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking with our glasses at every corrie in that side of the hill, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there, to be sure, was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on the adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, seemed to point down the little burn, which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was difficult ground to see a deer in, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass be-

came motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he changed his posture, but without taking the glass from his eye. "Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir, I'm seeing his horns." I was at first incredulous; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, the stag rose and commenced feeding, at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon arranged. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favorable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slowly, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of this alarm; it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me; and I knew Donald would give no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, which had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow deer as they followed him up the crag. I sat down,



THE MOUNTAIN FOX.

disappointed for the moment, and Donald soon joined me, much crest fallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen 'the muckle stag,' and *nūl desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's sheiling; and I was glad to get to my heather-bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hiding-place Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

"*Wednesday*.—After dispatching the plundering eagles in fine style, our hero and his redoubted gillie again set forth in quest of 'the muckle hart.' Our line of march to-day was over ground so high, that we came repeatedly into the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, which he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of the animals themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the sheiling, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower upwards, we wrapped our plaids around us, and slept pretty comfortably.



GROUSE—BLACK COCK—MALE.

Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands which still remained in our bag, and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a sheiling beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse, which I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had 'no Sassenach,' cheered us by his report of 'the deer' being lately seen, described his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon

it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly that afternoon we came on the fresh tracks of our chase, but still he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a 'whisky bothy,' which he had heard of at our last stopping-place. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. 'The lads with the still be no far off,' said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain, if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelting of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I communicated the intelligence to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. 'It's a' right enough, sir; just follow the sound. It's that drunken deevilish Sandy Ross; ye'll never hand a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still.' It was clear that the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each other's collar, and holding our guns high overhead, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially covered by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a sliver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light



GROUSE—BLACK COCK—FEMALE.

enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got food, rest, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These might have been the productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt

that, when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, except one, who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

“*Friday*.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head on a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose to awake him, even if I were able to do so. It was quite clear that he could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day, (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself,) tied up Bran to wait Donald’s restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful; the mountain streams overflowing with last night’s rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. ‘Benna-skiach’ was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my ‘chase.’ I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labor by a view of glen, and wood, and water so beautiful, that I sat down to gaze at it, though anxious to get forward.

“While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was inclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold, too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I

could feel the movements they caused in the air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure that I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late, too, and I had made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard, through the mist, the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky, as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—‘the track.’ Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back, but was speedily at work taking my information. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk, leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having, after some time, succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner, a little protected by an overhanging rock; I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of heather. My supper ended, which was not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and, in spite of a rapid change from a dull foggy sky to a clear keen frost, was soon sound asleep.

“*Saturday.*—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that ‘the muckle hart of Benmore’ had

actually walked through that burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the track and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and, on considering a moment, I found I overlooked, from a different quarter, the very same rocky plain and the two black lochs where I had seen my chase three days before. I had not gazed many minutes, when I saw a deer lying on a black hillock which was quite open. I lay down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wandering. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank, till only the tips of his horns were visible, and they served to show me that he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three-fourths of the circle; and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe, from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance; so, retreating about a half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution, that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns till I reached the nearest bend to him. There looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horns. I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and rose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does when rising from his night's lair. My heart throbb'd, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn, at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but

had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting that I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and, standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle; and on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was on the point of moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By and by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. 'Your mine at last,' I said; and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down.

"I carefully, and inch by inch, placed my rifle over the bank, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body; the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment, and screwed up my nerves; and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder, and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone, which splashed into the water. He started up instantly; but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot; but was up again in a moment, and went staggering up the hill. Oh for one hour of Bran! Although he kept on at a mad pace, I saw he was becoming too weak for the hill. He swerved, and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle, and went up to him with my hunting knife. I found him stretched out, and, as I thought, dying; and I laid hold of his horns to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me was the



THE DEAD DEER.

1950

1950

bleeding stag, with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till, recovering myself, I jumped out of the burn so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him in front; and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg which lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water, and stood at bay up to his chest in it.

“As soon as he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when, to my dismay, I found that all the balls I had remaining were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and towed him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises, which were not serious, except my shin-bone, which was scraped from ankle to knee by his horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry, and stowed him away as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald, with Bran, reposing at Malcolm’s sheiling; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him to bring home ‘the muckle hart of Benmore,’ a duty which he performed before nightfall.”

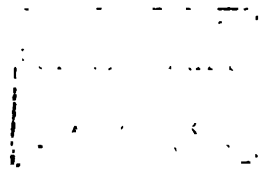


Remarkable Tiger Hunt.

THE following account of a tiger hunt, in Java, is given by a sailor, in a letter to his brother, dated December, 1832. At seven o'clock, on the morning of October 2d, I set out with my two sons, a Berzookie man in my service, and about fifty servants, armed with pikes and hogspears; I was armed with a gun and a spear. The tiger for which we were on the look-out was in the valley about two miles and a half distant from our port. The moment we arrived near him, we commenced operations. About nine o'clock we effectually drove him out of his den of underwood; and while he was doubling the brow of a hill, I had a rap at him, which took effect. He now made over to the west side of the valley, and into a thorny bush. In half an hour we started him again; he then ran along the western side of the valley into



HUNTING THE TIGER.



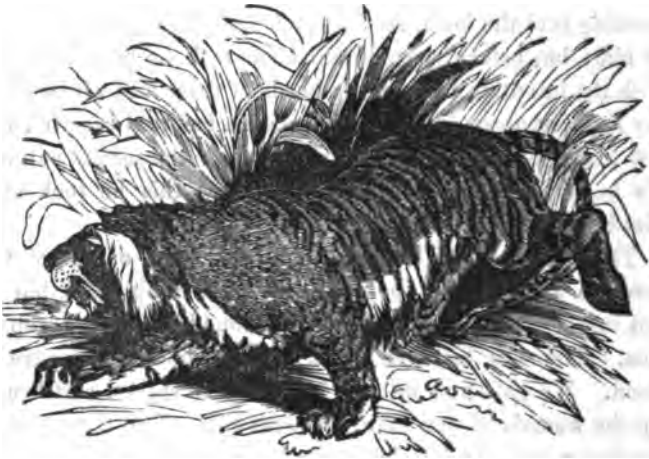
another bush: several spears were now thrown at him, but without effect.

We followed and soon roused him again; he now made a start for his old station on the east side of the valley; he seemed very much fagged on account of the heat and a want of water, and it became difficult to arouse him; several spears flew after him, but they fell short. All this time, although pretty close, I could not get a shot at him, sometimes on account of my people, and at others not wishing to throw a shot away, not knowing how soon I might require it in self-defence. Close to his heels, we followed him across the valley. He now took shelter in a bush, on the side of a hill, where he remained growling for some time. He saw that he was in danger, so he made a start from that bush to another, just at my feet, and lay for at least ten minutes, not ten yards from where I was with one of my sons, who was making an opening into the bush, so that at length I got a clear sight of him; but before we could finish our task, he made a spring with the intention to clear the heads of three men who were to my right, at about ten fathoms distance, but they received and put three pikes and a hogspear into him: the former entered his belly, the latter his right shoulder; this he took with him but the pike staves all broke.

This shock to his frame brought him down on one of the men, on whom he left the marks of three of his paws, but he got into a bush before I could turn round to have a rap at him. This was his last move. It was now just twelve at noon. We gathered up our broken pike staves, and bound up the wounds of our man, and sent him off to the mills, to await our arrival; but determined not to give up our prize, we remained quiet for about an hour, to rest ourselves. During this time he growled once, but faintly; he was at that time drawing the hogspear out of his right shoulder. This gave him much pain, and made him growl. We now saw the bush shake very much, so again we began opera-

tions, by cutting down the small bushes to get a sight of him; this was soon done, and I put a shot into his head. Our work was now done, so we went up to him.

I had him carried home. His weight was three hundred and thirty-three pounds; he stood three feet three inches high; length of body six feet, tail two feet four inches. I then dressed the wounded hunter. He was fourteen days under my hands. He had ten wounds on his body, left arm, and head. This, you will say is no children's play.



THE
MEMBER
ACTION



WOLVES ATTACKING A PARTY IN A SLEIGH.



Adventures with Wolves.

WOLVES are still numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations. Even in the thickly inhabited districts, these ferocious animals are sometimes seen, and the people are forced to be on their guard.

A few winters ago, Monsieur de B., an advocate of Dijon, was returning rather late from a shooting excursion, near that town, when his dog, a small pointer, who was a few paces in advance, ran suddenly back as if terrified.

The spot was a long hollow, formed by two sandbanks; and as far as his eye could reach, he could discover no cause for the animal's sudden terror, which sent him crouching to his feet. He proceeded cautiously, however, cocking both barrels of his gun; for upwards of two hundred yards no

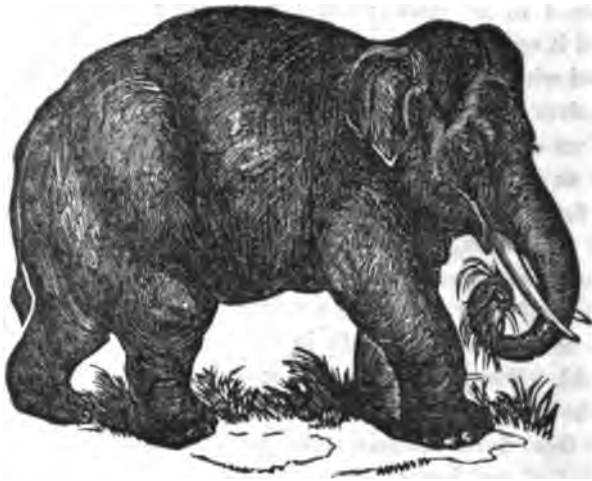
cause of alarm presented itself. Indeed, he had forgotten the circumstance, and rested the gun across his shoulder, when the dog again fell behind him with an affrightened yell. A wolf stood on the sandbank, about thirty yards before him. Armed only with partridge shot, Monsieur de B. considered it most prudent to retreat, and gain a cross road in the rear. He had not returned many yards, when to his horror and astonishment, he beheld another wolf barring his path on that side. Neither as yet had ventured to attack him, and, as he advanced, one retired; but the other would draw closer to his heels. His situation became critical, for night was approaching, and he feared that with it more assailants would be down upon him; and to this they both howled as if to call a reinforcement, and the sportsman at length felt certain they were answered from the hills. No time was to be lost; he rapidly advanced on one, and when within twenty paces fired both barrels at him. The wolf fell, wounded, and the other cleared the bank; Monsieur B., following his example, took to his heels, and never took breath till he entered Dijon. On examining the snow the next morning, it was ascertained that he had been hotly pursued to the very gates. As for the wounded wolf, a few bones were all that his comrades had left of him.

The wolves of Russia are noted for their sagacity. In the thinly settled districts, they are very abundant. The public roads are rendered dangerous by the number and daring character of these fierce animals. Travellers are often attacked, and if they are not well-armed, or near to some village, their destruction is certain. One day some peasants were travelling in a sleigh, when they were suddenly attacked by a large number of wolves. The house, at which they intended to stop, was about two miles from the place where they were attacked. They were without weapons of any kind, and their only hope was in flight. Keeping the wolves back as well as they could, they whipped the horses, and

drove for the house with the utmost speed. The savage beasts pursued, occasionally jumping upon the sleigh, and snapping their greedy jaws as they ran by the side of the horses. The party reached the house. The gate of the yard happened to be closed; but the almost maddened horses dashed it open, and the party entered the yard. Nine wolves entered with them. Fortunately the gate swung shut, and the wolves were caught in a trap. From being the most ferocious of beasts, the nature of the animals, now that they found an escape impossible, completely changed. So far, indeed, from attempting to molest any one, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered without resistance. The escape of the party was miraculous.

The wolf shares with the vulture in feasting upon the bodies of those who are slain in battle, and left unburied on the field. Sometimes they will scratch away the earth, and tear the bodies from their rude graves. It is an awful sight to see these fierce animals making a meal at midnight upon human flesh and bones.





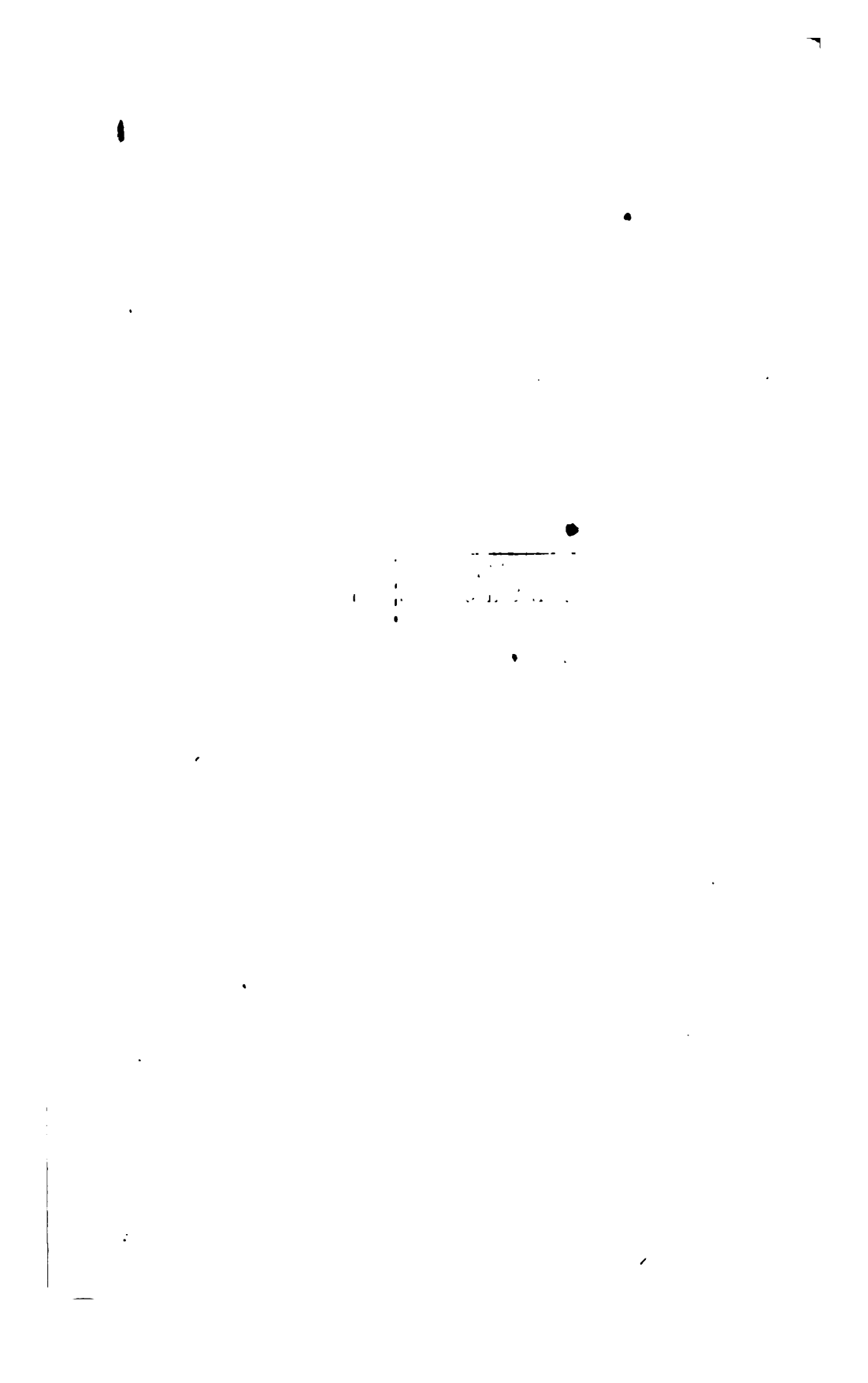
Hunting Adventures in South Africa.

THE interior of South Africa teems with game of all kinds and sizes. Elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, lions, hyenas, antelopes of various kinds, buffaloes, and many other animals are to be found in their perfection. Adventurous hunters from the Cape Colony frequently make long excursions into this region, and though they are forced to encounter many dangers, their toils are better rewarded than in any other part of the world. Some of these bold men have given to the world narratives of their expeditions. Of these the most conspicuous, is Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, whose exploits stamp him as the first of hunters. His first meeting and battle with wild elephants is thus narrated.

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MR. CUMMING'S MOONLIGHT ATTACK ON ELEPHANTS.



I resolved at night to watch the water, and try what could be done by night shooting. I accordingly ordered the usual watching-hole to be constructed; and having placed my bedding in it, repaired thither shortly after sundown. I had lain about two hours in the hole, when I heard a low rumbling noise like distant thunder, caused, as the Bechuanas affirmed, by the bowels of the elephants which were approaching the fountain. I lay on my back, with my mouth open, attentively listening, and could hear them ploughing up the earth with their tusks.

Presently they walked up to the water, and commenced drinking within fifty yards of me. They approached with so quiet a step, that I fancied it was the footsteps of jackals which I heard; and I was not aware of their presence until I heard the water, which they had drawn up in their trunks and were pouring into their mouths, dropping into the fountain. I then peeped from my hiding-place, with a beating heart, and beheld two enormous bull elephants, which looked like two great castles, standing before me. I could not see very distinctly, for there was only starlight.

Having lain on my breast some time taking my aim, I let fly at one of the elephants, using the Dutch rifle carrying six to the pound. The ball told loudly on his shoulder, and uttering a loud cry, he stumbled through the fountain, when both made off in different directions. All night large herds of zebras, and blue wildebeests capered around me, coming sometimes within a few yards. Several parties of rhinoceroses also made their appearance. I felt a little apprehensive that lions might visit the fountain, and every time that hyenas or jackals lapped the water I looked forth, but no lions appeared. At length I fell into a sound sleep, nor did I again raise my head until the bright star of morn had shot far above the eastern horizon.

On the 27th, as day dawned, I left my shooting-hole, and proceeded to inspect the track of my wounded elephant.



ZEBRA.

After following it for some distance I came to an abrupt hillock, and fancying that from the summit a good view might be obtained of the surrounding country, I left my followers to seek the track, while I ascended. I did not raise my eyes from the ground until I had reached the highest pinnacle of rock. I then looked east, and to my inexpressible gratification I beheld a troop of nine or ten elephants quietly browsing within a quarter of a mile of me. I allowed myself only one look at them, and then rushed down to warn my followers to be silent.

A council of war was hastily held, the result of which was my ordering Isaac to ride hard to camp, with instructions to return as quickly as possible, accompanied by Kleinboy, and to bring me my dogs, the large Dutch rifle, and a fresh horse. I once more ascended the hillock to feast my eyes upon the enchanting sight before me; and drawing out my spyglass, I narrowly observed the motions of the elephants. The herd consisted entirely of females, several of which were followed by small calves.

Presently, on reconnoitring the surrounding country, I discovered a second herd, consisting of five bull elephants, which were quietly feeding about a mile to the northward. The cows were feeding towards a rocky ridge that stretched away from the base of the hillock on which I stood. Burning with impatience to commence the attack, I resolved to try the stalking system with these, and to hunt the troop of bulls with dogs and horses. Having thus decided, I directed the guides to watch the elephants from the summit of the hillock, and with a beating heart I approached them. The ground and wind favoring me, I soon gained the rocky ridge towards which they were feeding. They were now within one hundred yards, and I resolved to enjoy the pleasure of their movements for a while before I fired. They continued to feed slowly before me, breaking the branches from the trees with their trunks, and eating the leaves and tender shoots. I soon selected the finest in the herd, and kept my eye on her in particular. At length two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding with two others on a thorny tree in front of me.

My arm was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball, close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants; they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavoring to assist it.

These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun; and having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any farther. Presently, the men hove in sight, bringing the dogs; and, when these came up, I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly towards the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them, when, the ground being open they observed us, and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and the next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention.

Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted to fire within forty yards of her, in open ground. My horse, Colesburg, was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but, on endeavoring to regain my saddle, Colesburg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant.

At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and on looking about I beheld the "friend," with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer, named Schwart, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant, quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I however determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on to my bridle. My men, who of course, kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they were upon me, I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to the mount, the

COLTSBURG REFUSING TO BE MOUNTED.



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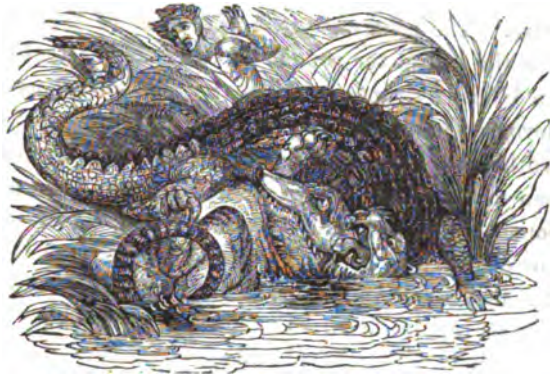
elephants were so near that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle; he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesburg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correctness of my aim.

The "friend" now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and, accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her right and left, behind the shoulder, upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. I never recur to this my first day's elephant shooting without regretting my folly in securing only one elephant. The first was now dying, and could not leave the ground, and the second was also mortally wounded, and I had only to follow and finish her; but I foolishly allowed her to escape, while I amused myself with the first, which kept walking backward, and standing by every tree she passed. Two more shots finished her; on receiving them she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep, hoarse groan and expired. This was a very handsome old cow elephant, and was decidedly the best in the troop. She was in excellent condition, and carried a long and perfect pair of tusks. I was in high spirits at my success, and felt so perfectly satisfied with having killed one, that, although it was still early in the day, and my horses were fresh, I allowed the troop of five bulls to remain unmolested, foolishly trusting to fall in with them next day. How little did I then know of the habits of ele-

phants, or the rules to be adopted in hunting them, or deem it probable that I should never see them more.

Having knee-haltered our horses, we set to work with our knives and assagais to prepare the skull for the hatchet, in order to cut out the tusks, nearly half the length of which, I may mention, is embedded in bone sockets in the fore part of the skull. To cut out the tusks of a cow elephant requires barely one-fifth of the labor requisite to cut out those of a bull; and when the sun went down we had managed by our combined efforts to cut out one of the tusks of my first elephant, with which we triumphantly returned, having left the guides in charge of the carcass, where they volunteered to take up their quarters for the night.





Fishing for Alligators.

Most of the African tribes excel in address and intrepidity. A remarkable instance is given by Dr. Tams. While on the banks of the Bengo, said to abound in alligators, crocodiles, and enormous snakes, which often lurk in the impenetrable jungle of reeds, he wished to know whether the river really contained any of the former; and for a small reward, a negro fisherman offered to catch one.

The intrepid fisherman immediately killed a sucking-pig, and ran a moderately thick stick through the entire length of its body, which he cut open. To the middle of this he attached an iron chain, eight or ten feet long, by means of a clamp, and then further elongated the chain by fastening a cord to it. Armed with two strong barbed iron lances, he

went on board his light canoe, and put out a short distance from the shore, while we remained in the hut watching his proceedings with great interest and curiosity. At a venture, he threw the pig into the river, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere a pair of enormous, widely extended jaws rose above the surface, and quickly disappeared with the treacherous prize. The fisherman took advantage of this moment, to fasten the end of the rope to his canoe, and, also, to attach his two lances by ropes to the boat. The voracious animal soon devoured his booty, and drew the boat, which of course, followed his every movement, first to one side of the river, and then to the other, always seeking for the deepest water. The rope being continually drawn tighter and tighter, the alligator darted with great violence above the surface, whereupon the negro vigorously thrust the lance at his head, and the monster again dived. Certain of approaching victory, he stood calmly with uplifted lance, watching for an opportunity of throwing it again, whenever his adversary might rise above the surface. We were much astonished at the man's patient assiduity, for there was once a pause of half an hour, during which the animal did not appear, but as he gradually became weaker, he rose more frequently, and at last always with his jaws wide open. The numerous wounds inflicted by the lance, and consequent loss of blood, so completely exhausted the poor alligator, that he had great difficulty in drawing the boat after him; but suddenly collecting his remaining strength, he pulled the boat on one side with such violence, that the fisherman fell into the water. In an instant he dexterously flung himself into the boat, and continued to strike his antagonist with the harpoon. The combat lasted nearly an hour and a half, when the alligator yielded, without resistance, to the superior force of the negro, who gradually brought his boat alongside of us, and then suddenly leaping on shore, fastened the rope to a cocoa-palm in front of his hut. He then fearlessly approached the animal, which

was nearly covered with water, and deprived him of all possibility of escape, by inflicting several deep wounds. Life was not extinct, when the alligator was abandoned to his fate, but it was devoted to inevitable death; and when we gave the man his promised guerdon, he observed, coolly, that he would gladly exhibit a similar proof of his skill every day. This animal was twenty feet long.





The Adventures of a Chamois Hunter.

It was in the country of the Alps, in Styria, where, as in Switzerland, the mountain scenery is of the most grand and picturesque kind, where the tallest mountains are clad in the eternal snow, where mountain torrents dash into deep abysses, and the ibex and the chamois leap from glacier to glacier, and from rock to rock; and where the terrible avalanche tumbles from the heights and sends the villagers and their flocks running for life. It was in this country that the traveller, Khol, listened to the following story of a chamois hunter.

“Ah! write it all down, and I’ll tell you something about the cunning of the chamois, that no one has heard before,” said a Styrian chamois hunter, to Mr. Khol; and truth he



AN AVALANCHE.

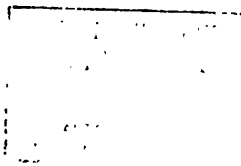
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told him a most wonderful and interesting story, which shows not only the cunning of that animal, but the wonderful and great love of its young ones which God has implanted in its breast.

The previous year he had found a geis or female chamois ready to bring forth. He had followed her for eight days, to see where she would deposit her young. Sometimes he took off his shoes, and climbed on his bare feet, like a cat; and once, when he had to clamber up the steep face of a rock, he cut off all the buttons from his clothes, that they might not make a jingle. At last he discovered the two young ones in a niche at the top of a high rock, in a *kath*, as the hunters call it. The little ones were sporting round the mother, who glanced, from time to time, down into the valley, to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, our hunter made a great circuit, and so reached a path that led to the *kath*. Exactly in front of the niche the rocks descended perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent. Some fragments of rock formed a kind of bridge between the large masses; but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available for their mother. The hunter rejoiced as he contemplated this position, and pressed upon the animals whose escape seemed impossible. When the old one caught sight of him, she measured with a glance the unfavorable disposition of the rock, she sprang upon the hunter with a fury that maternal love will breathe into the most timid creatures. The danger of such attacks is less from the thrust, which is not very violent, than from the endeavor of the animal to fix the point of its horns, which are bent like fish-hooks, in the legs of the hunter, and then press him back down the precipices.

It happens sometimes that the chamois and the hunter thus entangled, fall into the abyss together. Our hunter was in no condition to fire at the advancing chamois, as he found

both hands necessary to sustain himself on the narrow path ; he therefore warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and kept still advancing. The anguish of the mother increased. She dashed back to her young, coursed round them with her cries, as if to warn them of their danger, and then leaped up the before named fragments of rock, from which the second but more difficult egress from the grotto was to be won. She then leaped down again to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. In vain the little creatures sprang and wounded their foreheads against the rocks that were too high for them, and in vain the mother repeated again and again her firm and graceful leap, to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes whilst the hunter had again advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make the last effort, when the following picture, which was the particular circumstance he referred to in speaking of the chamois' cunning, met his astonished eyes : The old chamois, fixing her legs firmly on the rock behind, had stretched her body to its utmost length, and planted her fore feet on the rock above, thus forming a temporary bridge of her back. The little ones in a minute seeming to comprehend the design of their mother, sprang upon her like cats, and thus reached the point of safety ; the picture only lasted long enough to enable their pursuer to make the last step. He sprang into the niche, thinking himself now sure of the young chamois, but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and a couple of shots that he sent after the fugitives merely announced by their echo to the surrounding rocks that he had missed his game.





THE LOGGERS.



Hunting in Maine.

IN the immense forests in Maine, there are many wild beasts, which are fierce enough to afford the most exciting sport for the hunter. Bears abound; the catamount, the wild cat, the lynx, and above all the great panther of North America are found here, as well as the deer and the moose. The hunters' traps are often robbed by the fisher, a small, but fierce and active little animal, that lives on the smaller quadrupeds, such as rabbits and squirrels, and receives its name from its supposed ability to catch fish like an otter.

The business of cutting logs for timber and boards is pursued by a hardy race of men, who pass whole winters in the the forests of Maine, in huts constructed by themselves. They have frequent adventures with the wild beasts. The



THE FISHER.

best account of these "loggers" is given by Mr. Springer, in his "Forest Life and Forest Trees," lately published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. We copy from this work a specimen of their adventures. The large animal, whose tracks were seen, was evidently the great panther.

"Our winter quarters and employment not unfrequently bring us into collision with wild animals of a formidable character. Of these the "Indian devil," or a specimen of the catamount, is chief. We often track animals of whom we have never gained a sight.

"Passing along one day in pursuit of timber, my attention was arrested by a track of uncommon size and appearance. It was round and about the size of a hat crown, and penetrated the snow where it would bear me. I noticed where the creature stepped over a large fallen tree about two feet and a half high. A light snow several inches deep covered

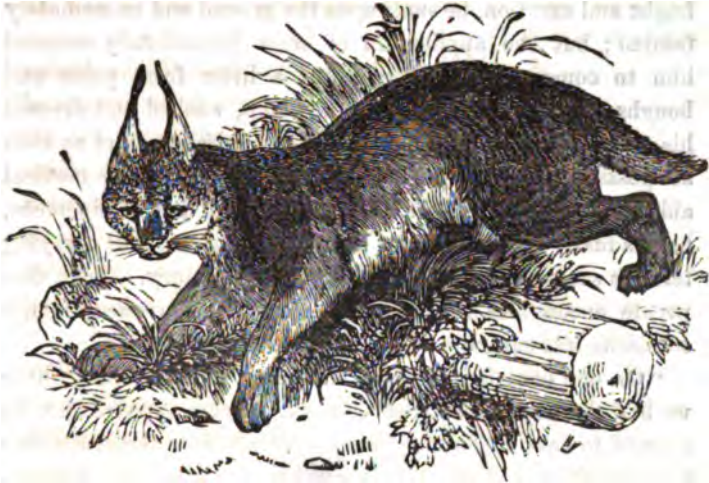
the log, which he did not even brush with his belly as he passed over it. From the nature of the track, I knew he did not jump. His legs could not have been less than three feet in length. After this discovery, I made my way to where the rest of the crew were at work with right good will. A similar track, of probably this same animal, has been seen by many different persons and parties, at places quite remote from each other, for several winters; but no one, that I am aware of, is satisfied that he has yet been seen, unless, indeed, by two or three lads while on the shore of the Grand Lake, who were fishing out of holes cut in the ice near the shore. About half a mile from them a long point made out into the lake, running parallel with the shore, which formed the boundary of a deep cove. The ice had become quite weak; still, it bore them with safety. While busily engaged with their fishing-tackle, their attention was arrested by a loud, splashing noise, as though some one was struggling in the water; and, on looking for the cause, they saw a large animal endeavoring to make the main land, crossing directly from the point toward them. He continued to break in every few rods, when he would spring out again with the agility of a cat. After getting out, he would stand and look round, then venture forward, and break through as before. The description they gave of his appearance was that he looked like an immense cat; appeared to be about four feet high, and five or six feet long, thick set about the head and shoulders, resembling somewhat in this particular the bull-dog. His tail was very long, reaching down quite to the ice, and curled up at the end; this he moved about just as a cat moves its tail. Waiting but a moment to gain this general view, they made for home with all possible dispatch, about one mile distant. Several men, with guns and axes, immediately started for the lake, but nothing further was seen of him. The manner in which the ice was broken fully confirmed the

statement made by the boys respecting the size of this unknown creature.

“There is an animal in the deep recesses of our forests, evidently belonging to the feline race, which, on account of its ferocity, is significantly called ‘Indian Devil’—in the Indian language, ‘the Lunk Soos;’ a terror to the Indians, and the only animal in New England of which they stand in dread. You may speak of the moose, the bear, and even the wolf, and the red man is ready for the chase and the encounter. But name the object of his dread, and he will significantly shake his head, while he exclaims, ‘He all one debil!’

“An individual by the name of Smith met with the following adventure in an encounter with one of these animals on the Arromucto, while on his way to join a crew engaged in timber-making in the woods.

“He had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he came suddenly upon one of these ferocious animals. There was no chance for retreat, neither had he time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape. As he had no arms or other weapons of defence, the first impulse, in this truly fearful position, unfortunately, perhaps, was to spring into a small tree near by; but he had scarcely ascended his length when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clinched in the creature’s teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily



THE LYNX, OR INDIAN DEVIL.

devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonizing operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest.

“During the encounter, Smith had exerted his voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who, he hoped, might be within hail. He was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the dreadful encounter. The sight was truly appalling. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and the sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree. Exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by

fright and exertion, he sunk upon the ground and immediately fainted; but the application of snow immediately restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and as soon as possible, removed him to the settlement, where medical aid was procured. After a protracted period of confinement, he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent.

“On one occasion, we tracked one of those animals where we had the day before been at work. From appearances, he seemed to have something unusual attached to one of his fore feet, which we judged to be a common steel strap. Returning to the camp for the gun and a lunch, two men started in pursuit. They followed him three days before overtaking him. In one place on the route they measured a bound of fifteen feet, which he made to take a rabbit, which he caught and devoured, leaving only small portions of the hide and fur of his victim. From the course travelled, it was evident that he was aware of his pursuers, whom he unquestionably desired to avoid. On the third day they came in sight of him for the first time. No longer retreating before his pursuers, he now turned upon them. Aware that they could have but one shot, it being impossible to reload before he would be upon them, they suffered him to approach very near, to make their aim more certain. The forest echoed with the report of the discharge; the shot took effect, and a furious scuffle followed. The snow flew, while the enraged and furious growl and gnashing teeth mingled with the clattering trap, and the echo of the powerful blows inflicted upon his head with the shivered breech of the gun, under which he yielded his life to his superior pursuers.

“But there is no animal among us with whom encounters

are so frequent as the common black bear. Their superior strength, the skill with which they ward off blows, and even wrench an instrument from the hands of an assailant, and their tenacity of life, render them really a formidable antagonist. We have sometimes been diverted, as well as severely annoyed, by their thievish tricks. In one instance we were followed several days by one of them on our passage up the river, who seemed equally bent on mischief and plunder. The first of our acquaintance with him occurred while encamped at the mouth of a small stream, whose channel we were improving by the removal of large rocks which obstructed log-driving. Our camp was merely temporary, so that all our goods were exposed. While we were asleep during the night, he came upon our premises, and selected from the baggage a bundle containing all the winter clothing of one of the men—boots, shaving tools, &c.

“His curiosity was too great to allow of a far removal of the pack without an examination of its contents; and never did deputy inspector or constable perform a more thorough search. Duties on the package were inadmissible; the goods were esteemed contraband, and were accordingly confiscated. The wearing apparel was torn into shreds. There was a pair of stout cow-hide boots, of which he tried the flavor; they were chewed up and spoiled. The razor did not escape his inquisitiveness. Whether he attempted to shave we say not, but he tested its palatableness by chewing the handle.”





The Jaguar.

THE jaguar is the largest, most powerful, and the most ferocious of the feline tribe, which are natives of the American continent. It is often called the American tiger; and in manners it bears no inconsiderable resemblance to that formidable animal, and even its size and strength are not much less. In some of the accounts, however, it has been confounded with the larger spotted cats of the eastern continent, from which it is readily distinguished, both by the peculiarity of its markings, and by its form and manners, which are more to be depended on, though the markings are fully as striking. The greater number of the spots, at least upon

(300)

the flanks and sides of the jaguar, are regular ocelli, or eye spots; that is, they consist of an external circle of black, with a spot of the same in the middle, and the intermediate space of the same color as the rest of the ground on which the spots are placed. The spots upon the cats of the east have sometimes a paler portion within the black, but we believe no specimen has occurred in them with a black spot in the centre; and though jaguars are subject to considerable variety in color, and also in the form and intensity of the spots, we believe that no specimen of them has been found entirely destitute of spots consisting of a black circumference and a black centre. The spots, more especially on the haunches and shoulders, sometimes have the external circle broken, so that they appear, five or six in number ranged at equal distances round a central one. Those on the ridge of the back are in general almost confluent, while along the sides they arrange in four nearly longitudinal rows. They are often, however, mixed with transverse bars of a paler color, having some resemblance to the stripes on the tiger. The upper part of the animal is in general of a rich yellow color, and the spots of an intense black. The under part is white, marked with regular spots and transverse bars of black. The skin of this animal is indeed one of the most beautiful of the whole race, though there is probably less uniformity in the markings than in those of any of the others. No two individuals are marked exactly in the same manner, and generally the two sides of the same individual are marked differently.

There are one or two varieties of the jaguar mentioned by writers on the zoology of South America, but there seems to be no difference between them, excepting in size and color, and, as is the case with the tiger in the east, the larger specimens are met with in the richest places. They are chiefly found in the thick forests, near the banks of the great rivers, and seldom, if ever, to the southward of Paraguay. They

are solitary animals, or, at all events, they are found only in pairs ; but it is not ascertained whether their pairing is constant, like that of the lion, or only temporary, as is the case with the tiger. Analogy would, however, lead us to suppose that, as they agree most with the tiger in appearance and in locality, they also agree most with it in all their habits.

As the jaguar is not quite so powerful an animal as the tiger, and not nearly so active, even in proportion to its strength, it is not in any situation so formidable to human beings during the daylight ; but, at night, it is a dangerous animal, whether met with in its native forests, or when, as it sometimes does, it makes an inroad upon the remote settlements. Generally speaking, a fire or a light will keep it at a distance ; but when it is very hungry, or otherwise greatly excited, it is said to bid the same defiance to these as the tiger does.

Its usual time for preying is during the night, or at least when the sun is down, and it lies in wait to attack, and springs upon the back of its prey. As the largest native mammalia of this continent are but of inconsiderable size, the jaguar finds them a very easy conquest ; and since the introduction of cattle and horses by Europeans, and the great multiplication especially of the former, in a wild state, the jaguar gets nobler game than peccaries, and game more obedient to his claws than armadilloes. The full grown bulls are as formidable to him as the buffaloes are to the lions in Southern Africa ; but the cows and the young he readily masters ; and even the horse is said to be a favorite prey with him. His method is to lie in wait, and to spring, uttering a yell which, though not very agreeable, is not so horrible as that of the tiger, alighting on the shoulders of the larger animals ; then, holding on with the hind feet, he advances his fore paws, and, grasping across the nostrils with the one, and the chin with the other, closes the nose and the mouth, and, straining his body together at the same time, at once suffocates the



JAGUAR ATTACKING A HORSE.

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animal and dislocates the neck. Though the march of the jaguar is not very swift, and he is unable to carry such a load, either in the teeth or across the shoulders, as the tiger, yet he can drag the carcass of a horse for a considerable distance, and even swim with it across a river.

The strength and the predatory disposition of the jaguar make him a subject of great dislike in a country where wild cattle form a considerable portion of the wealth of the inhabitants, and therefore, among the settlers in the vicinity of his haunts, the hunting of him becomes an object of advantage, as well as of glory. This is usually done by dogs—not that they can master this powerful animal, or in going in upon him to make the attempt; but he is not so staunch as the lion, and especially the tiger, for the dogs put him to flight, from which he does not rally so as to act an offensive part. He is not habitually a climber; but if there be a sloping tree within reach, he mounts into that, and is dispatched by spears or musket-shot, according as he is better situated for the one or the other. Some of the native tribes, too, are expert at dispatching him with their arrows, prepared with *wourali* poison, and delivered from the bow or blown from a tube. When he takes refuge in a hole of the earth, he is either worked out, or the Indians tempt him with one hand wrapped in a skin, while they spear him with the other; but this is an exploit which requires great courage and presence of mind. As is the case with the lion in Southern Africa, and the tiger in most parts of India, the jaguar is now nearly exterminated from all parts of South America.

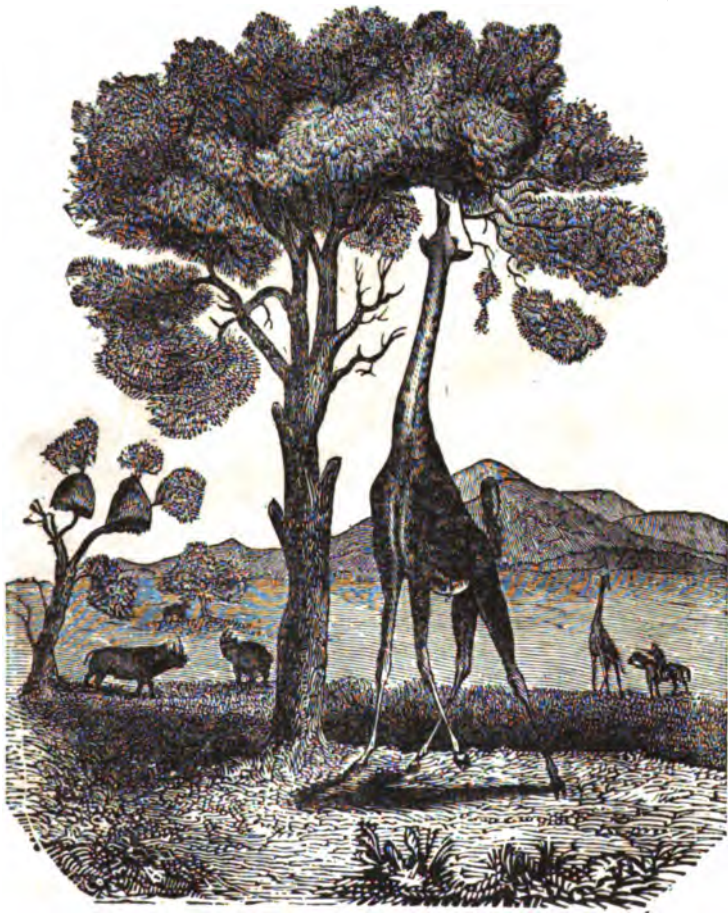




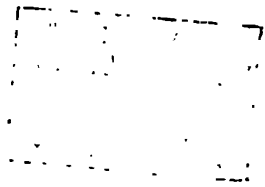
Giraffe Hunting.

WE extract from Mr. Cumming's "Hunter's Life in South Africa," the following account of an adventure of his in the way of giraffe hunting.

On the 25th, at dawn, we harnessed our wagons and proceeded about five hours in a north-easterly course, through a boundless open country sparingly adorned with dwarfish old trees. In the distance the long-sought mountains of Bamangwato at length loomed blue before me. We halted beside a glorious fountain, which at once made me forget all



THE GIRAFFE

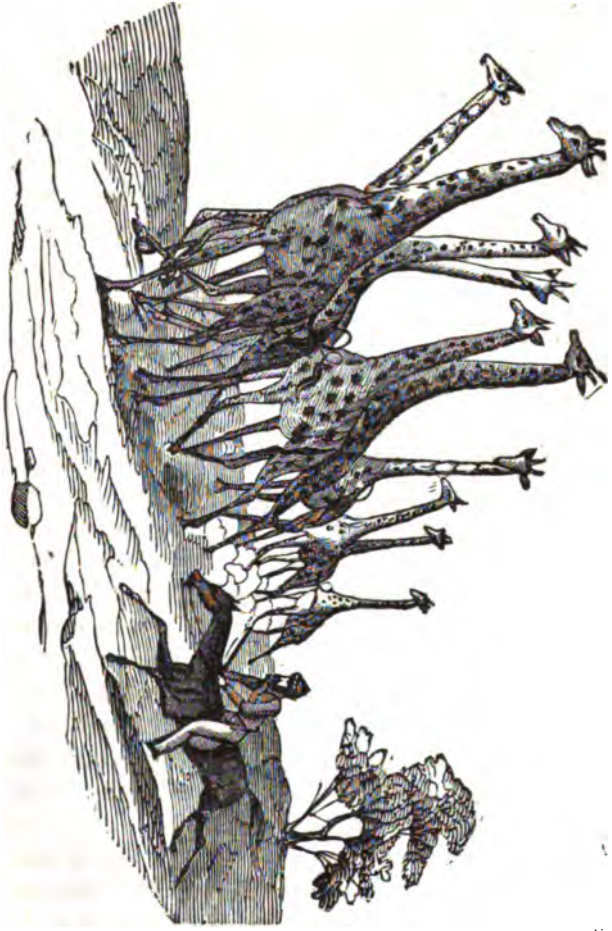


the cares and difficulties I had encountered in reaching it. The name of this fountain was Massouey, but I at once christened it "the Elephant's own Fountain." This was a very remarkable spot on the southern borders of endless elephant forests, at which I had at length arrived. The fountain was deep and strong, situated in a hollow at the eastern extremity of an extensive marsh, and its margin was surrounded by a level stratum of solid old red sand stone. Here and there lay a thick layer of soil upon the rock, and this was packed flat with the fresh tracks of elephants. Around the water's edge the very rock was worn down by the gigantic feet which for ages had trodden there.

The soil of the surrounding country was white and yellow sand, but grass, trees, and bushes were abundant. From the borders of the fountain a hundred well-trodden elephant foot-paths led away in every direction, like the radii of a circle. The breadth of these paths was about three feet; those leading to the northward and east were the most frequented, the country in those directions being well wooded. We drew up the wagons on a hillock on the eastern side of the water. This position commanded a good view of any game that might approach to drink. I had just cooked my breakfast, and commenced to feed, when I heard my men exclaim, "Almagtig keek de ghroote clomp cameel;" and, raising my eyes from my sassayby stew, I beheld a truly beautiful and very unusual scene. From the margin of the fountain there extended an open level marsh, without a tree or bush, that stretched away about a mile to the northward, where it was bounded by extensive groves of wide-spreading mimosas. Up the middle of this marsh stalked a troop of ten colossal giraffes, flanked by two large herds of blue wildebeests and zebras, with an advanced guard of pallahs. They were all coming to the fountain to drink, and would be within rifle-shot of the wagons before I could finish my breakfast. I, however, continued to swallow my food with the utmost ex-

pedition, having directed my men to catch and saddle Colesburg. In a few minutes the giraffes were slowly advancing within two hundred yards, stretching their graceful necks, and gazing in wonder at the unwonted wagons. Grasping my rifle, I now mounted Colesburg, and rode slowly towards them. They continued gazing at the wagons until I was within one hundred yards of them, when, whisking their long tails over their rumps, they made off at an easy canter. As I pressed upon them they increased their pace; but Colesburg had much the speed of them, and before we had proceeded half a mile I was riding by the shoulder of the dark chestnut old bull, whose head towered high above the rest. Letting fly at the gallop, I wounded him behind the shoulder; soon after which I broke him from the herd, and presently, going a head of him, he came to a stand. I then gave him a second bullet somewhere near the first. These two shots had taken effect, and he was now in my power, but I would not lay him low so far from camp, so, having waited until he had regained his breath, I drove him half-way back towards the wagons. Here he became obstreperous; so, loading one barrel, and pointing my rifle towards the clouds, I shot him in the throat, when, rearing high, he fell backwards and expired. This was a magnificent specimen of the giraffe, measuring upwards of eighteen feet in height. I stood for nearly half an hour engrossed in the contemplation of his extreme beauty and gigantic proportions; and, if there had been no elephants, I should have exclaimed, like Duke Alexander of Gordon, when he killed the famous old stag with seventeen tine, "Now I can die happy." But I longed for an encounter with the noble elephants, and I thought little more of the giraffe than if I had killed a blauwbok or an eland.

In the afternoon I removed my wagons to a correct distance from the fountain, and drew them up among some bushes about four hundred yards to leeward of the water. In the evening I was employed in manufacturing hardened



PURSING GIRAFFES.

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bullets for the elephants, using a composition of one of pewter to four of lead; and I had just completed my work when we heard a troop of elephants splashing and trumpeting in the water. This to me was a joyful sound; I slept little that night.

On the 26th I arose at early dawn, and having fed four of the horses I proceeded with Isaac to the fountain to examine the track of the elephants which had drunk there during the night. A number of the paths contained fresh track of elephants of all sizes, which had gone from the fountain in different directions. We reckoned that at least thirty of these gigantic quadrupeds had visited the water during the night.



A BLAUWBOK.



Bison Hunting.

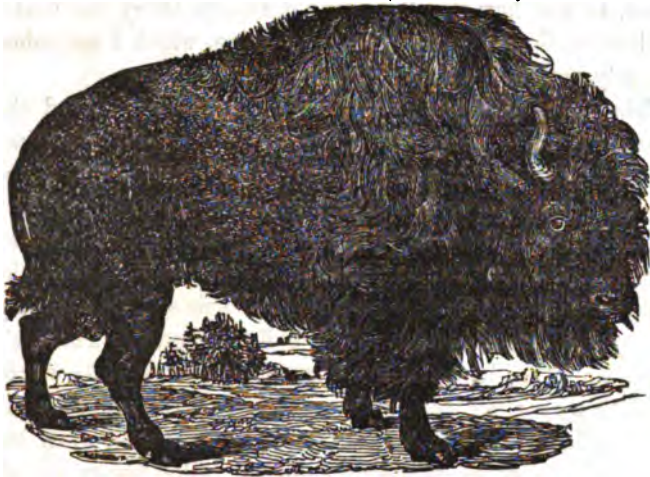
In the western part of the United States, this sport is followed both by the Indians and the whites with great zeal and success. Indeed so many of them are killed every year that fears are entertained of their utter extermination. Mr. Catlin, who lived much among the Indians, thus speaks of this sport.

The buffalo herds, which graze in almost countless numbers on these beautiful prairies, afford the Indians an abundance of meat; and so much is it preferred to all other, that the deer, the elk, and the antelope sport upon the prairies in herds in the greatest security; as the Indians seldom kill them, unless they want their skins for a dress. The buffalo, or more correctly speaking, bison, is a noble animal that

INDIANS HUNTING THE BISON.



1911



A BISON.

roams over the vast prairies, from the borders of Mexico on the south, to Hudson's Bay on the north. Their size is somewhat above that of our common bullock, and their flesh of a delicious flavor, resembling and equalling that of fat beef. Their flesh, which is easily procured, furnishes the savages of these vast regions the means of a wholesome and good subsistence, and they live almost exclusively upon it—converting their skins, horns, hoofs, and bones to the construction of dresses, shields, bows, &c. The buffalo is one of the most formidable and frightful looking animals in the world when excited to resistance; his long shaggy mane hangs in great profusion over his neck and shoulders, and often extends quite down to the ground. The cow is less in stature, and less ferocious; though not much less wild and frightful in appearance.

The mode in which the Indians kill this noble animal is spirited and thrilling in the extreme. I have almost daily accompanied parties of Indians to see the fun, and have often shared in it myself; but much oftener ran my horse by their

sides, to see how the thing was done—to study the modes and expressions of these splendid scenes, which I am industriously putting upon canvass.

They are all (or nearly so) killed with arrows and the lance, while at full speed; and the reader may easily imagine, that these scenes afford the most spirited and picturesque views of the sporting kind that can possibly be seen.

At present I will give a little sketch of a bit of fun I joined in with Mr. M'Kenzie and a number of his men, without the company or aid of Indians. Mr. M'Kenzie's table from day to day groans under the weight of buffalo tongues and beaver's tails, and other luxuries of this western land. He has within his fort a spacious ice-house, in which he preserves his meat for any length of time required; and, sometimes, when his larder runs low, he starts out, rallying some five or six of his best hunters (not to hunt, but to "go for meat.") He leads the party, mounted on his favorite buffalo horse (*i. e.* the horse amongst his whole group which is best trained to run the buffalo,) trailing a light and short gun in his hand, such an one as he can most easily reload whilst his horse is at full speed.

Such was the condition of the ice-house yesterday morning, which caused these self-catering gentlemen to cast their eyes with a wishful look over the prairies; and such was the plight in which our host took the lead, and I, and then Mons. Char-don, and Ba'tiste Defonde and Tullock (who is a trader amongst the Crows, and is here at this time, with a large party of that tribe,) and there were several others whose names I do not know.

As we were mounted and ready to start, M'Kenzie called up some four or five of his men, and told them to follow immediately on our trail, with as many one-horse carts, which they were to harness up, to bring home the meat; "ferry them across the river in a scow," said he, "and follow our trail through the bottom, you will find us on the plain yonder,

ATTACKING A HERD OF BUFFALOES.



1911

between the Yellow Stone and the Missouri rivers, with meat enough to load you home. My watch on yonder bluff has just told us by his signals, that there are cattle a plenty on that spot, and we are going there as fast as possible."

We all crossed the river, and galloped away a couple of miles or so, when we mounted the bluff; and to be sure, as was said, there was in full view of us a fine herd of some four or five hundred buffaloes, perfectly at rest, and in their own estimation (probably) perfectly secure. Some were grazing, and others were lying down sleeping; we advanced within a mile or so of them in full view, and came to a halt. Mons. Chardon "tossed the feather" (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind,) and we commenced "stripping" as it is termed (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c., that might be an incumbrance in running;) hats are laid off, and coats, and bullet pouches; sleeves rolled up, a handkerchief tied tightly round the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half a dozen bullets "thrown into the mouth," &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes, and is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start off. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as the riders themselves. While "stripping" and mounting, they exhibit the most restless impatience; and when "approaching"—(which is, all of us abreast, upon a slow walk, and in a straight line towards the herd, until they discover us and run) they all seem to have caught entirely the spirit of the chase, for the laziest nag among them prances with an elasticity in his step—champing his bit—his ears erect—his eyes strained out of his head, and fixed upon the game before him, whilst he trembles under the saddle of his

rider. In this way we carefully and silently marched, until within some forty or fifty rods; when the herd discovering us, wheeled and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started! (and all *must* start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for “meat,” but for *trophy*; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. Amidst the trampling throng, Mons. Chardon had wounded a stately bull, and at this moment was passing him again with his piece levelled for another shot; they were both at full speed and I also, within the reach of the muzzle of my gun, when the bull instantly turned and received the horse upon his horns, the ground received poor Chardon, who made a frog's leap of some twenty yards or more over the bull's back, and almost under my horse's heels. I wheeled my horse as soon as possible and rode back, where lay poor Chardon, gasping to start his breath again; and within a few paces of him his huge victim, with his heels high in the air, and the horse lying across him. I dismounted instantly, but Chardon was raising himself on his hands, with his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and feeling for his gun, which lay about thirty feet in advance of him. “Heaven spare you! are you hurt, Chardon?” “Hi—hic—hic———hic———hic———no———hic———no———



MONS. CHARDON AND THE BISON.

1911

no—no, believe not. Oh! this is not much, Mons. Cati-line—this is nothing new—but this is a hard piece of ground here—hic—oh! hic!” At this the poor fellow fainted, but in a few moments arose, picked up his gun, took his horse by the bit; which then opened *its* eyes, and with a hic and a ugh—UGHK; sprang upon its feet—shook off the dirt—and here we were, all upon our legs again, save the bull, whose fate had been more sad than that of either.

I turned my eyes in the direction where the herd had gone, and our companions in pursuit, and nothing could be seen of them, nor indication, except the cloud of dust which they left behind them. At a little distance on the right, however, I beheld my huge victim endeavoring to make as much headway as he possibly could, from this dangerous ground, upon three legs. I galloped off to him, and at my approach he wheeled around—and bristled up for battle; he seemed to know perfectly well that he could not escape from me, and resolved to meet his enemy and death as bravely as possible.

I found that my shot had entered him a little too far forward, breaking one of his shoulders, and lodging in his breast, and from his very great weight it was impossible for him to make much advance upon me. As I rode up within a few paces of him, he would bristle up with fury enough in his *looks* alone, almost to annihilate me; and making one lunge at me, would fall upon his neck and nose, so that I found the sagacity of my horse alone enough to keep me out of danger; and I drew from my pocket my sketch-book, laid my gun across my lap, and commenced taking his likeness. He soon stiffened up, and swelling with awful vengeance, which was sublime for a picture, but which he could not vent upon me. I rode around him and sketched him in numerous attitudes; sometimes he would lie down, and I would then sketch him; then throw my cap at him, and rousing him on his legs, rally a new expression, and sketch him again.

In this way I added to my sketch-book some invaluable

sketches of this grim-visaged monster, who knew not that he was standing for his likeness.

No man on earth can imagine what is the look and expression of such a subject before him as this was. I defy the world to produce another animal that can look so frightful as a huge buffalo bull, when wounded as he was, turned round for battle, and swelling with rage;—his eyes bloodshot, and his long shaggy mane hanging to the ground, his mouth wide open, and his horrid rage hissing in streams of smoke and blood from his mouth and through his nostrils, as he is bending forward to spring upon his assailant, with all his remaining strength.

After I had had the requisite time and opportunity for using my pencil, M'Kenzie and his companions came walking their exhausted horses back from the chase, and in our rear came four or five carts to carry home the meat. The party met from all quarters around me and my buffalo bull, whom I then shot in the head and finished. And being seated together for a few minutes, each one took a smoke of the pipe, and recited his exploits, and his "coups," or deaths; when all parties had a hearty laugh at me, as a novice, for having aimed at an old bull, whose flesh was not suitable for food, and the carts were escorted on the trail, to bring away the meat. I rode back with Mr. M'Kenzie, who pointed out five cows which he had killed, and all of them selected as the fattest and sleekest of the herd. This astonishing feat was all performed within the distance of one mile—all were killed at full speed, and every one shot through the heart. In the short space of time required for a horse under "full whip," to run the distance of one mile, he had discharged his gun five, and loaded it four times—selected his animals, and killed at every shot! There were six or eight others killed at the same time, which altogether furnished, as will be seen, abundance of freight for the carts; which returned, as well as several packhorses, loaded with the choicest parts, which were

cut from the animals, and the remainder of the carcasses left a prey for the wolves.

Such is the mode by which white men live in this country—such the way in which they get their food, and such is one of their delightful amusements—at the hazard of every bone in one's body, to feel the fine and thrilling exhilaration of the chase for a moment, and then as often to upbraid and blame himself for his folly and imprudence.



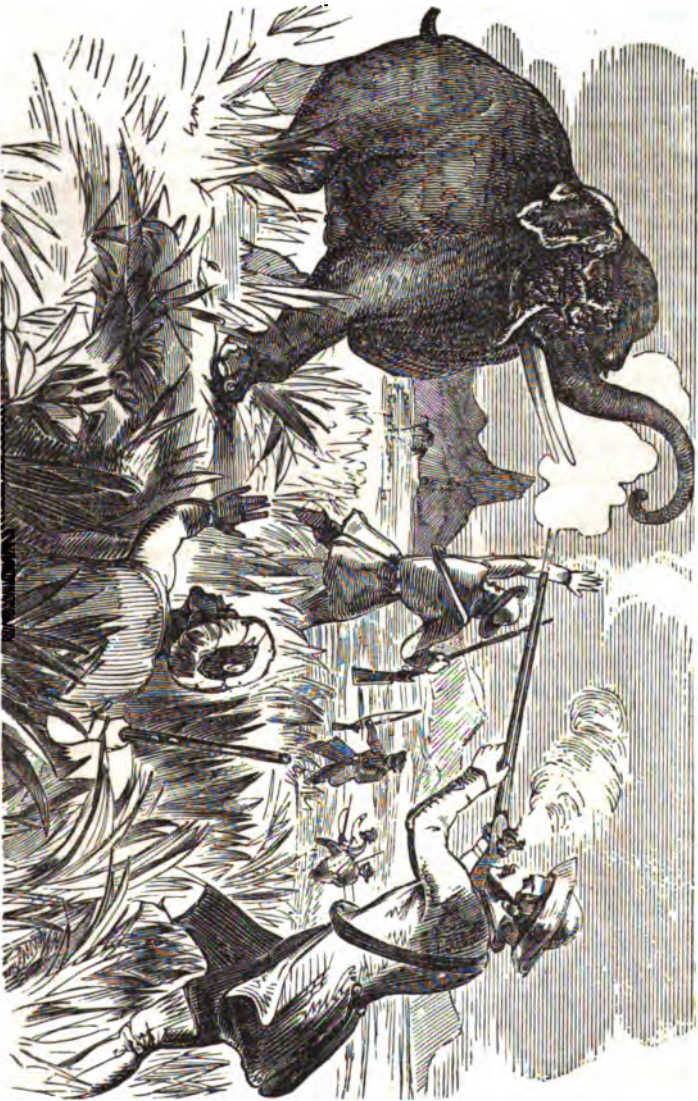


Elephant Hunting.

AMONG the various modes of attacking the elephant, we have recently noticed one practiced by certain hunters in India, which is approaching him in the rear, with a very heavy sharp cleaver, and giving him a severe cut on the hind leg. When the tendons of both hind legs have been slashed in this manner, he falls and becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

A British officer not long since described a hunt after these beasts in the following animated style. Early one afternoon the Hottentots arrived with the oxen, and we proceeded without loss of time to the eastward, following the course of the mountains through very high grass, and passing between two conical hills of singular appearance, which stood like sentinels on either hand. After crossing six inconsiderable

ELEPHANT HUNTING.



LIBRARY

streams, we with some difficulty gained the vicinity of a remarkably abrupt opening in the range, which through a telescope appeared to afford a practicable road to the northward. Both our wagons stuck fast in the Saut river, and were with difficulty extricated by the united efforts of the teams. The heat was intense, not a breath stirred; the heavy black clouds fast collecting bade us prepare for a deluge. We therefore formed the camp in an elevated and sheltered position, under the lee of a high stone inclosure, which only required the entrance to be closed with bushes to make a secure pound for the cattle. Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when a stream of liquid fire ran along the ground, and a deafening thunder-clap exploding above us, was instantly followed by a torrent of rain which came not in drops, but in continuous streams, and with indiscrivable violence, during the greater part of the night; the thunder now receding and rumbling less and less distinctly, but more incessantly, among the distant mountains—now pealing in echoes over the distant hills, and returning to burst with redoubled violence over our heads.

The horses and oxen were presently standing knee-deep in water; our followers remained sitting all night in the baggage wagon, which, being covered, fortunately resisted the pitiless storm. Sleep, however, was out of the question, the earth actually threatened to give way under us, the lightning being so painfully vivid that we were glad to hide our heads under the pillow.

Those only who have witnessed the setting in of the southwest monsoon in India are capable of understanding the awful tempest I have attempted to describe. About an hour before dawn its fury began to abate, and at sunrise it was perfectly fine, but the rivers were quite impassable. Proceeding to reconnoitre the pass, we found that it was impassable for wagons, being nothing more than a narrow channel flanked by perpendicular crags, between which the Saut river shes on its way to join the Singkling, making a number

of abrupt windings through a most impracticable country, intersected by a succession of rocky declivities. From the highest peaks we saw several herds of buffaloes, and whilst descending came upon the tracks of a huge elephant that had passed about an hour before. This being the largest footprint we had seen, I had the curiosity to measure it, in order to ascertain the animal's height—twice the circumference of the elephant's foot being, it is notorious, the exact height at the shoulder. It yielded a product of about twelve feet, which, notwithstanding the traditions that have been handed down, I believe to be the maximum height attained by the African elephant.

We followed the trail across the Saut river, which had now considerably subsided, and finding that it had proceeded eastward along the mountain-chain, returning to our encampment for horses and ammunition. Leaving the wagon to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of shaggy but dilapidated forests; now struggling through high fields of waving grass, and again emerging into open downs. At length we arrived among extensive groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the recent ravages of elephants were surprising. Here to our inexpressible gratification, we descried a large herd of those long-sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley; our attention having been first directed to it by the strong and not to be mistaken effluvia with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the elephant in his native jungles, we gazed at the sight before us with intense and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries, he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With

THE MONSOON.



1950

open eyes and quivering lips he at length stuttered forth—
“Dar stands de olifant!”

Two of our people were immediately dispatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast, and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height, rattling their shields, caused the animals to move unobtrusively towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females, with large tusks. We selected the finest, and with perfect deliberation, fired a volley of five balls into her. She stumbled, but recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage, she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless upon the earth, which resounded with the fall. Turning our attention from the exciting scene we have described, we found that a second valley had opened before us, surrounded by bare strong hills, and traversed by a thinly-wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us, which beggars all description. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass—their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees, which they were disfiguring with great strength; and at others

seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees, with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back-ground was filled with a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime!

Our approach, being still against the wind, was unobserved, and created little alarm, until the herd that we had left behind suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which, however, bravely withstood it. We secured our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlooking the wooded defile, sent Andries to manoeuvre, so that as many of the elephants as possible could pass before us in order of review, that we might ascertain by a close inspection whether there was not a male amongst them. Filing sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrageous tree, within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble cry so peculiar to Indian elephants. They all proved to be ladies, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of her dam, and mimicking all her motions. Thus situated, we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson's ear, and put the whole herd to immediate flight. We had barely time to recede behind a tree, before a party of about twenty, with several little ones in their wake, were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumpeting loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the tree, and firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly.

PURSING ELEPHANTS IN THE WOODS.





Another large detachment being close behind us at the same moment, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling among sharp stones, and ever coming upon fresh parties of the enemy. This scene of ludicrous confusion did not long continue, and soon approaching the prostrate lady, we put an end to her struggles by a shot in the forehead. Andries now came up in high good humour at his achievements, and in the most bravado manner, discharged his piece into the dead carcass, under the pretence that the animal was shamming. His object evidently was to confound the shots, for, thrusting his middle finger into the orifice made by my two-ounce ball, he with the most modest assurance declared himself the author of the deed, being pleased altogether to overlook the fact of the mortal shot having entered the elephant on the opposite side to that on which he was stationed, and that his own ball, whether designedly or not, had all but finished my worthy and esteemed fellow-traveller.

On our way to the camp, of the exact position of which we were uncertain, in consequence of the late inundation, we passed three other large herds of elephants. One of these standing directly in the route, we attacked it, and pursued the fugitives about a mile over loose stones. Much has been said of the attachment of elephants to their young, but neither on this, nor any subsequent occasion, did we perceive them evince the smallest concern for their safety; and those who were behind us assagaied one, the tail of which they brought in. We slew another old female as we ascended the brow of an eminence, and at the same moment perceived our wagons within a few hundred yards of the spot. The whole herd dashed through the camp, causing indescribable consternation among cattle and followers; but fortunately no accident occurred; and after the fatiguing day's work we had undergone, we were not sorry to find ourselves at home.

Watery clouds hung about the sun as he set heavily behind the mountains. Loud peals of crashing thunder rent



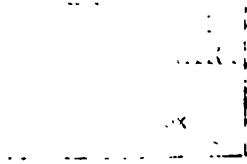
THE STORM.

the air, and ere it was yet dark, we had a repetition of yesterday's storm; the river roaring past us with frightful fury; troops of elephants, flying from the scene of slaughter, passed close to our wagons during the darkness, their wild voices echoing among the mountains, and sounding like trumpets above the tempest. It was impossible to keep the fires burning, and the oxen and sheep were alarmed to such a degree that they broke from the kraal, and sought safety in the wilderness. Tired as I was, the excitement I had undergone banished sleep from my eyes. I ruminated on the spirit-stirring events of the day, and burned with impatience to renew them. Heedless of the withering blast that howled without, I felt that my most sanguine expectations had been realized, and that we had already been amply repaid for the difficulties, privations, and dangers that we had encountered in our toilsome journey towards this fairy-land of sport.

It was still raining heavily when the day gloomily dawned. The mountain torrents having overflowed their banks, the valley in which we were encamped had become a continuous

THE RHINOCEROS.





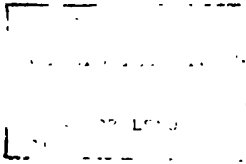
pool of water, and those of our followers who had slung their hammocks beneath the wagons, were partially submerged. High roads had been ploughed through the mire by the passage of elephants, and whole acres of grass, by which we had been surrounded the preceding evening, had been completely trampled down. Soon after sunrise it cleared up, and the cattle having been recovered, we armed a party with hatchets, and proceeded on foot to cut out the teeth of the slain elephants; but walking was exceedingly toilsome, and our feet sinking to the ankles in black mud, were extricated with inconceivable difficulty. Taking advantage of our situation, an irritated rhinoceros sallied from behind an old stone wall; and the damp causing three of the guns to miss fire, he was actually among us, when my ball fortunately pierced his eye, and he fell dead at our feet.

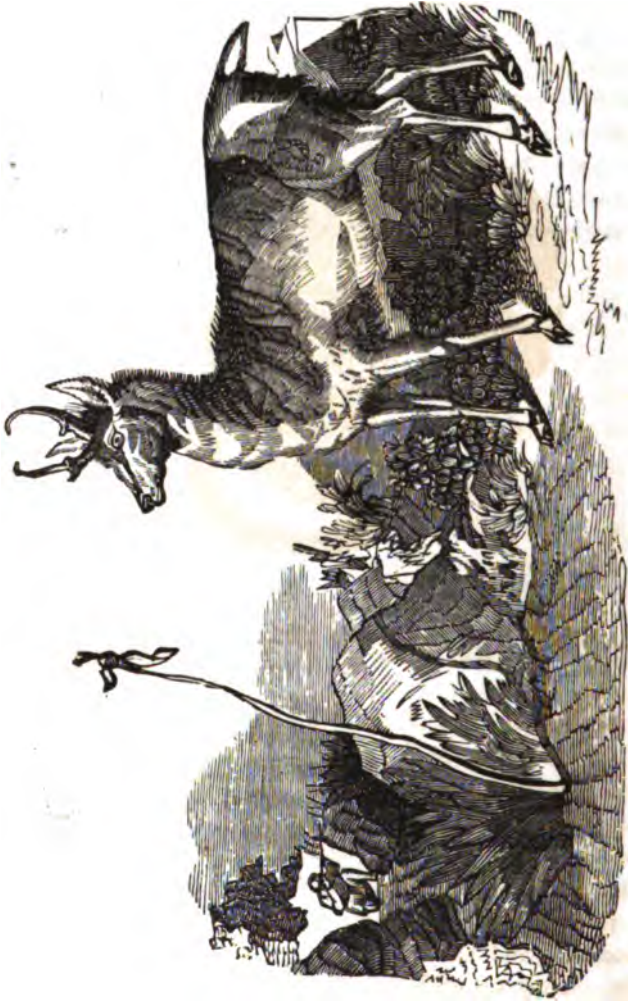
Not an elephant was to be seen on the ground that was yesterday teeming with them; but on reaching the glen, which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf, about three feet and a half high, walked forth from a bush, and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam, which, swollen to an enormous size, was surrounded by an inquest of vultures. Seated in gaunt array, with their shoulders shrugged, these loathsome fowls were waiting its decomposition with forced resignation; the tough hide having defied all the efforts of their beaks, with which the eyes and softer parts had been vigorously assailed. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corpse with touching demonstrations of grief,

piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempted to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I had felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved never to assist in another; for, in addition to the moving behaviour of the young elephant, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that I was firing at my old favorite Mowla-Bukhsh, from whose gallant back I had vanished so many of my feline foes in Guzerat—an impression, which, however ridiculous it must appear, detracted considerably from the satisfaction I experienced.



WHITE RHINOCEROS.





SINGULAR MODE OF HUNTING THE PRONG HORNED ANTELOPE.



Hunting the Prong Horned Antelope.

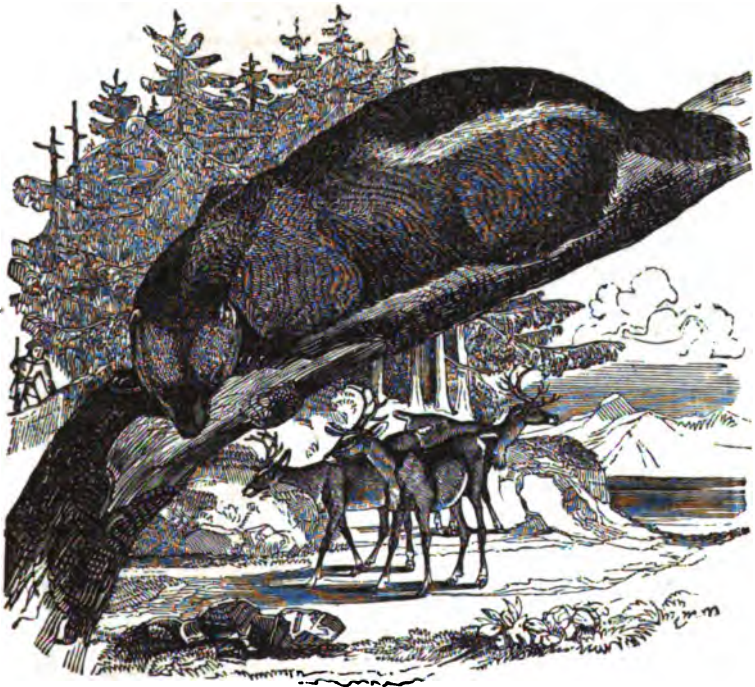
IN the western part of the United States near the Rocky Mountains as well as in the regions of the Upper Mississippi, is found the Prong horned Antelope. Mr. Ruxton, in his "Adventures in the Rocky Mountains," thus notices this animal and the carcagieu. The antelope, the smallest of the deer tribe, affords the hunter a sweet and nutritious meat, when that of nearly every other description of game, from the poorness and scarcity of grass during winter, is barely eatable. They are seldom seen now in very large bands on the grand prairies, having been driven from the old pastures by the Indians and white hunters. The former, by means of "surrounds," an inclosed space formed in one of the passes

used by these animals, very often drive into the toils an entire band of antelopes of several hundreds, when not one escaped slaughter.

I have seen them on the western sides of the mountains, and in the mountain valleys, in herds of several thousands. They are exceedingly timid animals, but at the same time wonderfully curious; and their curiosity very often proves their death, for the hunter taking advantage of this weakness, plants his wiping-stick in the ground, with a cap or red handkerchief on the point, and concealing himself in the long grass, waits, rifle in hand, the approach of the inquisitive antelope, who, seeing an unusual object in the plain, trots up to it, and, coming within range of the deadly tube, pays dearly for his temerity. An antelope, when alone, is one of the stupidest of beasts, and becomes so confused and frightened at sight of a travelling party, that it frequently runs right into the midst of the danger it seeks to avoid.

I had heard most wonderful accounts from the trappers of an animal, the existence of which was beyond all doubt, which although exceedingly rare, was occasionally met with in the mountains, but, from its supposed dangerous ferocity, and the fact of its being a cross between the devil and a bear, was never molested by the Indians or white hunters, and a wide berth given whenever the animal made its dreaded appearance. Most wonderful stories were told of its audacity and fearlessness; how it sometimes jumps from an overhanging rock on a deer or buffalo, and, fastening on its neck, soon brings it to the ground; how it has been known to leap upon a hunter when passing near its place of concealment, and devour him in a twinkling—often charging furiously into a camp, and playing all sorts of pranks on the goods and chattels of the mountaineers. The general belief was that the animal owes its paternity to the old gentleman himself; but the most reasonable declare it to be a cross between the bear and wolf.

Hunting one day with an old Canadian trapper, he told me



THE CARCAGIEU.

1944

that, in a part of the mountains which we were about to visit on the morrow, he once had a battle with a "carcagieu," which lasted upward of two hours, during which he fired a pouch full of balls into the animal's body, which spat them out as fast as they were shot in. To the truth of this improbable story he called all the saints to bear witness.

Two days after, as we were toiling up a stéep ridge after a band of mountain-sheep, my companion, who was in advance, suddenly threw himself flat behind a rock, and exclaimed, in a smothered tone, signaling me with his hand to keep down and conceal myself, "Sacré enfant de Garce, mais here's von dam carcagieu!"

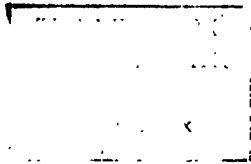
I immediately cocked my rifle, and, advancing to the rock, and peeping over it, saw an animal, about the size of a large badger, engaged in scraping up the earth about a dozen paces from where we were concealed. Its color was dark, almost black; its body long, and apparently tailless; and I at once recognized the mysterious beast to be a "glutton." After I had sufficiently examined the animal, I raised my rifle to shoot, when a louder than common "Enfant de Garce" from my companion alarmed the animal, and it immediately ran off, when I stood up and fired both barrels after it, but without effect; the attempt exciting a derisive laugh from the Canadian, who exclaimed, "Pe gar, may be you got fifty balls; vel, shoot 'em all at de dam carcagieu, and he not care a dam!"

The skins of these animal are considered "great medicine" by the Indians, and will fetch almost any price. They are very rarely met with on the plains, preferring the upland valleys and broken ground of the mountains, which afford them a better field for their method of securing game, which is by lying in wait behind a rock, or on the steep bank of a ravine, concealed by a tree or shrub, until a deer or antelope passes underneath, when they spring upon the animal's back, and holding on with their strong and sharp claws, which they

bury in the flesh, soon bring it bleeding to the ground. The Indians say they are purely carnivorous; but I imagine that, like the bear, they not unfrequently eat fruit and roots, when animal food is not to be had.

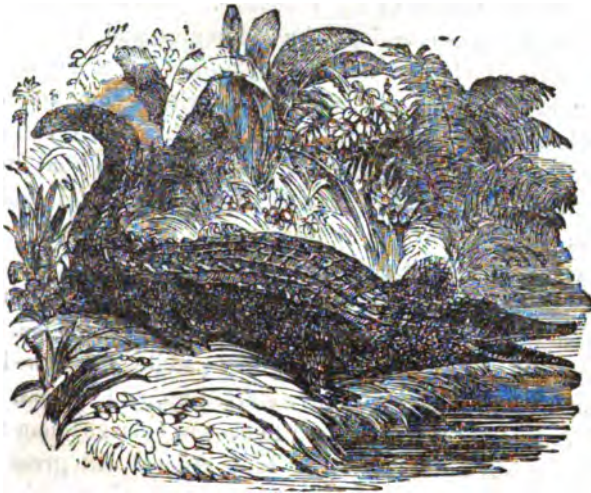


A WESTERN HUNTER.





BLOWING UP A CROCODILE.



Nobel Attack on a Crocodile.

WHILE paddling up the Rohan, a small stream in the north-west province of India, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sandbank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning *mososaurians*, *hylæosaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a real saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pre-

tended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams and reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below; or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience; it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed towards him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see!—so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother, when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting, as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half a dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened



KINGFISHER.

to the spot where the accident happened ; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath ; presently it darted like an arrow into the water ; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favorite spaniel was bringing fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swum already half-way across the stream when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed ; and to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The mugger swam rapidly, and got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the

monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and to my delight began to make rapid progress towards me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazle eye fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the muggers, when her master was not at hand to suocor her. I mention these facts, to show the diabolical revenge with which I afterwards assisted in visiting these monsters was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbor, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom) with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The *syce*, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run, as is the custom in the east, alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Towards evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, wet with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill," "I am in no humor for jesting. Your *syce* is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No;—eaten by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nullah about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord, which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in drawing water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and

then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water, where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nullah. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran towards it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick, he succeeded in fishing it out, and carried it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to soothe and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroot that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags, (roots of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me with—

“The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the muggers?”

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should

not blast the muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear to be.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighborhood of the nullah. He had on several occasions carried off sheep, goats, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not being enough of water in the nullah to drown the buffalo, the nugger soon found that he had caught a Tartar: and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within the range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropped down the stream to where the nullah discharged its waters into the Rohan. We then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained, for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes

were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nullah, while my brother, similarly provided, took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole upon their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nullah, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and as the nullah was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that if the mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipped. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across in a zig-zag direction down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could, and paying out the cord from the reel when I found it impossible to keep up with him.

On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual, he came to a stand-still. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the batteries had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for if the mugger had time to shift his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them and urging them to hasten

on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell,—I groaned with disappointment. Presently my brother came along with them and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilled, but with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Every thing being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible, for fear of disturbing the mugger; but in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wire. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit; the mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nullah with, most likely a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning, that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Every thing being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amid a very general rejoicing. The exploded mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly

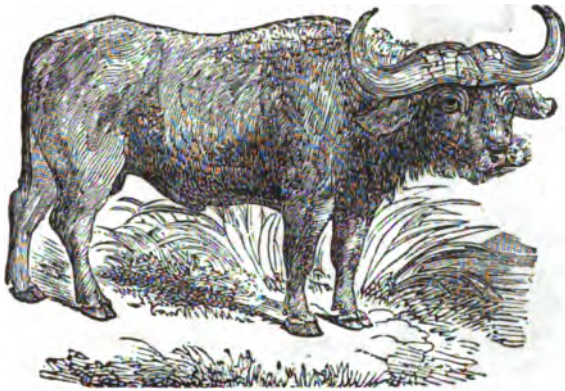
dampened about a week afterwards, when we received the mortifying announcement, that Sidhoo's mugger was still alive, and on his old beat apparently uninjured. It was evident we had blasted the wrong mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was therefore carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whiskey. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall lay down, having manufactured an impromptu easy-chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I lay down under the shade of some reeds, near the water's edge. The heat was oppressive—and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotum; a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nullah at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll *contretemps*, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nullah made a sharp turn, they stood under the high bank, on the inner

curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the mugger from his present position. With much labor, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water, that the mugger was still moving; so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires. In another instant the circuit was complete, and the mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock; then the rumble, the smoke, the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank; but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.



A BUFFALO.

Hunting in South Africa.

THE following is a specimen of Mr. Cumming's adventures in South Africa: "On the evening of the next day I had a row with an old bull buffalo; he was the only large bull in a fine herd of cows. I found their track while walking ahead of the wagons, and, following it up, I came upon a part of the herd feeding quietly in a dense part of the forest. I fired my first shot at a cow, which I wounded. The other half of the herd then came up right in my face, within six yards of me. They would have trampled on me if I had not sung out in their faces and turned them. I selected the old bull and sent a bullet into his shoulder. The herd then crashed along through the jungle to my right, but he at once broke away from them and took to my left. On examining his track, I found it bloody. I then went to meet my wagons, which I



A PALLAEH.

heard coming, and, ordering the men to outspan, I took all my dogs to the track. They ran it up in fine style, and in a few minutes the silence of the forest was disturbed by a tremendous bay. On running towards the sound, I met the old bull coming on toward the wagons, with all my dogs after him. I saluted him with a second ball in the shoulder; he held on and took up a position in the thicket within forty yards of the wagons, where I finished him. He carried a most splendid head.

On the 8th of June, we made the long wished-for fair Limpopo an hour before sunset. I was at once struck with this most interesting river; the trees along its sides were of prodigious size and very great beauty. At the very spot where I made the water, a huge crocodile lay upon the sand on the opposite side; on observing me he dashed into the stream.

The next day I rode ahead of the wagons with Ruyter, and



A WATERBUCK.

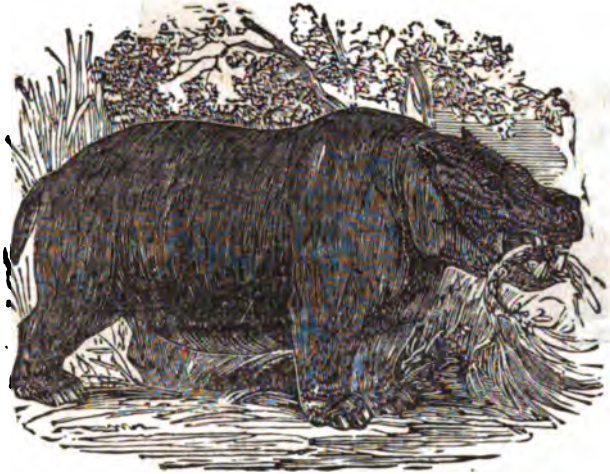
hunted along the bank of the river. I immediately shot a waterbuck. This animal and the pallah are very abundant. As I advanced I found large marshes along the riverside, a favorite haunt of the waterbuck. After breakfast I again rode forth with fresh horses with my Bushman. We still found waterbuck and pallah very abundant. I presently gave chase to a herd of the former to try their speed; but as they led me into the midst of a labyrinth of marshes, I gave it up.

At that instant the Bushman whispered "Sir, Sir;" and looking to my right, two princely old buffaloes stood in the jungle within forty yards of me. They got my wind, and started before I could get ready to fire. They held along the river-bank ahead of me, but not requiring them I did not give chase. After this I came upon a huge crocodile basking on the sand, which instantly dashed into the stream. I now got into a vast labyrinth of marshes of great extent. Several species of wild duck and a variety of water fowl, three sorts

of large partridge, and two kinds of quail being likewise numerous.

I presently wounded a noble old waterbuck as he dashed past me in marshy ground. In following him up I met an old buck pallah, which I killed on the spot with a shot in the middle of the breast. Following on after the wounded waterbuck, along the high bank of the river, which was, however, concealed from my view by the dense cover, I suddenly heard a loud splash, and coming suddenly clear of the cover, I beheld the lovely waterbuck standing broadside on an island in the middle of the river. Before I could dismount to fire, he dashed into the water and swam to the opposite bank. I grasped my trusty little Moore and waited till he won the *terra firma*, when with one well-directed shot I dropped him on the spot. A very strange thing then occurred; the buck in his death-pangs slid down into the river, and continuing his struggles he swam half-way across the river back to the island, where he lay upon a sand-bank. I then divested myself of my leathers, spurs, and veldtschoens, and was wading in to fetch him, when the river carried him off, and, fearing the horrible crocodiles, I did not attempt to follow. It was now late, and I rode for my wagon track, which I failed to find until I had returned to where we had breakfasted. I had been following the turns of the river, and the wagons had taken a short cut across the country. I reached them in the dark by great good luck.

On the 10th, I rode ahead of my wagons at day-dawn: thick mist was rolling along the Limpopo. Presently I saw two crocodiles in the stream below me. A little after I had the pleasure to find, for the first time, the tracks of sea-cows or hippopotami. I had never before seen it, but I knew it must be theirs; it was very similar to the track of borele, or black rhinoceros, but larger, and had four toes instead of three. Before returning to my wagons I tried to ride down a waterbuck which I turned off from the river, but in this I



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

failed, though I managed to keep close to him in the chase, and eventually knocked him up along with my horse.

I again sallied forth with the Bushman and fresh steeds, and, directing the wagons to take the straight course, I followed the windings of the river. Presently, looking over the bank, I beheld three enormous crocodiles basking on the sand on the opposite side. I was astonished at their awful size and appearance, one of them appearing to be sixteen or eighteen feet in length, with a body as thick as that of an ox. On observing us they plunged into the dead water by the side of the stream. The next minute, one of them popping up his terrible head in the middle of the stream, I made a beautiful shot, and sent a ball through the middle of his brains. The convulsions of death which followed were truly awful. At first he sank for an instant to the shot, but instantly striking the bottom with his tail he shot up above the water, when he struggled violently, sometimes on his back and then again on his belly, with at one time his head and



HUNTING THE LION.

fore feet above the water, and immediately after his tail and hind legs, the former lashing the water with a force truly astounding. Clouds of sand accompanied him in all his movements, the strong stream carrying him along with it, till at length the struggle of death was over, and he sunk to rise no more.

Following the windings of the river, I detected a small crocodile basking on the sand, when I gave him a shot and he instantly plunged into the river. A little farther I wounded a third as he lay on a promontory of sand, and he likewise made the water. A little farther down the stream, yet another crocodile, a huge old sinner, lay basking on the sand. I determined to make a very correct shot in this case, and set about stalking him. Creeping up behind the body of a prostrate old tree, I took a rest and sent the ball into his nostril, when he plunged into the river, coloring the water with his blood.

We now got into a fine green turn of the river, where I saw a great many waterbucks. I shot one buck palláh, and immediately after I came suddenly upon a troop of five or six

beautiful leopards. At the next bend of the river three huge crocodiles lay on the sand on the opposite side. Stalking within easy range, I shot one of them in the head: his comrades instantly dashed into the water, but he lay as if dead high on the sand. A second shot, however, through the ribs brought him back to life. On receiving it he kept running round and, snapping his horrid jaws fearfully at his own wounded side. In the convulsions of death he made one run clean away from the water, but another unlucky turn brought his head toward the river, into which he eventually rolled. Galloping along from this place to my wagons, I came suddenly upon a lion and lioness lying in the grass below a gigantic old mimosa. Dismounting from my horse, I took a couple of shots at the lion, missing him with my first, but wounding him with my second shot, when he rose with several angry short growls and bounded off. A few hundred yards farther on I found my wagons drawn up, and on reaching them my men informed me that they had just seen two huge hippopotami in the river beneath. Proceeding to the spot, we found them still swimming there. I shot one, putting three balls into his head, but night setting in we lost him.



A HYENA.



Hunting the Oryx.

THE oryx, or gemsbok, to which I was now about to direct my attention more particularly, says Mr. Cumming, is about the most beautiful and remarkable of all the antelope tribe. It is the animal which is supposed to have given rise to the fable of the unicorn, from its long, straight horns, when seen, in profile, so exactly covering one another as to give it the appearance of having but one. It possesses the erect mane, long, sweeping black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoof of an antelope. It is robust in its form, squarely and compactly built, and very noble in its bearing. Its height is about that of an ass, and in color it slightly resembles that animal. The beautiful black bands which

eccentrically adorn its head, giving it the appearance of a stall collar, together with the manner in which the rump and thighs are painted, impart to it a character peculiar to itself. The adult male measures three feet ten inches in height at the shoulder.

The gemsbok was destined by nature to adorn the parched karroos and arid deserts of South Africa, for which description of country it is admirably adapted. It thrives and attains high condition in barren regions, where it might be imagined that a locust would not find subsistence, and, burning as is the climate, it is perfectly independent of water, which, from my own observation, and the repeated reports both of the Boers and aborigines, I am convinced it never by any chance tastes. Its flesh is deservedly esteemed, and ranks next to the eland. At certain seasons of the year they carry a great quantity of fat, at which time they can more easily be ridden into. Owing to the even nature of the ground which the oryx frequents, its shy and suspicious disposition, and the extreme distance from water to which it must be followed, it is never stalked or driven to an ambush like other antelopes, but is hunted on horseback, and ridden down by a long, severe, tail-on-end chase. Of several animals in South Africa which are hunted in this manner, and may be ridden into by a horse, the oryx is by far the swiftest and most enduring. They are widely diffused throughout the centre and western parts of South Africa.

The oryx, says Mr. Wood, animal, is well known among hunters as the only antelope that revenges itself on the lion. When the lion springs on it, it lowers its sharp horns, receiving the lion on their points. It invariably perishes by the shock, but the lion also perishes with it. Their skeletons have been seen lying together bleached on the plain.



A KOODOO.

Hunting the Koodoo.

ABOUT three o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, says Mr. Cumming, I rode north-east, to look out for roan antelopes, which, next to the eland, are the largest in the world; and being incapable of great speed, may at times be ridden into with a good horse. I was accompanied by Cobus and Jacob. We found the country covered with bushes, of which the majority were of a most impracticable description, reminding me of a kill-devil, an implement used in angling, they being covered with thorns on the fish-hook principle. This variety of mi-

mosa is waggishly called by the Boers "vyacht um bige," or wait-a-bit thorns, as they continually solicit the passing traveller not to be in a hurry; if he disregards which request, the probability is that he leaves a part of his shirt or trowsers in their possession. Here and there were hills covered with adamantine rocks, through which, however, there was an abundance of excellent grass and fine green bushes. In short, it was just the country to suit the tastes of the rock-loving koodoos. Having proceeded some miles, we discovered fresh tracks of a troop of them at the foot of one of the ranges of hills. We then crossed to the ridge, still finding tracks, and the country becoming more and more likely.

Suddenly, on raising our eyes, we saw standing on the hill side, within three hundred yards of us, five buck koodoos, four of which were tearing old fellows carrying extremely fine horns; and majestic as they were, the elevated position which they occupied imparted to them a still more striking appearance. We galloped towards them, on which they bounded higher up the rocky hill, and stood for a few seconds looking at us.

I had seen many sights thrilling to a sportman, but few to surpass what I then beheld. I think an old buck koodoo, when seen standing broadside on, is decidedly one of the grandest-looking antelopes in the world. They now broke into two lots, the two finest bucks holding to the left, and to these we gave chase. They led us over the most terrific ground for horses that can be imagined. It consisted of a mass of large sharp adamantine pieces of rock; even the koodoos themselves made bad weather of it. Cobus, on this occasion, rode in a manner which astonished me. He was mounted on "The Cow," which steed, having in its youth led an unrestrained life, as most Cape horses do, in the rugged mountains of the Hantam, bounded along the hill side in a style worthy of a klipspringer. A flat of considerable extent, covered with tall bushes, intervened between us and a long



A KLIPSPRINGER.

range of high table-land to the northward, along the base of which, for an extent of many miles, stretched a dense forest of wait-a-bit thorns and mimosas. This forest was the headquarters of the koodoos, and for it they now held, breaking away across the above-mentioned flat. That forest, however, the finest koodoo was destined never to reach. As soon as we got clear of the rocky ground our horses gained upon them at every stride; and Cobus, who was invariably far before me in every chase, was soon alongside of the finest. Here, in the dense bushes, we lost sight of his comrade. Cobus very soon prevailed on the koodoo to alter his tack, and strike off at a tangent from his former course; when, by taking a short cut like a grayhound running cunning, I got within range, and with a single ball I rolled him over in the dust. I felt more pleasure in obtaining this fine specimen of a buck koodoo than any thing I had yet shot in Africa. He was a first-rate old buck, and carried a pair of ponderous, long, wide-set spiral horns.

Owing to the nature of the ground which they frequent, it is a very difficult matter to ride them down, and they are usually obtained by stalking or stealing stealthily upon them. When, however, the hunter discovers a heavy old buck koodoo on level ground, there is no great difficulty to ride into him, his speed and endurance being very inferior to that of the oryx. I could have stood contemplating him for hours, but darkness was fast setting in; so, having off-saddled and knee-haltered our horses, we carefully removed the head and commenced skinning him. The skin of the koodoo, though thin, is extremely tough, and is much prized by the colonists for "foreslocks," or lashes for ox-wagon whips. The koodoo skin was my mattress, my saddle was my pillow; and supperless I lay down to rest, without any covering save an old shirt and a pair of leather crackers. The excitement of the thrilling sport which I had enjoyed prevented my sleeping until a late hour; and when at length I closed my eyes, I dreamt that I was surrounded by a troop of lions, and awaking with a loud cry, startled my men and horses.





THE GNOO.

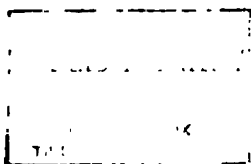
Hunting the Zebra and Rhinoceros.

AMONG the animals most frequently met with by Mr. Cumming, in South Africa, were the zebra and the gnou. We have already noticed the latter. The former is hunted by the natives with spears and assagais. The following extract shows that Mr. Cumming sometimes shot them.

On the morning of the 23d, I rode east with after-riders and a pack-horse. The country through which we passed resembled a vast interminable park, being adorned with a continued succession of picturesque dwarfish forest trees, single and in groups. Such, with the exception of a few grassy open plains, is the character of the country from Sikagole, as far as the mountains of Bakatla. We failed to fall in with elands, but I succeeded in bringing down two zebras and a

HUNTING THE ZEBRA.





hartebeest, which, along with sassaybys, oryx, and ostriches, now becoming daily more abundant.

On the 31st we reached the Kurrichane mountain range. Having crossed these, we proceeded up the valley about three miles, when we reached a gorge in the mountains which connected this fine valley with the great strath or vale of Bakatla. Through this gorge ran a stream of the purest crystal water. Our road lay along the margin of this stream, across large masses of stone and ledges of rock, which threatened every moment the destruction of our wagons.

Following the stream for half a mile, we arrived at Mabotza, the kraal of Moseielely, king of Bakatlas, a tribe of Bechuanas. Here I was kindly received by Dr. Livingstone, the resident missionary. The vale of Bakatla, which I had now reached, is one of the most beautiful spots in Africa. It is a broad and level strath extending from east to west, and bounded by picturesque rocky mountains, beautifully wooded to their summits. In parts the strath is adorned with groves and patches of beautiful forest trees of endless variety; in others it is open, carpeted with a goodly coating of luxuriant grass. A large portion of the valley, opposite to the town, is cultivated by the Bakatla women, and a succession of extensive cornfields stretched away to the northward of the kraal. These had lately been denuded of their crops, but a goodly show of pumpkins and watermelons still remained on the fields. The following day was Sunday, and I attended Divine service in a temporary place of worship that had been erected by the missionaries. It was amusing to remark, in the costume of the Bakatlas on this occasion, the progress of civilization. All those who managed to get hold of some European article of dress had donned it, some appearing in trowsers without shirts, and others in shirts without trowsers.

The 2nd of June was the coldest day I had experienced in Africa, a cutting cold wind blowing off the Southern Ocean. On the morning of the 2nd I was waited upon by Moseielely,

attended by a number of his nobility and others of the tribe, who flocked around my wagons importunately requesting snuff. The appearance of the chief was mild, but not dignified. One of his generals, with whom he seemed to be on very intimate terms, was a jolly-looking old warrior with a wall eye and a face strongly marked with the small-pox.

This man's name was "Siemi." He had killed about twenty men in battle with his own hand, and bore a mark of honor for every man. This mark was a line tattooed on his ribs. Moselely presented me with a bag of sour milk, and requested that I would tarry with him for a few days for the purpose of trading. I informed him that I was anxious to push on to the country of the elephants, but would trade with him on my return. This intimation seemed very much to disappoint the king, who was anxious to exchange karosses for guns and ammunition. But I had resolved to part with my muskets solely for ivory, which article Moselely on this particular occasion did not possess.

The following extract exhibits Mr. Cumming's mode of hunting the rhinoceros. "Having eaten my steak, I rode to my wagons, where I partook of coffee, and having mounted a fresh horse I again set forth, accompanied by Carollus leading a pack horse, to bring home the head of the eland and a supply of the flesh: I took all my dogs along with me to share in the banquet. We had not proceeded far when the dogs went ahead on some scent. Spurring my horse, I followed through the thorny bushes as best I might, and, emerging on an open glade, I beheld two huge white rhinoceroses trotting along before me. The dogs attacked them with fury, and a scene of intense excitement took place. The Old Grey, on observing them, pricked up his ears and seemed only half inclined to follow, but a sharp application of the spur reminded him of his duty, and I was presently riding within ten yards of the stern of the largest, and sent a bullet through her back. The Old Grey shied considerably and became very

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.



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unmanageable, and on one occasion, in consequence, the rhinoceros, finding herself hemmed in by a bend in a water-course, turned round to charge: I had a very narrow escape. Presently, galloping up on one side, I gave her a bad wound in the shoulder, soon after which she came to bay in the dry bed of a river. Dismounting from my horse, I commenced loading, but before this was accomplished she was off once more. I followed her, putting on my caps as I rode, and coming up alongside I made a fine shot from the saddle, firing at the gallop. The ball entered somewhere near the heart. On receiving this shot she reeled about, while torrents of blood streamed from her mouth and wounds, and presently she rolled over and expired uttering a shrill screaming sound as she died, which rhinoceroses invariably do in the agonies of death.

The chase had led me close in along the northern base of a lofty detached mountain, the highest in all that country. This mountain is called by the Bechuanas, the Mountain of the Eagles. The eland which I had shot in the morning lay somewhere to the southward of this mountain, but far in the level forest. Having rounded the mountain, I began to recognise the ground, and presently I had the satisfaction to behold a few vultures soaring over the forest in advance, and, on proceeding a short distance farther, large groups of these birds were seated on the gray and weather-beaten branches of the loftiest trees of the forest. This was a certain sign that the eland was not far distant; and on raising my voice and calling loudly on the name of Carollus, I was instantly answered by that individual, who, heedless of his master's fate, was actively employed in cooking for himself a choice steak from the dainty rump of the eland. That night I slept beneath the blue and starry canopy of heaven. My sleep was light and sweet, and no rude dreams or hankering cares disturbed the equanimity of my repose.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Hunting the Hippopotami.

"I RODE forth at sunrise on the 28th," says Mr. Cumming, "ordering my wagons to follow in two hours. Seleka had sent two men down the river, before it was clear, to seek sea-cows; and they soon came running after me to say that they had found some. I accordingly followed them to the river, where, in a long, broad, and deep bend, were four hippopotami, two full-grown cows, a small cow, and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along in Highland fashion over large masses of dark rock.

"On coming to the shady bank, I could at first see only one old cow and a calf. When they dived I ran into the reeds, and as the cow came up I shot her in the head; she,

however, got away down the river, and I lost her. The other three took away up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water for five minutes at a time, and then only popping their heads up for a few seconds. I accordingly remained quiet behind the reeds, in hope of their dismissing their alarms. Presently the two smaller ones seemed to be no longer frightened, popping up their entire heads, and remaining above water for a minute at a time; but the third, which was by far the largest, and which I thought must be a bull continued extremely shy, remaining under the water for ten minutes at a time, and then just showing her face for a second, making a blowing like a whale, and returning to the bottom. I stood there with rifle at my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, until I was quite tired. I thought I should never get a chance at her, and had just resolved to fire at one of the smaller ones, when she shoved up half her head and looked about her. I made a correct shot; the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the sea-cow came floundering to the top. I was enchanted; she could not escape. Though not dead she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion.

“Hearing my wagons coming on, I sent a message to my followers to outspan, and to come and behold Behemoth floundering in her native element. When they came up I finished her with a shot in the neck, upon which she instantly sank to the bottom, and disappeared in the strong rapid torrent at the tail of the sea-cow hole. There she remained for a long time, and I thought I had lost her, but the natives said that she would soon reappear. Being in want of refreshment, I left my people to watch for the resurrection of Behemoth, and I held to the wagons to feed. While taking my breakfast there was a loud hue-and-cry among the natives, that the koodoo had floated and was sailing down the river. It

was so, and my Hottentots swam in and brought her to the bank. Her flesh proved most excellent. In the afternoon I rode down the river with Ruyter, and shot one very splendid old waterbuck, with a princely head, which I kept.

The next day, after proceeding a few miles, I killed a very fine buck of the serolomootloque. I again rode down the river's bank, with two after-riders, to seek hippopotami, the natives reporting that they were to be found in a pool in advance, where another river joined the Limpopo. After riding a short distance I found the banks unusually green and shady, and very much frequented by the sea-cow; and presently in a broad, deep, and long still bend of the river, I disturbed the game I sought.

"They were lying in their sandy beds among the rank reeds at the river's margin, and on hearing me galloping over the gravelly shingle between the bank and the reeds, the deposit of some great flood, they plunged into their native stronghold in dire alarm, and commenced blowing, snorting, and uttering a sound very similar to that made by the musical instrument called a serpent. It was a fairish place for an attack, so, divesting myself of my leather trousers, I ordered my after-riders to remain utterly silent, and then crept cautiously forward, determined not to fire a shot until I had thoroughly overhauled the herd to see if it did not contain a bull, and at all events to secure, if possible, the very finest head amongst them.

"The herd consisted of about fourteen hippopotami; ten of these were a little farther down the stream than the other four. Having carefully examined these ten, I made out two particular hippopotami decidedly larger than all the others. I then crept a little distance up the river behind the reeds, to obtain a view of the others. They were two enormous old cows with two large calves beside them. The old ones had exactly the same size of head as the two best cows below; I accordingly chose what I thought the best of these two, and,

making a fine shot at the side of her head, I at once disabled her. She disappeared for a few seconds, and then came floundering to the surface, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes diving, and then reappearing with a loud splash and a blowing noise, always getting slowly down the river, until I reattacked and finished her a quarter of a mile farther down, about an hour after. The other sea-cows were now greatly alarmed, and only occasionally put up their heads, showing but a small part, remaining but a few seconds at a time. I, however, managed to select one of the three remaining ones, and, making a most perfect shot, I sent a bullet crashing into her brain. This caused instantaneous death, and she sank to the bottom. I then wounded two more sea-cows in the head, both of which I lost. The others were so alarmed and cunning that it was impossible to do anything with them.

The one I had first shot was now resting with half her body above water on a sandbank in the Limpopo, at the mouth of the other river Lepalala, which was broad, clear, and rapid. From this resting-place I started her with one shot in the shoulder and another in the side of the head; this last shot set her in motion once more, she commenced struggling in the water in the most extraordinary manner, disappearing for a few seconds and then coming up like a great whale setting the whole river in an uproar. Presently she took away down the stream, holding to the other side, but, again returning, I finished her with a shot in the middle of the forehead. This proved a most magnificent specimen of the female of the wondrous hippopotamus, an animal with which I was extremely surprised and delighted. She far surpassed the brightest conceptions I had formed of her, being a larger, a more lively, and in every way a more interesting animal than certain writers had led me to expect. On securing this fine sea-cow I immediately cut off her head and placed it high and dry: this was a work of considerable difficulty for four men.



FUR SEAL.

Hunting Seals and Horses.

IN all the seas in which they are found, the seals frequent the shores only at a certain season of the year, and appear to disperse themselves more generally over the waters during the remaining portion of it, which is usually much longer than that in which they throng to the shores. Those of the south resort chiefly to the dreary and inhospitable isles which lie off the southern extremity of the American continent, though they also come in considerable numbers to the shore, especially the south-west, which is much broken by inlets of water and little isles with channels between. The south of Africa is rather warm for their coming to it in any considerable numbers; but they resort in formidable array to the south part of Australia, and especially to Bass's Strait, where



HUNTING THE SEAL.

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COMMON SEAL.

the islands are favorable for their basking, and fish are abundant for their food. In the northern seas they resort to the shores generally in the high latitudes; but there also they prefer the islands to the mainland. Among the Aleutian islands, and in all the basin which lies between these islands and Behring's Straits, the seals assemble in vast multitudes; while those of the North Atlantic seek both the shores of the northern islands and the borders of the ice.

When they resort to the land there are some differences of habit among them, especially among those of the south. Some resort to the open sandy beaches; others to the rocks which are surrounded by the water, and others again to the coarse herbage which often extends to the margin of the water. Fishes are understood to form the principal food of all the species; but they also eat polypi and other floating animals, and even sea-birds, such as terns, petrels, and the smaller gulls, which are usually very plentiful in the great haunts of the seals, and resort to them for nearly the same purpose as the seals do; only they eat the smaller fishes, while the seals prefer the larger ones.

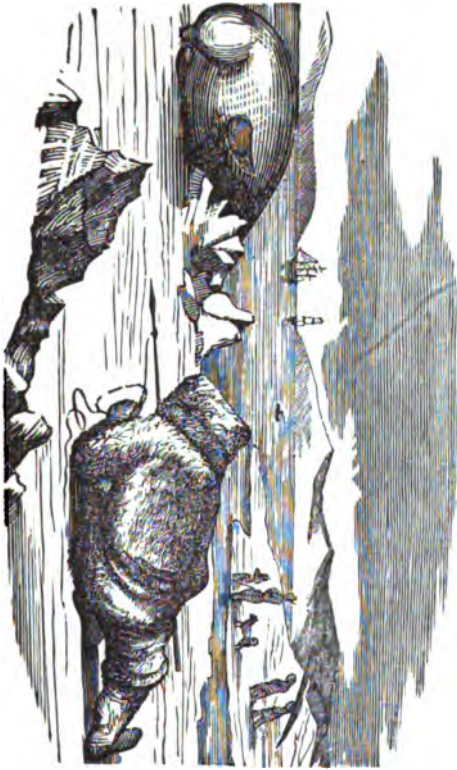
Seals are not easily killed by means of cutting instruments, for though the wounds bleed copiously, the labor of killing

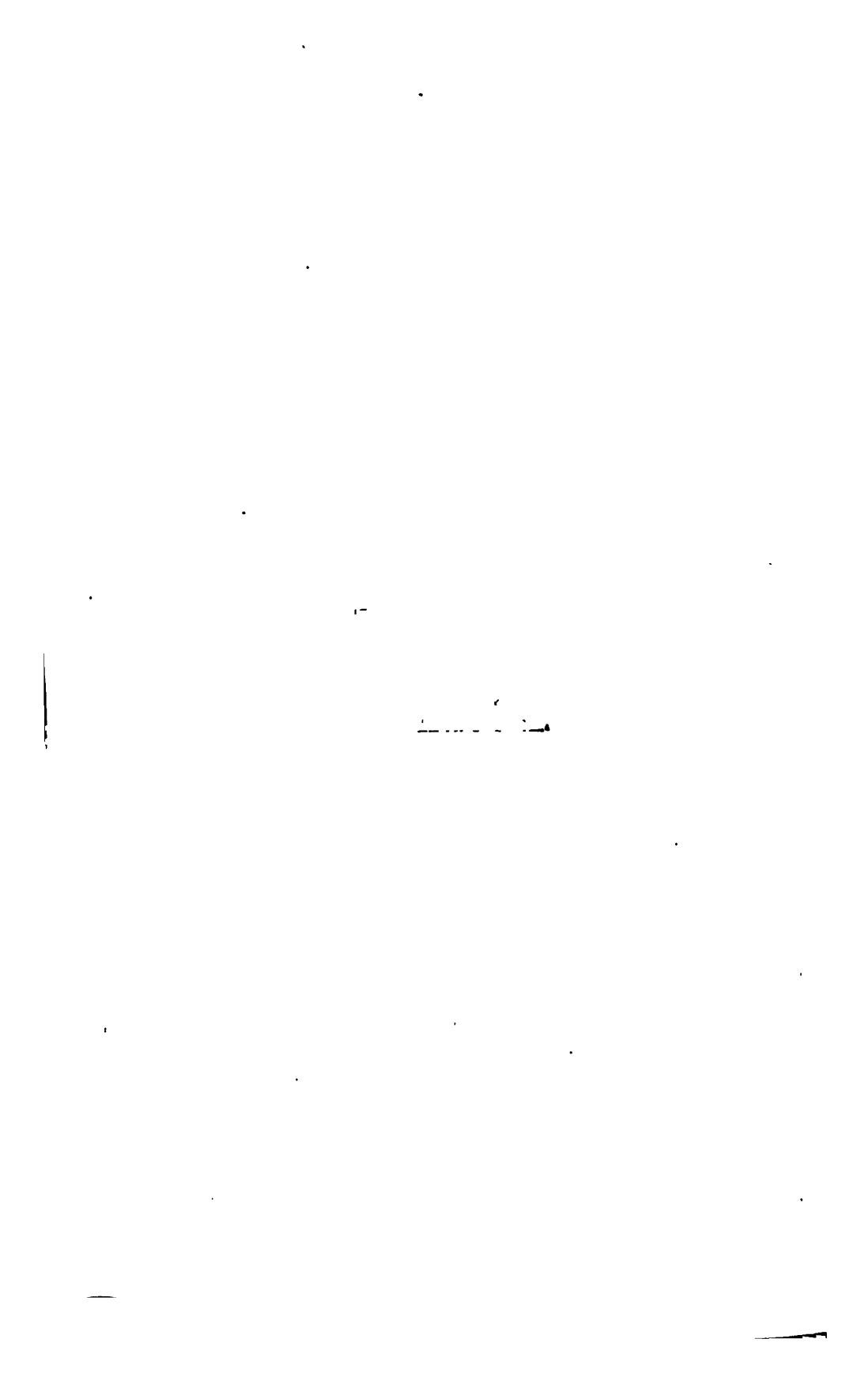
them in this way is great, unless some of the more vital parts are wounded. But the great development of the brain renders them much more vulnerable in the head than in any other part; and the quickest way of dispatching them is by beating them on the head with heavy clubs. This is extensively done by the seal-fishers at Jan Mayen, where the animals are found in such numbers, that the men can knock them on the head till they are absolutely wearied with the slaughter; and in the best time of the season they very soon fill a boat, or even a ship with a valuable cargo. The seal-fishing commences earlier in the season than the whale-fishing; and when the fishing vessels that resort to Old Greenland, that is, to the vicinity of Spitzbergen, arrive too early, they bear away to Jan Mayen for the seal-fishing. Sometimes the "seal club" is exercised to no small advantage on the caverned shores in the north of Britain. These caves penetrate to such distances in the rock, that they are quite dark for a considerable way. The seals resort there to take their siesta; and the people watch their time, enter the cave with torches and clubs, and the seals, alarmed and nearly blinded by the glare of the torches, become an easy prey. There is of course a great deal of scrambling on these occasions; men and seals rolling over each other on the slippery stones; and sometimes a seal will wrest a club from the owner, and bear it off in triumph to the water.

In winter the Greenlanders hunt the seals on the ice, creeping cautiously up to them, and dispatching them with spears and clubs. Icelanders and Laplanders hunt the morse in their light, watertight boats, spearing them in the water.

In early times, when navigation consisted of little more than coasting and crossing the narrow seas, the seals as well as the *Cetacea*, were far more numerous than they are present: and their numbers came into lower latitudes. But the fishery which was carried on at first by the Dutch, and lately by the British and the Anglo-Americans, has greatly thinned their

GREENLANDERS HUNTING SEALS ON THE ICE.







A MORSE.

numbers, and confined them within much narrower bounds than they previously were. Any one will readily understand that seals are much more likely to have their numbers thinned in this way than fishes; because they produce only one or two young ones at a time, while the fishes produce thousands or even millions. What man can capture by all his arts of fair fishing in the sea is not missed in the multitude of his finny prey; but it must tell in the case of the seals. Seals are also far more wary and sagacious animals than fishes; and thus, when they are greatly molested on one ground, they are very apt to shift to another. Hence those of the North Atlantic became so much thinned, that adventurers, chiefly English or American, have sought for them in all the inhospitable regions of the south. Those fishing expeditions to the south, having originated in a more enlightened and liberal age than those of the north, have tended to increase our knowledge of those remote seas. These discoveries indeed have done little more than show that there really is nothing to be discovered except a few wild rocks covered with snow for the greater part of the year: and affording resting places for seals and sea-birds only. But this is something, as it prevents waste of time, which would otherwise be occasioned in seeking that which is not to be found. Mr. Weddel, of the brig *Jane* of Leith,

carried discovery into a higher latitude than it had previously reached in those seas. On the 20th of February, 1823, he reached the latitude of seventy-four degrees fifteen minutes, which is higher by two hundred miles than any other navigator had penetrated into the antarctic ice. No land, however, was seen in that longitude (about thirty-five degrees west) to the southward of New Georgia, which is a distance on the meridian of about fifteen hundred miles. Since that period other adventurous navigators have proceeded still farther. As the seals are among the rocks, or in the more shallow waters, small vessels answer best for this fishery; and in all coasting fisheries, or other operations in the water along shore, small trim vessels are always the safest and the most manageable. The complement of men is about twenty-four. The vessels are strongly timbered and double planked. The rigging of the vessels is also very simple, but very substantial. They have generally a smaller vessel, about forty tons burden, which can be stationed near the shore as a general rendezvous for the fishing-boats, which are usually six in number, and constructed in the same manner as whale-boats. A good deal of skill and experience are required in choosing the ground; and when the proper spot has been selected, the vessel is moored in a safe place, and the apparatus for boiling the oil erected on the beach. The small vessel thus acts the part of a tender between the boats and the station. The seals are chiefly surprised and knocked on the head while on the rocks; and when this is over for the time, they are skinned and cut in pieces, which are stowed away in the small vessel. A load of the small vessel consists of about two hundred seals, which yield from eighty to a hundred barrels of oil. When the vessel arrives at the part where the boiling is carried on, the cargo is delivered and boiled, the flesh of the seals after the oil is extracted serving for fuel.

This fishing is one of great hardship, and often of great peril. The ships are sometimes out for three years, and all



ICELANDERS HUNTING MORSE.

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LONG-NOSED SEAL.

the time in a sea which is any thing but Pacific, while they are often at the distance of thousands of miles from any supply or assistance. Still, when successful, it is profitable, both for the oil and the skins. The species in most esteem for oil are the long-nosed ones, called sea-elephants by the fishers among the earless seals, and the maned-seal, or sea-horse, among those who have external ears. But they differ much with the latitudes and also with the longitudes of the places at which they are taken. Those most in request for their fur are those which are popularly called sea-bears; but there are many species which get the name of fur-seals. Seal oil is accounted purer and better than that of the *Cetacea*, unless when obtained from the spermaceti, or half-crystallised stearine; and the great markets for it are Europe and America. The three principal kinds of sea oil are whale oil, seal oil, and cod oil, the last obtained from the livers of the fish, and preferable to every other from the dressing of leather. We believe that, by some absurd custom-house law, whale oil is the only one of the three which is called fish oil, although it is not fish oil; and that, in some places at least, the others escape the annoyance, both of the protections and prohibitions which affect this. A good many of the the skins are also

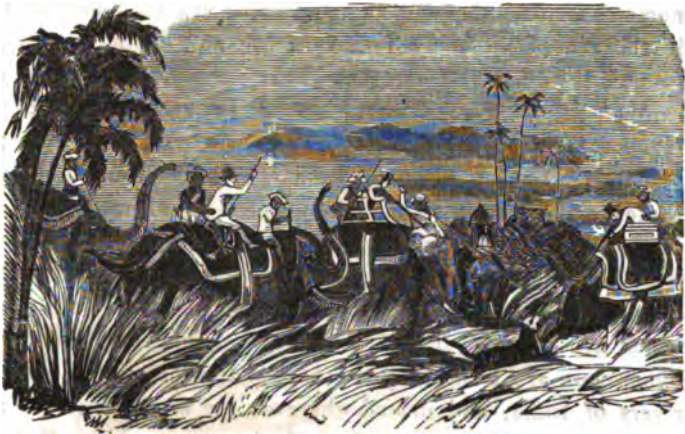
brought to Europe and America, but the grand market for them and for all furs is China. The fur seals are also found upon the shores of the southern lands in May, June, July, and part of August; and they return again in November and December, at which time the females produce their young, which they suckle for about nine months. It is generally said that the seals swallow pebbles as a sort of ballast before they go to sea, and discharge them again by the mouth when they come on land; but the story is not in very good keeping with what we observe in nature, where our opportunities of observing are more favorable than they are in the case of the seals.



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THE ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.



Tiger Hunting

THE countries around the Bay of Bengal, with the larger islands of the Malayan peninsula, are the principal habitations of these formidable animals; and they appear to be large in size and powerful in action, in proportion as the ground which they inhabit is fertile.

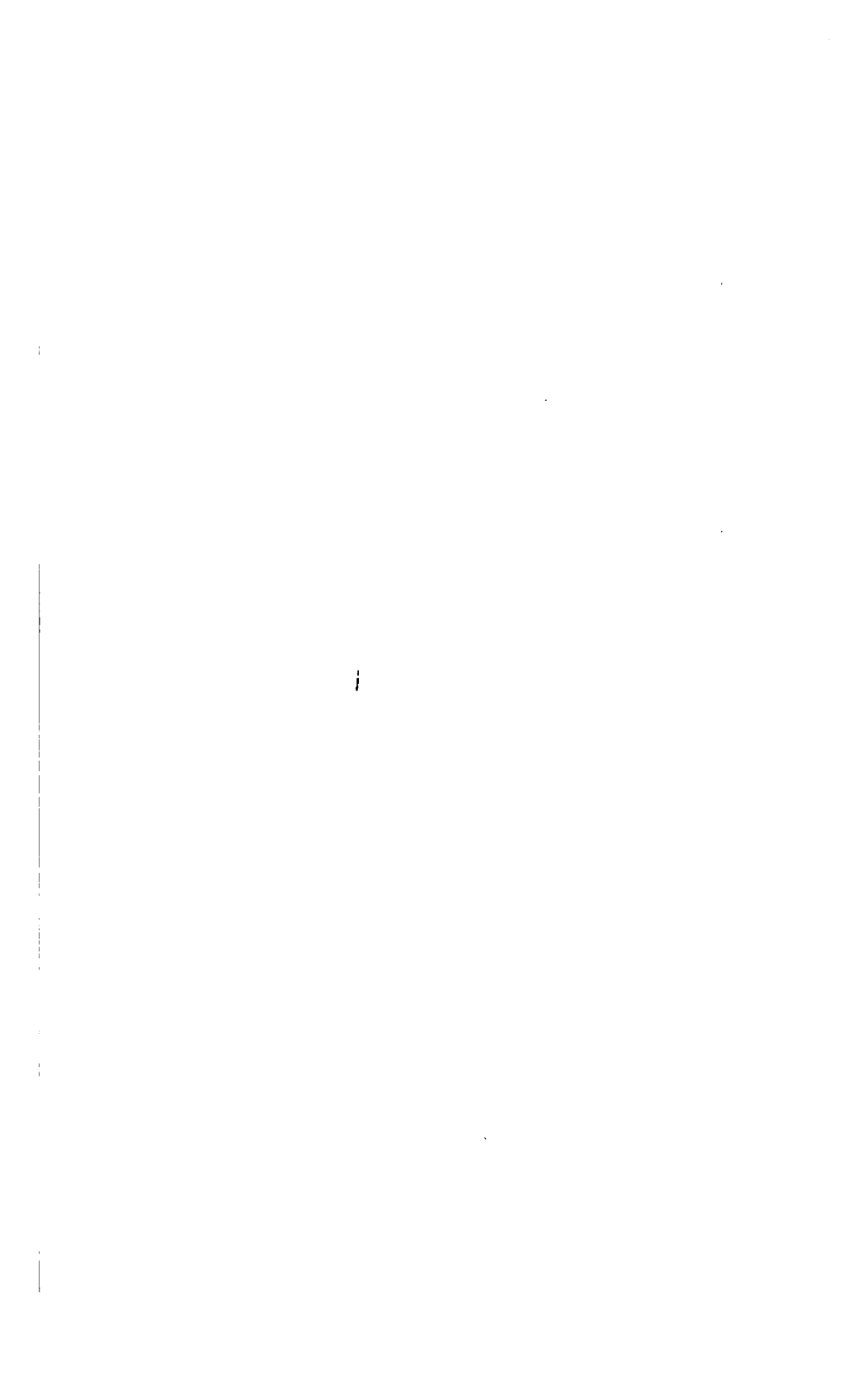
There is, perhaps, no river in the world which has made so extensive deposits in the lower parts of its valley, or where the portions near the sea are so closely tangled with vegetation, or so thickly stocked with animals, as the Ganges. The Sunderbunds, or islands formed between the different mouths of the Ganges, the name of which signifies a forest of rapidly-growing trees, form altogether a triangle, each side of which is nearly two hundred miles in length, or altogether it is not much less than England. This may be con-

sidered as *par excellence*, the demesne or park of Tippoo, in which he reigns in splendid but ferocious majesty. It is true that he has some subjects who do not very much regard his sway upon ordinary occasions, but these are not exceedingly numerous. The elephant and rhinoceros are both met with in this singularly blended scene of life and death; but the ground is rather soft for their heavy tread, and they are consequently but rare. The gavial, or crocodile of the Ganges, is however exceedingly numerous, and very large; and though but a slow and sluggish animal upon land, it often makes prize of the tigers when they come to the waters to drink. But, with the exceptions of three species now mentioned, the tiger lords it over all the animals of this wide region, and very often issues from it to invade the plantations and even villages which are in its vicinity. Swamps and jungles of smaller dimensions are formed by the back water of all the great rivers of India, and indeed wherever the water stagnates; and where such jungles are formed, tigers are always to be met with in large numbers. The greater number of them keep within their jungle, because the woody jungles are greatly interspersed with grassy ones, in which deer, antelopes, and other animals pasture; and the woods themselves afford an ample supply of wild hogs, monkeys, and other animals, of all of which the tigers make prey. Sometimes, however, they issue from their fastness; and, as when they do so, they are generally in a state of great excitement, they commit terrible ravages.

When they make these inroads into the habitations of men, or of tame animals, they kill much more than they eat; and it has thence been concluded that tigers are endowed by nature with a love of slaughter unknown to any other animal. It does not appear, however, that this is the case; for though the tiger comes more into the settled and peopled grounds than the lion, yet he is not exactly in his native element there, but is excited, and generally also alarmed, and therefore does



INDIAN BUFFALO ATTACKING A TIGER.



not rest to eat what he kills, but goes on attacking and killing indiscriminately. In his native jungles, there is no reason to believe that he commits murder for the sake of murder, but simply that he seeks his food according to the general law observed by all animals; and that, when fed, he is in repose, and quite harmless, as well as the rest. Tigers are much more numerous in those jungles than perhaps any other beast of prey in any part of the world; and as the individuals are all very like each other, it is possible that this character may have arisen from one tiger getting credit for having done that work which was really the performance of a dozen or more.

Many of the Islands and muddy banks in the tiger's country are held as sacred by the superstitious Hindoos, and as such, they are resorted to by devotees. These devotees very often fall a prey to the tigers; but as not a few of them go to such places for the express purpose of seeking death, it is possible that death by a tiger, by being more brief, is attended with less real suffering than starving to death in a region where the atmosphere is pestilence. When the water is high, and boats can pass near the trees which cover these islands, such approaches are highly dangerous, because a tiger will spring for a very considerable distance from the jungle upon a boat full of armed men, and make off with one of them before the rest have time to offer any resistance. Even when parties of mounted soldiers ride too close to the tiger jungles, the tiger will sometimes spring, seize a horseman, and be off with him almost before those with him are aware of it.

In places which are not so humid as the jungles of the Sunderbunds, tigers do not attain the same size, but they are more active, and on this account more dangerous to the inhabitants. In the larger islands, Sumatra and Java especially (we know less of the interior of Borneo,) these animals are highly destructive. They not only intercept the people in journeys through the woods,—and, from the nature of the cli-

mate, the greater part of the surface is either wood or cultivated fields,—they also carry them off not only from their field labor, but when they are busy at the doors of their houses, and even when they are inside. They will sometimes descend or issue from the woods in a troop upon a village, and destroy all the inhabitants; and there are many places of those islands where, from a sort of foolish superstition, the people take no pains to thin their numbers. The general superstition is, that if they make a wanton aggression on the tiger, he will wage a war of extermination against their family but, on the other hand, if the tiger is the aggressor, they conceive themselves entitled, in as far as they are able, to wage a war of extermination against him. There is no doubt some show of equity in this tacit code, but the misfortune is, that only one of the parties can be made to understand and obey it, and thus it induces the people to spare those animals to the destruction of many of their own lives; the more so that, from the nature of the country, there is cover for tigers in the close vicinity of almost every village. The people are not, however, without dexterity in the capture or destruction of tigers, when once they can be induced to undertake that operation. Sumatra and Java are, generally speaking, too tangled with woods for admitting of tiger hunting, even with the assistance of elephants; and therefore the people have recourse to traps, pit-falls, and gins, in the formation of which they display no inconsiderable ingenuity.

Though the tigers of these islands are not so heavy as those which are found in the jungles of Bengal they are exceedingly strong, as well as active. It is reported that they can break the leg of a horse or a buffalo, not by force of the spring but the mere stroke of the paw, while the bite is sufficient to hamstring and cripple an elephant, and they are said to aim at that part of the animal. But the elephant in a wild state, is seldom to be taken unawares in this way; and if it must receive the spring of the tiger on the hinder part (and the





SIR ROBERT GILLESPIE AND THE TIGER.

tiger will not attack an elephant in front unless by surprise,) it crouches and receives him on the upper part, where the skin is so tough, that the tiger can make but little impression upon it, and capable of so much motion, that the elephant shakes him off, and falls upon him, or stamps him to death; nor does it quit the carcass till it has reduced the whole to a soft mass. Other animals, even the heaviest, are carried off to the woods with the greatest ease; and when he is thus enraged, he cares but little for musket-shot, if they do not hit him in a vital part. In his ordinary haunts, and when he is neither hungry or exasperated, the tiger is, like all wild animals, afraid of fire, and in such cases a lantern is sufficient protection for those who have occasion to be in the woods at night; but when hungry or excited, fire does not deter him from making his attacks. Sharp shrill sounds will annoy the tiger a good deal; and in some places where they are abundant, the people contrive to keep them at a distance by blowing a sort of horn, which has an acute and piercing sound. But formidable as the tiger is in these islands, he cannot be considered so absolute a monarch as he is in the jungles of the Sunderbunds. In these last, there is no animal to attack the tiger, save the gaval, and he is only in the water or on its margin; but in the islands, the great python, *ular-sawa* of the Javese, usually called a boa constrictor, though is not a boa, except in manners, which are very much alike in all crushing serpents, occasionally make prizes of the tiger, and even lies in wait for him, and, strongly as he is built, and little as he cares for common wounds, the folds of this powerful serpent very speedily break his bones.

From his greater activity and daring, or rather, perhaps, from his frequenting more fertile places, the tiger carries off human beings much more frequently than the lion; but there does not appear to be much truth in the common saying, that he gives human flesh the preference. Beasts of prey, from the nature of their organs of taste, cannot be very dainty in



INDIAN BUFFALO.

their choice; and the probability is, that of prey, equally within his power, the tiger takes that which is the largest. There is not more truth in the allegation of the older naturalists, that the whiskers of the tiger are poisonous. The breath of the animal is offensive, and both the bite and the tear occasion ugly and festering wounds, but that is the case with the whole genus. As was remarked by the lion, the saliva of the tiger may not be a very wholesome application to a wound; but there is no reason to suppose that any of the genus is furnished with a direct poison, as they are sufficiently armed without it, and nature, though she always does enough, never does too much.

Among the most formidable adversaries of the tiger is the Indian buffalo, which is able to maintain a severe and often a successful contest with him.

A tiger is sometimes dispatched by a single well-directed thrust of a spear. This was done by Sir Robert Gillespie mounted on his Arabian courser. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all sorts of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and com-



THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

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motions of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and with no other weapon than a boar-spear snatched from one of the by-standers, he rode to attack the terrible enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he saw Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring upon him; and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. It was a feat requiring the unity of purpose and movement on the part of horse and rider, almost realising for the moment the fable of the centaur. Had either swerved or wavered for a second, both had been lost. But the brave steed knew his rider. The animal was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince regent.

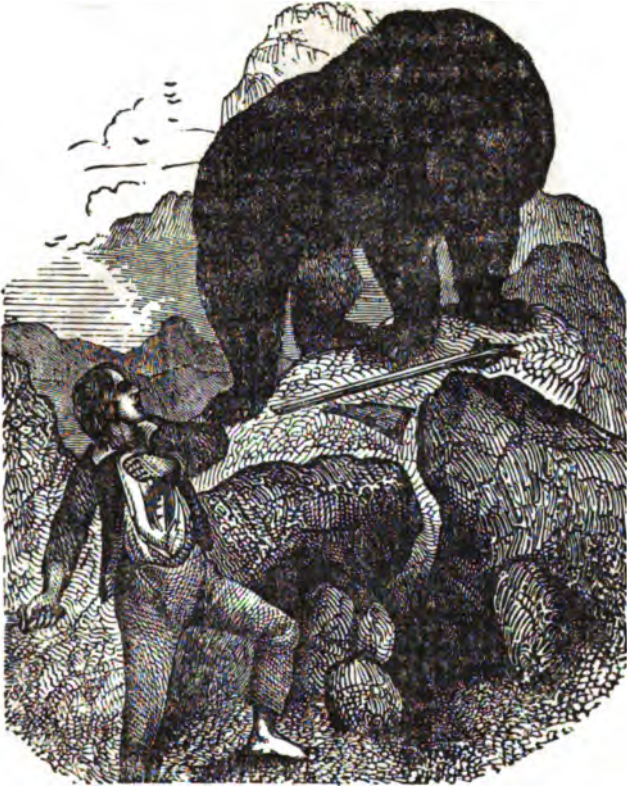




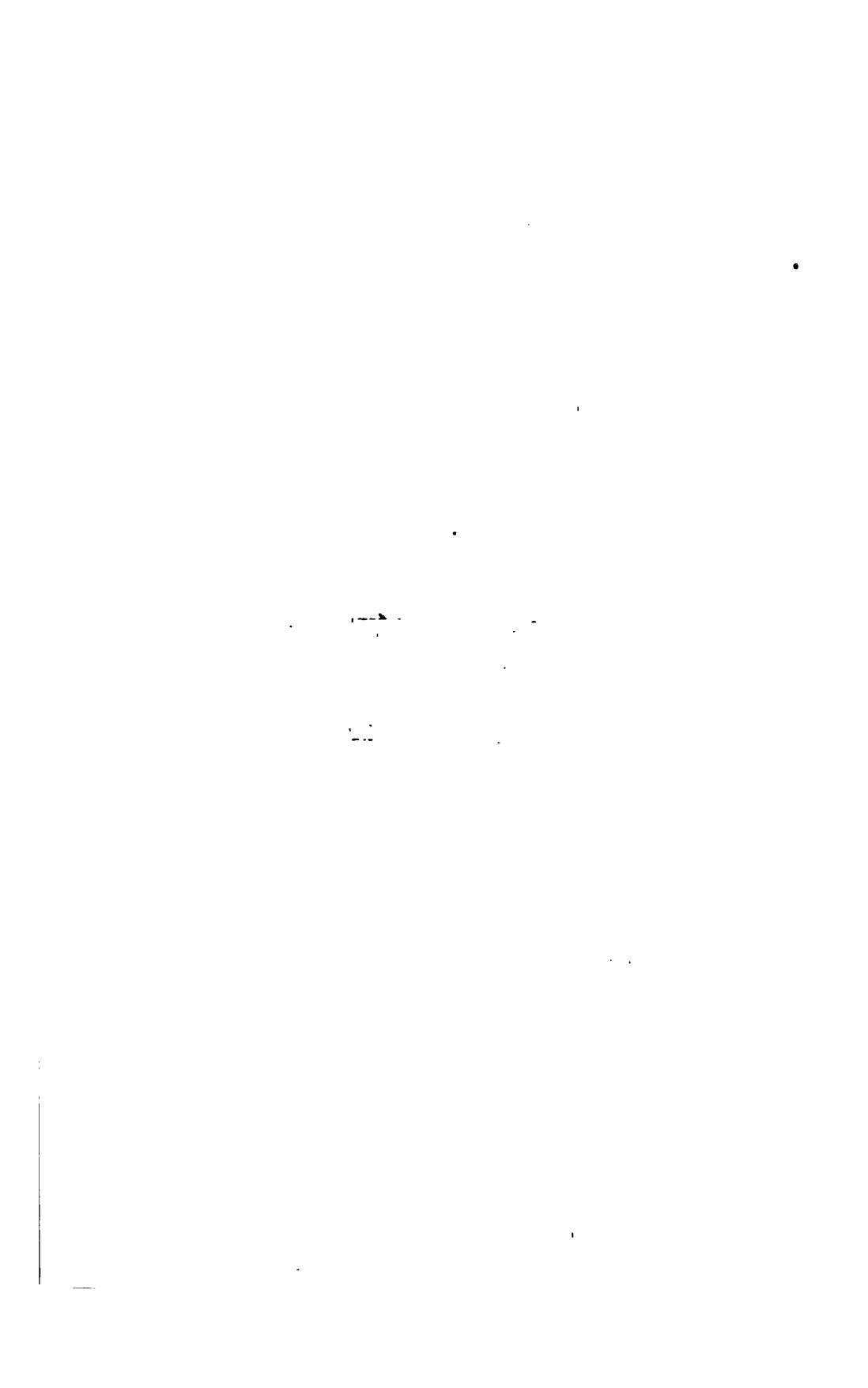
Adventure in the Rocky Mountains.

THE Rocky Mountains of North America are as celebrated for scenes of thrilling adventure as the Alps and the Pyrenees of Europe. They abound with an animal much more formidable than any that roams among the mountains of Italy or Spain. This is the grizzly bear—a ferocious beast, larger, more active, and more courageous than the lion—an animal that will fight to the death, against any odds, and of such tenacity of life, that it has been known to triumph over its human foes even when shot in the vitals. He must have a bold heart, a steady nerve, a quick eye, a strong arm, and a sure rifle who would encounter a grizzly bear.

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WARREN'S FIGHT WITH THE BEAR.



On a June day, a hunter named Martin Warner, was riding up the rugged pass upon the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. The day was very warm, and both hunter and mule were tired and thirsty. Coming to a small spring, which had a very cool, refreshing look, Warner dismounted, blessing his good fortune, leaned his rifle against a rock, removed the pack from his mule, and permitted the poor beast to wander some distance below to drink from the stream formed by the water from the spring, and then crept into a shady place to make a comfortable meal of jerked beef and water. Much refreshed by the repast, and desirous of still further recruiting himself he pulled off his boots and began to wash his feet. While engaged in this cooling performance, his quick ear caught the sound of a low, deep growl, which caused him to spring to his feet and seize his rifle, with the instinctive preparation of a hunter. Amid a clump of bushes, about a hundred yards up the pass, he saw the large, dark head, and glaring eyes of the grizzly lord of the mountain. As quick as lightning the long rifle was brought to the hunter's eye—a flash and a report, and with a tremendous growl, the wounded animal came rushing down the pass. Martin had not time to reload, and to run would have been utterly vain. The hunter clubbed his rifle, and planting his back against a rock awaited the onset. The bear came on confidently. Martin struck him a tremendous blow over the eye, and then as the rifle flew in pieces, dodged away from the blinded animal. It would have been easy now for the hunter to escape upon the back of his mule. But he desired the bear's meat and skin, and was willing to take his chance of life in the struggle for them. He ran a short distance down the pass, followed by the groping bear. Suddenly, the enraged beast paused upon a rock, uncertain which course to pursue, and beginning to droop from loss of blood. Martin drew his long hunting-knife and advanced cautiously towards him. Although blind, the bear was still very formidable,

as the sense of hearing and smell of the grizzly bear are very acute. As Martin approached, the animal made a fierce plunge at him; but he dodged aside and struck it just beneath the shoulder. Still the victory was doubtful; for the bear clutched the hunter round the waist, and squeezed him like an iron vice. Groaning with pain, Martin still had enough presence of mind to make several deep stabs in the side of the bear, and in a few seconds the animal fell back upon the rock, dead.

Martin had fairly earned his prize, although it weighed at least twelve hundred pounds. He was almost exhausted by the conflict. His breast and back were torn by the claws of the bear. In that region, every man must be his own physician and surgeon, and our hunter being accustomed to such wounds, soon had them dressed to his own satisfaction. Then skinning the bear, and cutting off the best portions of the meat, he repacked his mule, and resumed his journey.

Martin was a very successful hunter. But he got tired of a solitary life in the mountains; and, at length, returned to the haunts of civilization, settled down in Kentucky. He did not lose his love of sport, however; for he soon became renowned as a hunter of the opossum and the raccoon. On the frosty autumn nights, Martin would be abroad with guns and dogs, and he had the reputation of never returning without plenty of game. The neighbors thought it was wonderful. But he considered opossum hunting mere play.



SECRET



TRADING FOR FURS WITH THE INDIANS.



The Rangers of the Woods.

IN the following extracts from that delightful work, "Astoria," by Washington Irving, we have a characteristic account of the Canadian rangers of the woods as well as of the fur trade. "It was the fur trade, in fact, which gave early sustenance and vitality to the great Canadian provinces. Being destitute of the precious metals, at that time the leading objects of American enterprize, they were long neglected by the parent country. The French adventurers, however, who had settled on the banks of St Lawrence, soon found that, in the rich peltries of the interior, they had sources of wealth that might almost rival the mines of Mexico and Peru. The Indians, as yet unacquainted with the artificial value given to some descriptions of furs, in civilized life, brought quantities of the most precious kinds and bartered them away for European trinkets and cheap commodities. * * *

“As the valuable furs soon became scarce in the neighborhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to take a wider range in their hunting expeditions; they were generally accompanied on these excursions by some of the traders or their dependants, who shared in the toils and perils of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the best hunting and trapping grounds, and with the remote tribes, whom they encouraged to bring their peltries to the settlements. * * * * *

“A new and anomalous class of men gradually grew out of this trade. These were called *coureurs des bois*, rangers of the wood; originally men who had accompanied the Indians in their hunting expeditions and made themselves acquainted with remote tracts and tribes; and who now became, as it were, pedlars of the wilderness. These men would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the many and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the Indians. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen; adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives.

“Twelve, fifteen, or eighteen months would elapse without any tidings of them, when they would come sweeping their way down the Ottawa in full glee, their canoes laded down with packs of beaver skins. Now came their turn for revelry and extravagance. ‘You would be amazed,’ says an old writer, already quoted, ‘if you saw how lewd these pedlars are when they return; how they feast and game, and how prodigal they are not only in their clothes, but upon their sweethearts. Such of them as are married have the wisdom to retire to their own houses; but the bachelors act just as East India-men and pirates are wont to do; for they lavish, eat, drink,



RANGERS OF THE WOODS SPENDING THEIR EARNINGS.

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all the way, as long as the goods hold out; and when these are gone, they even sell their embroidery, their lace, and their clothes. This done, they are forced upon a new voyage for subsistence.' * * * * *

“To check these abuses, and to protect the fur trade from various irregularities practised by these loose adventurers, an order was issued by the French government, prohibiting all persons, on pain of death, from trading into the interior of the country without a license.

“These licenses were granted in writing by the governor-general, and at first were given only to persons of respectability: to gentlemen of broken fortunes; to old officers of the army who had families to provide for; or to their widows. Each license permitted the fitting out of two large canoes with merchandize for the lakes, and no more than twenty-five licenses were to be issued out in one year. By degrees, however, private licenses were also granted, and the number rapidly increased. Those who did not choose to fit out the expedition themselves, were permitted to sell them to the merchants; these employed the *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, to undertake the long voyages on shares, and thus the abuses of the old system were received and continued. * * * *

“The pious missionaries employed by the Roman catholic church to convert the Indians, did every thing in their power to counteract the profligacy caused by these men in the heart of the wilderness. The catholic chapel might often be seen planted beside the trading house, and its spire surmounted by a cross, towering from the midst of an Indian village, on the banks of a river or lake. * * * *

“At length it was found necessary to establish fortified posts at the confluence of the rivers and lakes for the protection of the trade, and the restraint of these profligates of the wilderness. The most important of these was at Michilimackinac, situated at the strait of the same name, which connects Lakes Huron and Michigan. * * * *

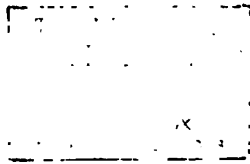
"The French merchant at his trading-post, in these primitive days of Canada, was a kind of commercial patriarch. With the lax habits and easy familiarity of his race, he had a little world of self-indulgence and misrule around him. He had his clerks, canoe-men, and retainers of all kinds, who lived with him on terms of perfect sociability, always calling him by his Christian name; he had his harem of Indian women, and his troop of half-breed children; nor was there ever wanting a troop of louting Indians, hanging about the establishment, eating and drinking at his expense in the intervals of their hunting expeditions.

"The Canadian traders," continues Mr. Irving, "for a long time had troublesome competitors in the British merchants of New York, who inveigled the Indian hunters and *coureurs des bois* to their posts, and traded with them on more favorable terms." The Hudson Bay Company, chartered by Charles II. in 1670, was another formidable rival. In 1762, the French lost possession of Canada, and the trade fell principally into the hands of the British, with whom it does not seem to have thriven. In 1766, however, it was carried on with more than its former energy, by the force of private opposition; the consequences of which, displayed in "scenes of drunkenness, brutality, and brawl in the Indian villages and around the trading-houses," led to the formation of the famous "North-west Company," which Mr. Irving compares, in the extent of its power and the magnificence of its establishments, to that congress in Leadenhall street, which has so long dispensed the treasures of the East Indies. The partners who formed a kind of commercial aristocracy at Montreal and Quebec, held annual gatherings at Fort William, on Lake Superior, for the discharge of business, and these meetings were celebrated with the utmost state, luxury, and display.

It was hardly to be expected that a company, at once so prosperous and ostentatious, should be permitted to gather



A RANGER, WOUNDED.





JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

gold by the handful without opposition. The Mackinaw Company was, therefore, formed by a party of British merchants, for the purpose of extending the fur trade to the southern and western districts of the states. The government, meanwhile, had begun to regard these proceedings with watchful attention, and, so early as the year of 1796, had sent out its own agents to trade on the Indian frontier; this expedient, however, was insufficient to counterbalance the more individually interested activity of private enterprise; and the counterweight to the influence which these foreign establishments were daily acquiring, was to be thrown into the scale by the exertions of one person—John Jacob Astor. This gentleman a German by birth, was one of those to whom confidence and acuteness are a better heritage than houses or land; he began life with the resolution of making an immense fortune, and achieved his purpose. In the year of 1794 or 1795, Mr.

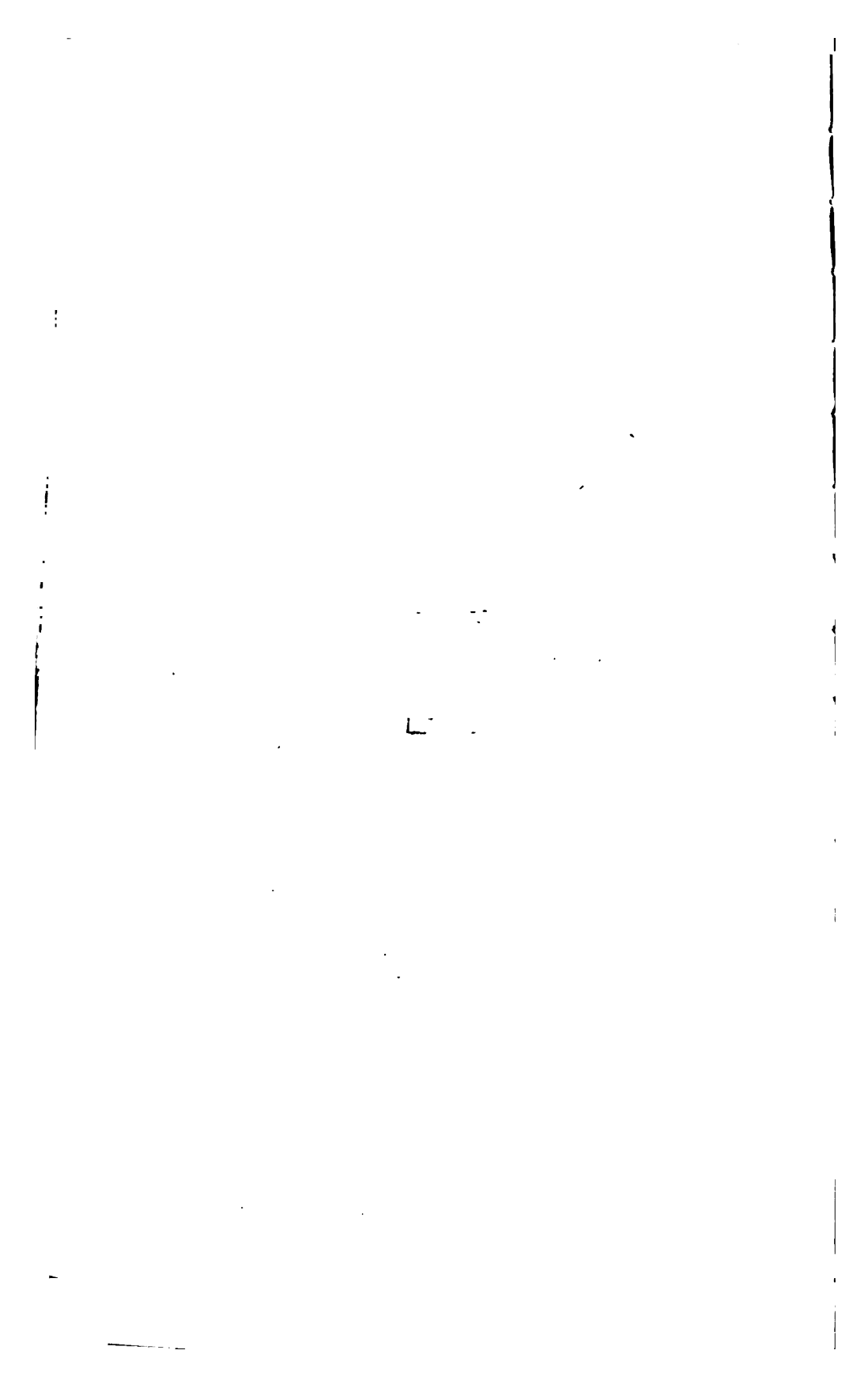
Astor made a contract with the agents of the North-west Company for furs, being enabled, in virtue of the recent treaty with Great Britain, to import them into the United States, and ship them thence to all quarters of the globe.

In the year 1807, Mr. Astor's views had so far widened with his increasing prosperity, that he embarked in the trade on his own account; but finding himself, single-handed, unable to organise a successful opposition to the Mackinaw Company, he obtained, in 1809, a charter from the legislature of New York, for the incorporation of a company under the name of the "American Fur Company;" and, in the year 1810, fairly bought out his rivals of the Mackinaw Company, merging his new-born establishment, and his recent purchase, in a new association—the "South-west Company." The war, which broke out in 1812, suspended the operations of this body, and left Mr. Astor at leisure to turn his busy thoughts to another vast and little-known, district—to follow up the discoveries made by Captain Gray, of the ship *Columbia*, in 1792,—by Mackenzie, in 1793,—and afterwards by Lewis and Clark, in 1804. In short, he resolved to establish a line of trading communication across America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"The main feature of his scheme was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts would be established in the interior, and on all the tributary streams of the Columbia, to trade with the Indians; these posts would draw their supplies from the main establishment, and bring to it the peltries they collected. Coasting craft would be built and fitted out, also, at the mouth of the Columbia, to trade, at favorable seasons, ail along the north-west coast, and return, with the proceeds of their voyages, to this place of deposit. Thus all the Indian trade, both of the interior and of the coast, would flow to this point, and thence derive its sustenance."



ASTORIA.





TRADING WITH THE NATIVES ON THE COAST.

The well-known result of this plan was the sending out of a ship, the *Tonquin*, to establish a post near the mouth of the Columbia river. She sailed on the 8th of September, 1810; arriving at her destination, the adventurers of the expedition on the 5th of April, 1811, founded the little town of Astoria. The ship afterwards sailed to the northward, leaving the settlers at Astoria. Captain Thorn, the commander of the *Tonquin*, arrived at Vancouver's Island, and anchored in the harbor of Neweetee. Here in attempting to negotiate with the natives for the purchase of furs, he provoked their hostility, and the captain with nearly all the crew were massacred. Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, being wounded, took shelter in the cabin, and afterwards blew up the ship, killing a great number of the natives. On the declaration of war, in 1817, Astoria fell into the hands of the British. Among the persons composing the expedition, in the *Tonquin*, were thirteen Canadian voyageurs. These people are thus described by Mr. Irving:

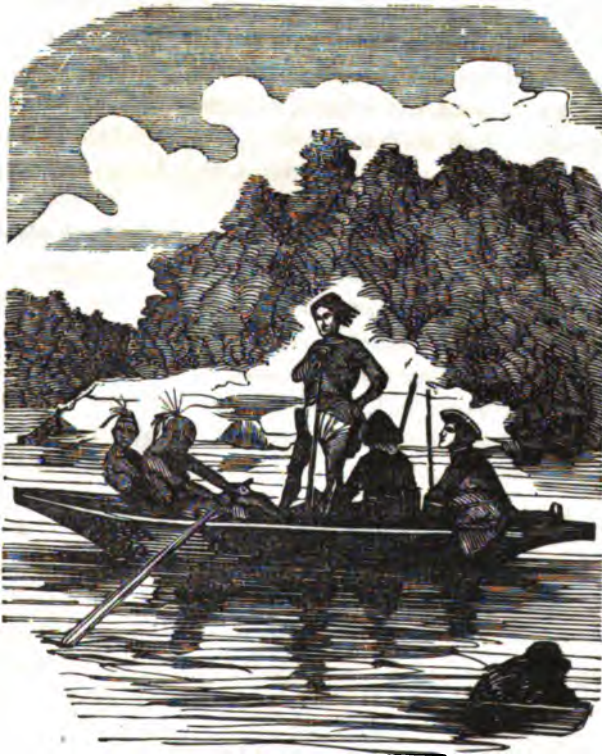
“The ‘voyageurs’ form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the *arrieros*, or carriers of Spain, and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic;

with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, the voyageurs by water; the former by mules and horses, the latter with batteaux and canoes. * . * * *

“The dress of these people is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a capot or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers, or leathern leggings, mocassins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases.

“They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and, instead of that grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of ‘cousin’ and ‘brother,’ when there is in fact no relationship. * * * * *

“No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good-humored under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning unto night without a murmur. The steersmen often sings an old traditionary French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; if at any time they flag in spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth, and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and



VOYAGEURS.

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it has a pleasing effect, in a still golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake, and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers. But we are talking of things that are fast fading away.

“An instance of the buoyant temperament and the professional pride of these people was furnished in the gay and braggart style in which they arrived at New York to join the enterprise. They were determined to regale and astonish the people of the ‘States’ which the sight of a Canadian crew. They accordingly fitted up a large but light bark canoe, such as is used in the fur trade; transported it in a wagon from the banks of St Lawrence to the shores of Lake Champlain; traversed the lake in it, from end to end; hoisted it in a wagon and wheeled it off to Lansingburgh, and there launched it upon the waters of the Hudson. Here they plied their course merrily on a fine summer’s day, making its banks resound for the first time with their old French boat songs; passing by the villages with whoop and halloo, so as to make the honest Dutch farmers mistake them for a crew of savages. In this way they swept, in full song, and with regular flourish of the paddle, round New York, in a still summer evening, to the wonder and admiration of its inhabitants, who had never before witnessed on their waters a nautical apparition of the kind.”

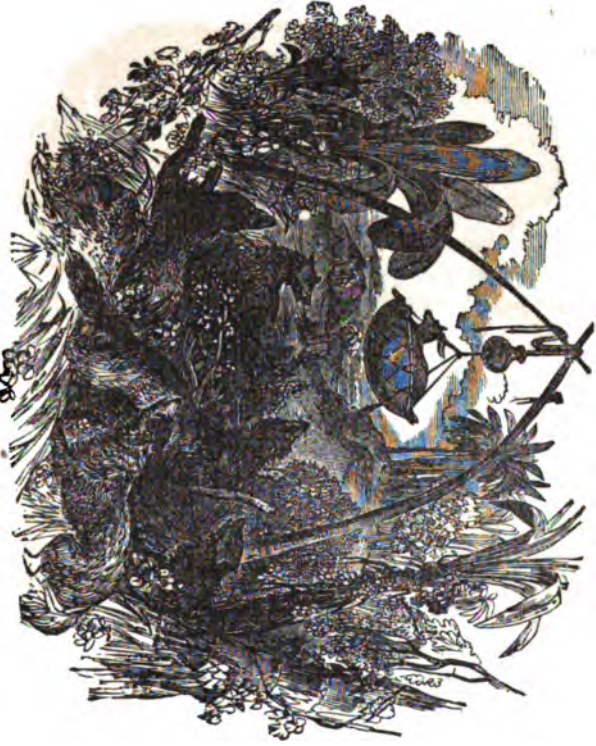


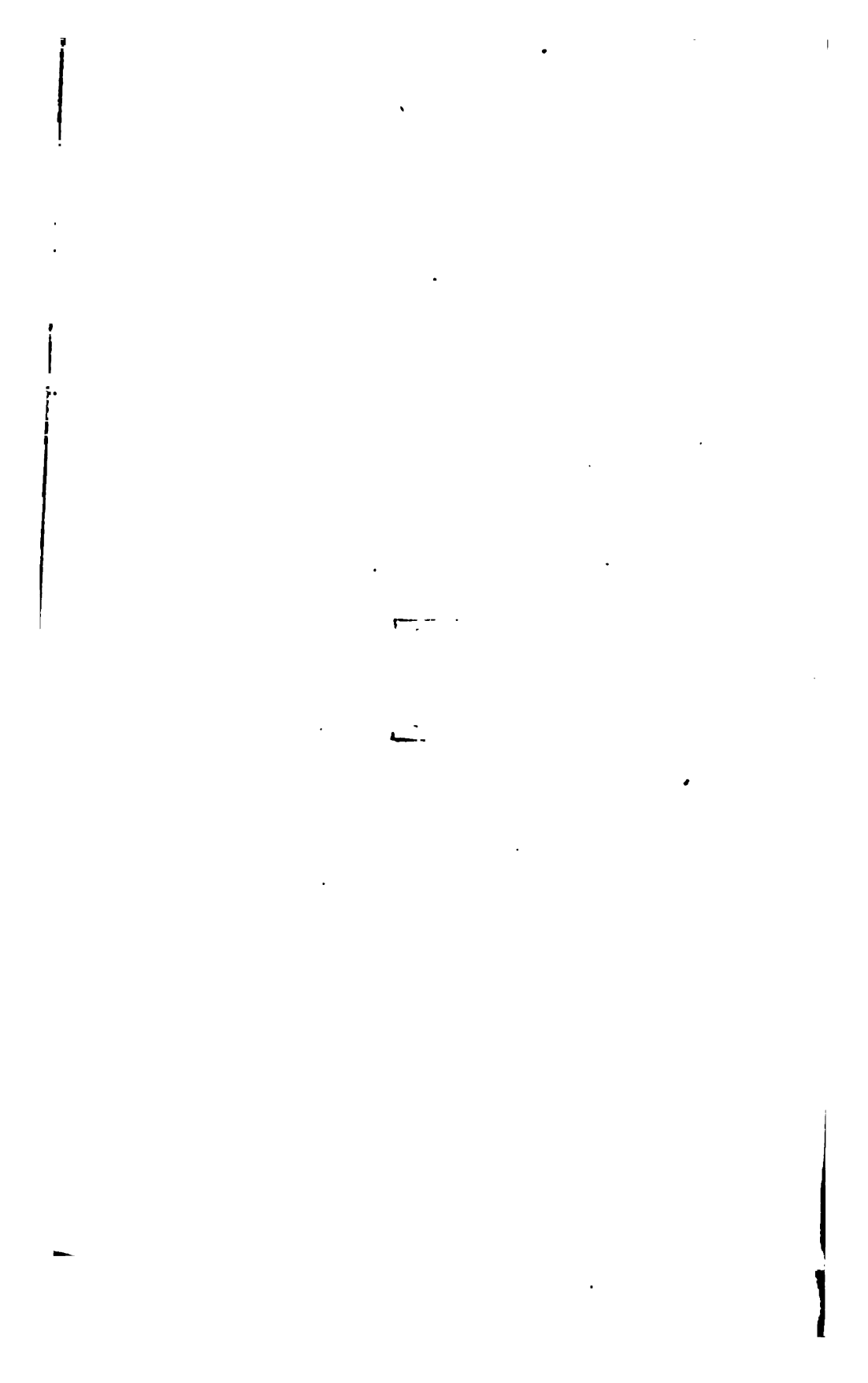
Wolf Catching.

THE wolf is found throughout Europe, Asia, and North America; but it is more especially in mountain and forest districts that it prevails, where the population is scanty, and with a wide country around destitute of human dwellings. So suspicious and cautious is this animal, that it is extremely difficult to take in traps. In the provinces of France that are infested with them, there exist "Wolf Societies," which pay a price on every animal killed, varying in amount, according to its sex and age; but they have not been able to extirpate them.

The wolf stands about two feet and a half high, and has great power in the head, neck, and shoulders; its bite is terrible, cutting out the flesh with a snap.

CATCHING WOLVES.





In the month of January, when hunger is felt most keenly by them, they associate together and hunt in packs: so that travelling in some districts in France (if the weather is severe) becomes dangerous; and in Russia, they will gallop for miles after the drosky of him who ventures at dusk to cross its wide steppes. Lord Byron, in his poem of "Mazeppa," has finely described a pack of them on the track of a fugitive.

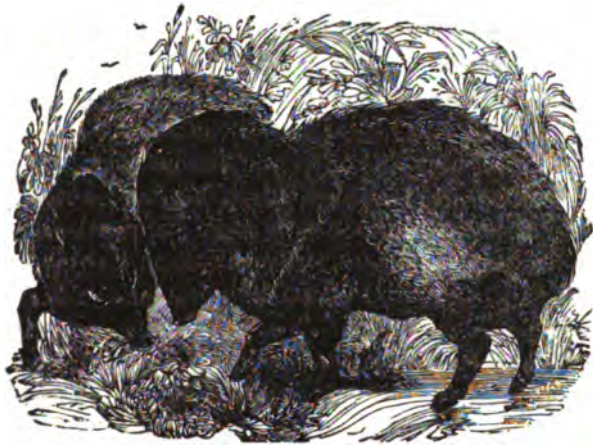
" We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop which can tire
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire;
 Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
 Nor left us with the morning's sun;
 Behind I saw them scarce a rood,
 At day-break winding through the wood,
 And through the night had heard their feet,
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—
 At bay destroying many a foe."

On the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, the wolf is so much like the Esquimaux dogs, that by travellers it is often confounded with it. It is destitute of much of that ferocity which marks the European wolf; and even when grouped in packs, may sometimes be passed by an unarmed man without danger. During the long northern winter of those polar regions, they grow more bold, and will even dare to seize a dog before the face of its master; and have been known to dig up from the feet of the wearied and sleeping hunters, the carcass which for security they had buried there.

The wolf of North America uses great cunning in attacking the deer and other animals that exceed them in speed: a number of them unite and hem in their prey, and sometimes

drive it over a precipice, and descend at leisure to feed on its mangled carcass. Captain Franklin thus describes the expedient they use:—"When the deer are quietly grazing, the wolves assemble in great numbers, and, forming a crescent, creep slowly towards the herd, so as not to alarm them much at first; but when they perceive they have fairly hemmed in the unsuspecting creatures, and cut off their retreat across the plain, they move more quickly, and with hideous yells terrify their prey, and urge them to flight by the only open way, which is towards the precipice, appearing to know that when the herd is once at full speed, it is easily driven over the cliff, the rearmost urging on those that are before. m

The wolves of India are of a light fox-color, inclining to dun, not larger than a greyhound, slenderly made, but bony. The head and ears are long, like those of a jackal, and the tail long, but not very hairy. There is another kind, which is smaller, but not so commonly met with. The natives have a peculiar mode of catching them, very simple, yet very effectual. In some retired place, where it is ascertained they are accustomed to prowl, a pit is dug with great caution, and of considerable depth. The soil is carefully moved away, and over the surface are spread slight twigs, and these again covered with herbage, as to leave no marks of the spot having been disturbed. On either side of the pit a stout bamboo is stuck, and made to join in the centre, which is directly over the opening below. From these poles a small wicker basket is slung, containing a kid or a lamb, plentifully smeared with blood, which is also spilt on the ground beneath. The trap is then complete. Directed by their keen scent, as at night they wander forth, the wolves are guided by the bait, and if the trap be well prepared are almost sure to be found in the pitfall by the peasants in the morning. When in the trap they fall an easy prey to the spear.



Peccaries.

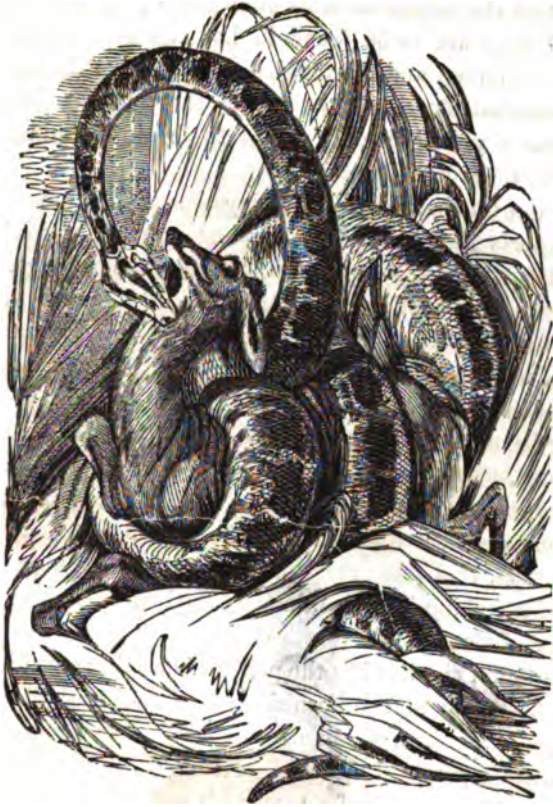
MR. WEBBER, in that delightful book, "Wild Scenes and Wild Hunters of the World," gives a very interesting account of the peccaries, or wild Mexican hogs, whom he represents as really formidable to the hunter. Instead of the fear inspired by the report of fire-arms as in other animals the peccary exhibits rage and ferocity. "Ungovernable rage seems to take the place of this panic—a rage quite as headlong and as blind. Though scarcely more than eighteen inches high by two and a half feet in length, it is yet really one of the most formidable animals belonging to our hemisphere. It is gregarious, and goes in droves from ten to fifty. Its jaws are armed after the manner of the wild boar, with tushes; but they are of a very different shape, and, if possible,

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more to be dreaded. They stand straight in the jaws, instead of curving upwards, and have the form as well as keenness of the lancet-blade. Their motions are as quick as lightning, and with shoulders, head, and neck possessing extraordinary muscular power, they manage to slash and gash in the most horrible manner with these villanous little weapons, which are only about an inch and a half in length. As they do not hesitate to attack any thing or any body, big or little, provocation or no provocation, that may chance to cross their paths, men and animals very soon learn that their only safety is in flight. As they rush upon the object in a body, and fight until the last of their number is slain, it is fruitless to stop and battle with them, as they would cut either a man or the largest animal, so badly, before they could all be dispatched, that the victory would prove a dear one indeed.

“There is no animal that will stop to fight them, and men, dogs, and horses run from them in the most ridiculous consternation—indeed, they are the very terror of hunters.”





The Boa Constrictor

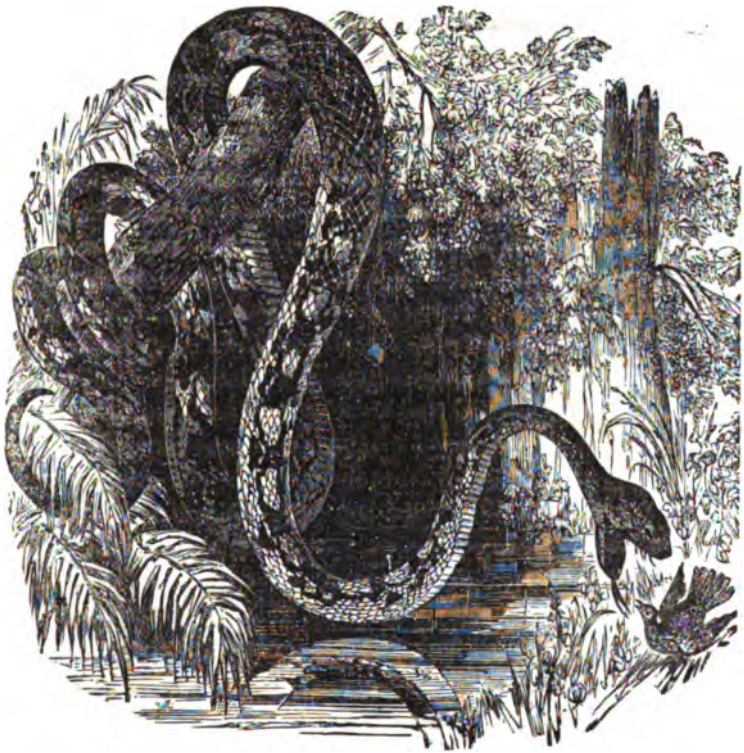
In the interior of the vast continents of Asia, Africa, and America, are found those huge snakes called boas. They are confined to the hotter regions of the globe, and are formidable from their large size and enormous strength. Though not possessed of poisonous teeth or fangs, as is the case with many of the serpent tribe, they have the power of coiling

round and compressing the bodies of their victims with such force, that the largest animals often fall a prey to them. In general they are to be found in hot morasses, swamps, the borders of rivers, and the tangled underwood of dark forests; sometimes half floating in the stream, they lurk for their prey, which, as it unsuspectingly stoops to drink, is suddenly enfolded in their crushing coils.

The largest that have of late days been killed have not exceeded forty feet in length; but instances are recorded of much larger ones having been destroyed, even as long as sixty two feet. Pliny tells us, that the army of Regulus, when at war with Carthage, killed one near the river Bagrada, in Africa, whose length was one hundred and twenty feet.

Some of the early Dutch colonists give accounts of snakes having been killed by them in the East Indies of enormous size: one, when opened, was found to contain the body of a full grown deer, with its skin and limbs entire; in another, when examined, was found a wild he-goat with its horns. The writer says, that these monsters were sometimes kept for the sake of attacking buffaloes, in the kingdom of Aracan, on the frontier of Bengal.

The tail of the boa has the power of clasping anything with great firmness; and is furnished with two hook-like claws, sheathed with horn, which are supported upon bones, and put in action by powerful muscles. Hence it can easily suspend itself from the branch of a tree, as it waits for its victim, or partially fold itself round any trunk it may be near, and thus gain additional power to resist the convulsions of its unfortunate prey. Mr. McLeod narrates an instance that came under his notice which may serve to illustrate this. "A negro herdsman belonging to the governor of Fort William had been seized by one of these monsters by the thigh; but from his situation, in a wood, the serpent in attempting to throw himself round him, got entangled with a tree; and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression, which would in-



THE BOA CONSTRICTOR ATTACKING A BIRD. .

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stantly have rendered him powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife, which he carried about with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterwards recovered the use of that limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of his jaws." Some of the smaller species are brought over to this country. The change of climate soon throws them into a state bordering on stupefaction; but even then they are not to be trifled with. A Mr. Cops, keeper of the lion-office, was holding a fowl to one of the kind, called the Tiger Python, when the reptile made a spring, but missing the fowl seized him by the thumb of the left hand, and coiled round his arm and neck in a moment. Mr. Cops was alone, but made strenuous efforts to free himself from the attack of the snake. He attempted to seize the brute by the head; not succeeding in this, he threw himself on the floor, that he might have a better chance of grappling with the reptile. Fortunately two other keepers came in, and succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and freeing him from his dangerous situation. The two broken teeth were extricated from his thumb, and no serious evil ensued:

Coiled up in watchful expectation of some victim, or hanging amongst the branches of a tree, in some dark ravine, waiting for the approach of its prey, this frightful monster hesitates not to attack the unwary traveller, and darting upon him with unerring certainty, speedily crushes him in its fearful folds. A shriek, a convulsive struggle—a few frantic cries—growing more and more faint—all is over, and the strong man is but a lifeless mass, to be gorged at the leisure of his destroyer.

Travellers in districts where these reptiles are found may well be thankful that they are not numerous. As civilization advances, and the dark forests are cut down by the increasing population, and the sedgy banks of the rivers are cleared



BOA WATCHING A DEER.

of their reeds and jungle, they will become still less numerous, and in all probability never live to attain the enormous size which some of them in former days acquired. The specimens which are seen in the travelling menageries that journey round the country give but a faint and imperfect idea of what these serpents are in the land where they are found. The graphic description, which Virgil gives of Laocoon's death, is worth quoting.

“(Fearful to behold) from sea we spied

Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show ;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below ;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain, they held.
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled ;
Their nimble tongues they brandished as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputtered flame
We fled amazed ; their destined way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make :
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade ;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.





Adventure in the Pyrenees.

ON a gloomy day in November, when the rugged Pyrenees loomed up with more than their usual sternness, a small party of travellers were proceeding down the Spanish slope. The party consisted of three persons—a lady, beautifully attired in the Spanish female costume, a servant rather shabbily dressed, and a muleteer. The lady and her servant rode upon the same mule. The muleteer rode ahead upon a strong mule, that bore what seemed to be the lady's baggage. The lady occasionally conversed with her servant, while the guide rode on with a careless air, sometimes calling to the mules, and sometimes thrumming upon the Spaniard's favorite companion, the guitar.

The party had been journeying since the dawn of day, and now, when the afternoon was far advanced, they were de-



AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.



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ascending the Pyrenees, with the expectation of reaching the nearest Spanish village by dark. The path was extremely dangerous. In some places, it was just wide enough to allow the mules to move along without joggling their sides against the sharp rocks. In others it slanted off to the edge of awful precipices, down which no one could fall and live. The mules were generally left to take their own course. They knew the path much better than even the muleteer, and the guidance of the rein could only have embarrassed them.

Donna Costanza, the lady of whom we have spoken, seemed to be fearful of accident. She scarcely dared to gaze at the cliffs that projected above her head in many places, and when the mule passed along the brink of a precipice, she shrank back, and a half-suppressed shriek escaped her lips. At such times, Narciso, her servant, would show his care for the safety of his mistress by placing his muscular arm around the saddle-seat and holding firmly to her hand. One could not have fallen without dragging all down the precipice.

To add to the fright of the lady, the reckless muleteer would occasionally mention that bears were numerous among the mountains, and that travellers had frequently severe conflicts with them. As a comforter, he was certainly a devoted disciple of the scriptural Job. Imagination, of course, magnified the causes of the dread which made Donna Costanza tremble. The stumps of a pine assumed the formidable shape of a bear; and a speck of black in the clouds became a rapidly rising storm. However, the fears of the Donna were destined to have an unprophetic termination, for the party arrived at a Spanish inn, near the foot of the mountains, and by the side of a rapid stream, without any accident more important than the snapping of a guitar string, which the muleteer consigned mentally to another, and a worse world.

The Donna immediately retired to the best chamber in the inn, while Narciso secured the baggage, and ordered supper,

and the muleteer quarrelled with the landlord about the scanty fodder given to his mules. Supper was provided for the servant and the muleteer in the public room of the inn. It was a scanty meal, but as they were accustomed to Spanish public-houses, they had not expected more. After the meal had been dispatched and the table cleared, Narciso obtained a bottle of rather ordinary wine, and as the bleak winds howled around the inn, invited the landlord, the muleteer, and a stranger—a large, powerful and grave looking fellow, who had hitherto kept apart—to take a social glass. There was no hesitation. All were companions of the hour, and they rightly judged that they ought to pass it as pleasantly as possible.

Of course, the landlord inquired as to the destination of the travellers; and the information was readily communicated. Donna Costanza had been upon a visit to a French lady—an old friend—and was returning to her father's mansion, fifty miles from the foot of the Pyrenees. The stranger was named Vasquez de Cando, and he intended crossing the mountains and visiting Paris. He resided some miles from the inn, had been accustomed to the mountains from his boyhood; and having heard so much of the French capital, he had scraped together sufficient money to pay the expenses of a journey thither. The bottle of wine was soon a bottle without a drop; and the mountaineer, wishing to display his desire for a continuance of the social chat, called for another. He then became the head of the board, and decidedly the most fluent talker of the party. At length the conversation turned upon adventures among the Pyrenees, and here he was "in the vein." One adventure, which nearly proved fatal to him, he narrated as follows:

"One night, about two or three winters ago, I was sitting with a jovial party of mountaineers in this very inn. We had been very successful in hunting bears upon the mountains, and their flesh afforded us several rare feasts, while their

skins paid for the wine we drank. In the midst of our carousal, it was announced that two travellers, who had been belated in crossing the mountains, had arrived. They reported that besides contending with the snow and ice, to be expected upon the path, they had encountered a huge bear, and had only escaped by running with almost incredible swiftness, and sacrificing one of their mules. We listened eagerly to their story, and were particular to note the exact spot where they had been attacked. Our party agreed to go in pursuit of the beast next morning. The travellers soon retired to rest and we continued our carousal. I drank rather less than my companions; and I was clear-headed enough to perceive that they would, nearly all, go to sleep drunk, and get up late. I thought that I should like to take that bear home to my family as a palpable proof of my success in hunting. I determined to anticipate the rest of my companions, excepting a cousin of mine, named Nino de Cando, who I concluded would prove an efficient aid in the hunt. As the party grew drowsy, I contrived to draw Nino aside, to rouse him to perfect consciousness, and explain to him my object and plan. He immediately agreed to go with me.

“We waited till our companions had fallen asleep upon the benches; then cleaned and primed our carbines, and prepared ourselves for a speedy departure. At the first peep of day, we left the inn, noiselessly, and hurried up the mountain by the ordinary path. But although we advanced rapidly, we kept our eyes keen for the track of the bear. It was a bitter cold morning; and we could only keep ourselves comfortably warm, by rapid motion. Before the sun showed his face above the eastern plain, we were far up among the snow and ice of the mountains. We neither saw or heard any indications that our companions of the previous night were in our vicinity.

“At length in the neighborhood of some stunted pines, I had the satisfaction of catching a glimpse of a bear's foot-mark on the gleaming snow. Nino saw it nearly at the same time, and

we both proceeded to trace the track with great eagerness, yet with caution. My cousin was not an experienced hunter, but he was a good shot, and had a reputation for courage. I did not doubt that he would prove an efficient aid in case of a contest.

“We had not long to follow the foot-marks. They led up the mountain over some jagged and frightful masses of ice. Suddenly, as we came to a clump of pines, by the side of several peaks of snow, we were in full view of a full-grown black bear, one of the largest and fiercest-looking I had ever seen. He was standing on his hind legs, and snapping at the limb of a pine, near the edge of a precipice, which seemed to be about fifty feet, nearly perpendicularly down. I fired, taking a quick aim, and was surprised to see the bear making rapidly towards me. There were two of us, and to run would have been cowardly. I clubbed my carbine, and as the bear came near me, aimed a tremendous blow at his head; but he dodged, the carbine was twisted out of my hands, and before I could grasp my knife, the ferocious animal caught me by the shoulders. Meanwhile Nino, upon whom I now relied, was seized with a panic, unaccountable to me. He stood aghast. He clasped his knife in one hand, but let his carbine drop. I called out to him, to fire or stab, and save my life; but he made no movement to comply. I then struggled to get my knife from its sheath. The bear growled fiercely and sank its sharp claws deeper into my flesh. We fell and rolled over and over until we came near the edge of the precipice. I shrieked to my cousin for aid. He turned and fled down the mountain! I now considered that my end was near, and ceasing to shout, I strove to get loose from the bear or clasp my knife. We were on the very edge of the precipice. The cold drops came on my brow. Thank God! I clasped the knife free of its sheath, and drove it into the shoulder of my foe. He growled more horribly, but clasped me convulsively, and—we fell! I know not how long I remained unconscious. When

I regained my senses, my companions of the previous night, were bending anxiously over me ; I lay by the side of the bear, and my knife was buried to the hilt in its breast ; it was dead, and I was saved, though bruised and torn severely. I looked around for Nino—I wanted to curse the coward. He was not of the party ; and when I inquired for him they said they had not seen him since the night before. When I told them how he had acted, they threatened to punish him for his cowardice.

“The bear was mine, of course. But I gave my companions some of its flesh for conveying myself and it back to the inn. For some months afterwards, Nino dared not show his face. When he did make his appearance, he kneeled at my feet and begged my forgiveness, saying that his panic was altogether unaccountable to himself, and that he would do anything I might command to test his courage and affection. He seemed sincere, and I forgave him. From inquiries made after my bear adventure, I was induced to believe that bolder men than Nino had occasionally been seized with a panic. We cannot account for the freaks of poor human nature.”

The story of Vasquez de Cando was listened to with much interest. Narciso thought it worth another bottle. After this had been drained, and the conversation had become somewhat confused, the party retired for the night. Early the next morning Donna Costanza and Narciso resumed their journey.





Hunting the Crocodile.

HERE is an instance of the advantage which the reason of man gives him over a fierce and powerful animal, much larger than himself, even though that man be an uneducated savage. Look at the crocodile, in this picture, and tell us whether you would like to go up to him, all armed as he is, in his coat of mail, with his immense mouth set thickly with sharp teeth, and his fiery eyes glancing furiously at you! Yet the negro,
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on the coast of Africa, takes a long knife in his right hand, and wraps a thick cloth round his left, and goes into the reedy swamps on the borders of the rivers, in search of this terrible animal. The crocodile rushes at him with open mouth, but he thrusts his covered arm between its jaws in a moment. The teeth cannot pierce through the thick folds of the cloth, so that his arm only gets squeezed a little, and before the creature can disengage itself, the man quickly cuts its throat with his sharp knife.

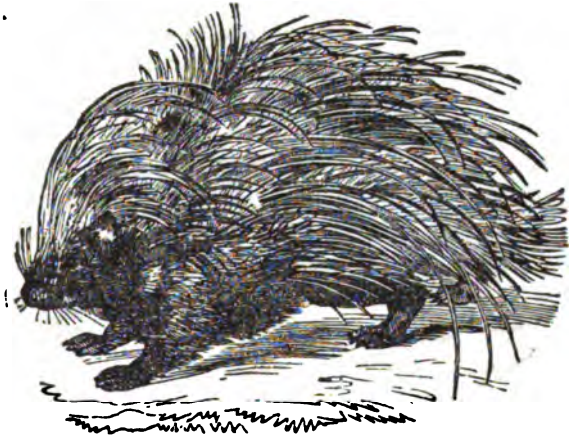
Mr. Waterton tells an amusing story of his riding an alligator, which is another species of the crocodile. He caught one, ten feet and a half long, with a strong rope and a hook. His people proceeded to drag it on shore, while he waited near the water's edge, with a pole in his hand ready to push it down the creature's throat, in order to kill it. As soon as it came to land, however, Mr. Waterton perceived that the crocodile was frightened, and taking advantage of its terror, he dropped his pole, and instantly leaped upon its back, bestriding it as if it had been a horse. He then seized its fore legs, and by main force twisted them over its back, which served as a bridle. The crocodile did not like this, and plunged about furiously, lashing the sand with his powerful tail; but the people were highly delighted with the sight, and dragged the animal and his rider forty yards high on the sand. Its jaws were then tied up, and its fore feet secured in the position in which they had been placed; and it was at last killed, and taken to England.

There are some terrible accounts of the ferocity of alligators; the following, mentioned by Mrs. Trollope, is very shocking:—"It is said, that some points of this dismal river, (the Mississippi,) crocodiles are so abundant, as to add to the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. We were told a story of a squatter, who having 'located' himself close to the river's edge, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed; for social feeling

and the love of whiskey, bring all the scanty neighborhood round a new comer, to aid him in cutting down trees, and in rolling up the logs, till the mansion is complete. This was done: the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home, and slept soundly after a long march. Towards daybreak, the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry, and looking up, beheld the relics of three of his children scattered over the floor, and an enormous crocodile, with several young ones round her, occupied in devouring remnants of their horrid meal. He looked for a weapon, but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed, and contrived to crawl from thence through a window, hoping that his wife, whom he left sleeping, might with the remaining children, rest undiscovered till his return. He flew to his nearest neighbor, and besought his aid: in less than a half an hour, two men returned with him, all three well armed; but, alas! they were too late; the wife and her two babes lay mangled on their bloody bed. The gorged reptiles fell an easy prey to their assailants; who, upon examining the place, found that the hut had been constructed close to the mouth of a large hole almost a cavern, where the monster had hatched her hateful brood."

It will be observed that in this account Mrs. Trollope confounds the alligator with the crocodile.

What is most remarkable in the crocodile is, that it is covered with hard and thick shelly plates, not very regular in their shape, but fitted to each other. On the under parts of the body these are much softer, so as to be easily pierced with a knife, but on the back and sides they are so hard, that it is said a ball from a good gun will not penetrate them. This shelly covering gives a stiffness to the animal, which prevents its turning very easily, so that the best way to escape, if pursued by one is to make as many turns as possible.



Hunting the Porcupine.

THE porcupine is a native of Africa, and is also found in the south of Europe and the United States. The quills are prettily marked with black and white alternately, and are frequently used as holders for steel pens. It was formerly believed that this animal had the power of shooting its quills at its enemies, from a distance, but like many other things reported of animals, this is quite untrue. Those which are placed upon the body, are usually about a foot long, sharp at the point, and thickest in the middle; they commonly lie nearly flat; but if the porcupine be alarmed or irritated, it will raise the spines suddenly, so as cause them to stand stiffly up from the skin, and point in all directions. On the head and neck, there is a crest of very stiff bristles, which arch



THE PORCUPINE.

backward. The quills on the tail do not run to a point, but are open at the end, and appear as if they had been cut off. These are not very firmly fixed in the skin, and when the creature shakes himself, they make a loud rattling noise.

There is a species of porcupine found in Canada, and other parts of North America, which climbs trees; its quills are much shorter than those of the African kind. The Indian women use the quills, when split and stained of various bright colors, to embroider the tobacco-pouches, and the moccasins, or deer skin slippers, of their husbands; and this quill work is often done with great skill and ingenuity, and has a very pretty effect.

The porcupines are all very harmless animals; rather dull, stupid perhaps; still, if they do no good, they do no harm. They sleep all day, in some hole dug in a bank, and come out at night, to search for roots for food. Their sole defence from

ferce wild beasts, consists, in their prickly covering; but this is quite sufficient, for it is said, that when a porcupine has bristled up his spines, even the lion does not dare to attack it. Bingly states in his pleasing and instructive "Animal Biography," that "the late Sir Ashton Lever had a porcupine which he frequently turned out on the grass behind his house, to play with a tame leopard, and a large Newfoundland dog. As soon as they were let loose, the leopard and dog began to pursue the porcupine, which always at first endeavored to escape by flight; but on finding this ineffectual, he would thrust his head into a corner, making a snorting noise, and raising his spines. With these, his pursuers pricked their noses till they quarrelled between themselves, and thus gave him an opportunity to escape."

Hunting the porcupine with dogs is a ticklish affair as an attempt to bite the animal fills the dog's mouth with the quills. Mr. Cumming frequently shot porcupines in his South African expeditions and he says that the flesh when roasted is very palatable.



BRAZILIAN PORCUPINE.



Tiger Hunting in India.

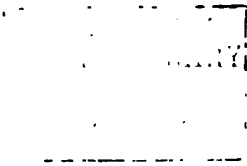
BEAUTIFUL in appearance, the tiger is most ferocious in disposition; and in Upper India, to the jungles of which district it is principally confined, it is regarded with terror and hatred. The death of a tiger is the death of a general foe. It carries off not only their cattle, but, lurking in the long grass through which paths are cut to the villages, it pounces upon the people themselves, and carries them away as a cat would carry off a mouse. When brought to bay by the huntsman, it fights with the most savage fury, and not unfrequently leaves fatal proofs of its strength and ferocity. Shakespeare frequently makes use of the tiger, as typical of courage and wild resolution.

“ But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage :

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TIGER HUNTING.



Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,—
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height."

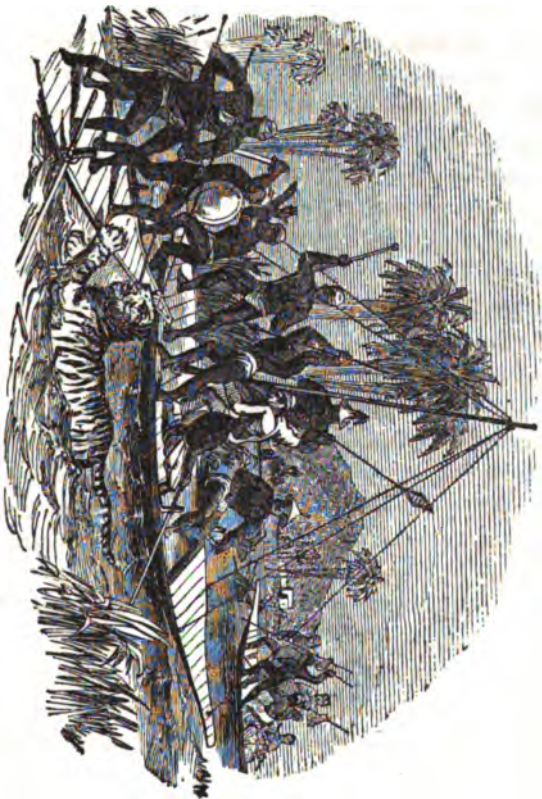
The average size of the tiger is from about three to four feet in height, and in length it varies from six to nine feet. It generally lies in wait for its victim, and springs upon it with a fearful leap; if this should be unsuccessful it sometimes slinks off, but more generally pursues the affrighted prey with a speed that is almost in incredible. The Indian buffalo is not only borne down, but also carried off by this tremendous beast. Various devices are resorted to, to destroy this formidable foe. One or two that we did not previously mention may be just named. A spring-bow, which discharges a poisonous arrow, is sometimes laid in its way, the tiger letting fly the arrow by touching a cord which is stretched across its path. Though the wound received is sometimes but slight, yet the deadly poison in which the arrow is dipped almost always insures its proving fatal. A similar plan is to suspend a heavy beam over the way it traverses, connected with a cord which lies directly in its path. Upon touching the cord down comes the beam, and the animal is crushed beneath its ponderous weight. Sometimes single individuals have gone out to seek the tiger in his lair; and, aided by the deadly rifle-gun, have come off victors. Some time ago, an officer of one of the company's regiments, who had become famous for his encounters with this royal beast, was applied to by the natives of a village in Upper India, to rid them of a large tiger that had for a long time infested the neighborhood. To this he consented, and, attended by a single Hindoo servant, watched for several nights on the banks of a small stream where the tiger was said to prowl. But it

was all in vain ; though in the morning time they could see the animal's foot prints above and below their station, yet they could never catch sight of the beast himself, and the gentleman was about to give it up as a bad job, when one day a native came hastening to his abode, to tell him that the tiger was abroad.

The animal had killed a small cow near the jungle, and had left the carcass untouched, a sure sign that he meant to visit it again. The officer ordered the cow to be drawn a little nearer to a part of the jungle that seemed as if it would afford some sort of screen. As evening drew on he took up his station in the jungle, close to the tail of the cow ; and arranged his servant, and a Hindoo, who persisted in being present, so that they could see all round, and were in no danger of being attacked behind unawares. The night set in very dark : to see at any distance was impossible. They watched and listened till midnight came, and no tiger. At length a rustling was heard amongst the jungle, as if some heavy beast was forcing his way through the underwood.

They all held their breath to listen with still more anxiety ; but the noise had ceased, and the officer began to think that the tiger had turned aside ; when he looked up, and at the head of the cow, within a yard and a half of himself, he perceived the dusky form of the huge beast ; his paws upon the carcass of the cow. More through desperation than deliberate courage the rifle was raised and fired. With an awful roar, the tiger rushed forward, but luckily missed the spot where they lay in ambush. Meanwhile, terrified out of their senses, the Hindoo and servant clung to him so closely, that it was impossible to prepare for another shot. A minute or more passed away, and they heard the beast fall to the earth, and groan heavily. They felt relieved, and listened with pleasure as each groan grew fainter and fainter, and indicated that the animal was expiring. After a time, one of the attendants mustered up courage enough to go and rouse the village. The

ATTACKING THE TIGER IN BOATS.





people soon came with their torches, and after a little search the monster was found lying stretched out, dead on the ground. At the sight of him the natives set up a shout of joy, and hailed the officer as a real benefactor. Such is the account of shooting a tiger, which we remember to have met with somewhere or other. Generally, however a company of hunters join, and even then often find their foe quite a match for them. Our engraving represents the tiger attacking a party of Hindoos in their boats. The river has flooded over the low marshy ground adjoining, and compelled the wild animals that lurked there to swim for their lives. The natives, taking advantage of this event, have embarked in their boats to spear the surprised antelopes, as they are struggling in the water. When, from yonder clump of palm trees, a low growl tells them that other beasts besides deer have been caught in the flood. Now commences the dangerous fray. The tiger seeing that he is discovered, boldly strikes out in the stream; he is soon overtaken, and a spear driven deep in his side. With a roar of furious rage he turns to attack his foes; seizing their boat with his paw he bids fair to upset it, and plunge its crew in the water. But another boat has reached them and another spear is piercing him. As he turns upon his new foes he is again attacked behind; till at last exhausted by swimming, fighting, and struggling, he is slain by his enemies.

Fierce and relentless, blood-thirsty and ferocious, the tiger is but too fit an emblem of men whose lives present only the records of cruelty and oppression, whose steps are marked by blood, and whose actions are stamped with savage remorselessness—men who might justly apply to themselves the lines of the poet:—

“———— my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.”

But fierce as the tiger is, a few cases are known in which they have been tamed and have exhibited all possible signs

of affection; however, they are not to be trusted, for the natural ferocity of their disposition often breaks out most inopportunely and fatally. Sometimes they are effectually cowed by the wild tempests that occasionally sweep over the continent of India. A curious anecdote illustrating this is to be found in one of the early numbers of the "Penny Magazine." During the dreadful storm and inundation in Bengal, in May, 1838, the estates of Mr. Campbell, situated on the island of Sauger, at the entrance of the river Hoogly suffered so greatly, that out of three thousand people living on his grounds only six or seven hundred escaped, and these principally by clinging to the roof and ceiling of his house. When the house was in this close, crammed state, with scarcely room within it for another individual, what should come squeezing and pushing its way into the interior of the room but an immense tiger, with its tail hanging down, and exhibiting every other symptom of excessive fear. Having reached the room in which Mr. Campbell was sitting, he nestled himself into one of the corners, and lay down like a large Newfoundland dog. Mr. Campbell loaded his gun in a very quiet manner, and shot him dead on the spot.

Let us take one more glance at the mode of hunting usually pursued, namely, that in which elephants are used. Equipped in the usual manner, a party set off in search of the tiger; in passing through the forest they started wild hogs, hog-deer, and antelopes in abundance, but at none of these would they fire; the whole of their charges was reserved for a different foe. They passed through a thick wood, and the skill with which the elephant made a way through it was marvellous—breaking some branches, bending others, uprooting small trees and avoiding large ones, they seemed endowed with as much reason as man himself. At length the forest is cleared, and they enter an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting under a bush, when just

as the former began to move before them, up jumped the very tiger they were seeking, and cantered off across a bare plain dotted with small patches of bush jungle. Only one bullet was fired at him, and he cleared the thick grass unhurt, they pursuing him at full speed. Twice he threw them out by stopping short in small strips of jungles, and then running back when they had passed; he gave them a very fast trot for about two miles. He was at last struck with a bullet, and crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes. The two first sportsmen passed by him, the third one saw him rising to charge. The driver of this gentleman's elephant had dropped his goad, which he had not been permitted to recover, as the elephant had become irritated and unmanageable; he appeared to see the tiger as quickly as the hunter, who had only time to fire once, when the elephant rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that one of servants was thrown out, and a gun went overboard.

The struggles of the elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so violent, that the hunter had to hold on with all his power to keep himself in the houdah. The second barrel of the gun went off in the scuffle, the ball passing very near to the driver's head. At length the elephant left him mangled and crushed, but not quite dead, and some of the hunters firing into him, killed him. It was a most beautifully marked tiger.

So bold and daring does this animal become under the influence of hunger, that it has been known to carry away an individual from the midst of a party who had sat down to refresh themselves near a jungle.



PYTHON ATTACKING A DEER.

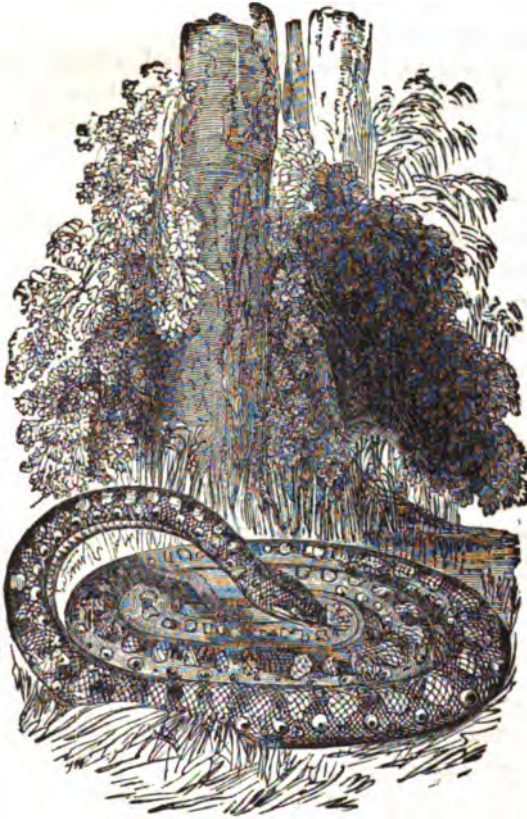
Adventure with a Python.

THERE is a species of snake called the python, which closely resembles the true boa, but is larger and more terrible. Pythons are found in India, Africa, and Australia. Wild hogs, antelopes, and even men fall victims to these monsters. They are not poisonous, but strangle and crush their large victims by powerful compression. The ular sawa, or great python of the Sunda Isles is said to exceed, when full grown, thirty feet in length. But the pythons of India have excited the most dread, by their awful depredations.

PYTHON ATTACKING A LASSAR.



1900



BOA REPOSING.

Some years ago, an Indian ship was passing near the Sunderbunds, and the captain sent a boat into one of the creeks to get some fresh fruit. The inhabitants of this inhospitable region are few and miserable. They have but little communication with the rest of the world, and that only occurs, when passing vessels send to purchase some of their fruits, which they are chiefly engaged in cultivating. Having reached the shore, the crew, six in number, moored the boat under a bank. A

lascar was left to take care of it, while the rest of the party went after the fruit.

The day was very hot. Not a breath stirred the trees, whose branches overhung the water. The birds had sought the cool groves farther inland. The sky was without a cloud, and like burnished brass—the water its reflection. The air seemed standing still and panting for a cool breath. The lascar waited patiently. The party did not return. Probably, they were forced to proceed farther than they expected. A half-hour passed and they did not appear. The lascar, made listless by the intense heat, sank down under the seats of the boat, and gradually yielded to the soft soothing of sleep. In a few moments after lying down, he was dead to all external things. He did not feel the heat.

Suddenly, the head—eager and dreadful—of an enormous snake, of the python species, peered over the branch of a tree, near the boat. It quickly glanced around, as if to assure itself that no wakeful foes were near, and slowly stretched its head downward towards the boat. Good heavens! the lascar remains unconscious of the monster's advance. How it licks its slimy chops in anticipation of a good meal! What length! Many feet are stretched forward, and many remain coiled around the trunks of the trees. Its skin is glossy, variegated, and very beautiful; but, oh! how deadly will be the enormous folds! It has reached the boat, and has begun to coil itself around the body of the sleeping lascar. Its jaws, foul and slimy, are extended; its forked tongue protrudes. Soon the coil will crush the bones of the man. A yell of fear and surprise pierces the air. The lascar awakes to feel his awful situation, and to know that his friends have arrived, and are at work for his deliverance. A portion of the monster's tail is severed with a hatchet, and he lost the power of doing mischief. The poor lascar shrieks to his companions to save him.

A few more blows with oars and hatchets and the serpent is dispatched, its head being severed and thrown into the

water. The lascar is rescued, and is but slightly bruised. Filled with joy and gratitude he embraces his preservers. Upon measurement, this serpent was found to be sixty-two feet and some inches in length. With the skin and some of the fat, which the natives esteem for its curative properties, and the fruit which they had purchased, the crew of the boat returned to the ship.



MALAYS.



Gerard, the Lion Slayer.

JULES GERARD is a native of Pignan, in the arrondissement of Toulon, where he was born, in the year 1817; and having embraced the profession of arms, joined the 3d regiment of calvary in the French army of Algeria, as a volunteer, on the 23d June, 1842. While on duty in this country he had leisure for hunting, of which he was remarkably fond; and being induced by the Arabs in his neighborhood to hunt the lions which troubled them, he was so successful, as to gain their affections and the title of Gerard, the Lion Slayer. The following narrative was communicated by himself to the *Journal des Chasseurs*, published in Paris.

I knew of a large old lion in the Smauls country, and betook myself in that direction. On arriving I heard that he was in the Bonariff, near Batnah. My tent was not yet pitched
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GERARD, THE LION SLAYER.

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at the foot of the mountain, when I learned that he was at the Fed-Jong, where, on my arrival, I found he had gained the Aures. After travelling one hundred leagues in ten days in the track of my brute, without catching a glimpse of any thing but his foot-prints, I was gratified on the night of the 22nd of August, with the sound of my lord's voice. I had established my tent in the valley of Ousten. As there is only one path across this thickly covered valley, I found it an easy task to discover his track and follow it to his lair. At six o'clock in the evening I alighted upon a hillock, commanding a prospect of the country around. I was accompanied by a native of the country and my spahi, one carrying my carbine, the other my old gun. As I had anticipated, the lion roared under cover at dawn of day; but instead of advancing towards me, he started off in a westerly direction, at such a pace that it was impossible for me to come up with him. I retraced my steps at midnight, and took up my quarters at the foot of a tree upon the path which the lion had taken. The country about this spot was cleared and cultivated. The moon being favorable, the approach of anything could be descried in every direction. I installed myself and waited. Weary, after a ride of several hours, over a very irregular country, and not expecting any chance that night, I enjoined my spahi to keep a good watch, and lay down. I was just about to fall asleep, when I felt a gentle pull at my burnous. On getting up I was able to make out two lions, sitting one beside the other, about one hundred paces off, and exactly on the path in which I had taken up my position. At first I thought we had been perceived, and prepared to make the best of this discovery. The moon shed a light over the entire ground which the lions would have to cross in order to reach the tree, close to which all within a circumference of ten paces was completely dark, both on account of the thickness of the tree and the shadow cast by the foliage. My spahi, like me, was in range of the shadow, while the Arab lay snoring ten paces off in the full

light of the moon. There was no doubting the fact—it was this man who attracted the attention of the lions. I expressly forbade the spahi to wake up the Arab, as I was persuaded that when the action was over he would be proud of having served as a bait, even without knowing it. I then prepared my arms and placed them against the tree and got up, in order the better to observe the movements of the enemy. They were not less than half an hour traversing a distance of one hundred metres. Although the ground was open, I could only see them when they raised their heads to make sure that the Arab was still there. They took advantage of every stone, and every tuft of grass, to render themselves almost invisible; at last the boldest of them came up crouching on his belly, to within ten paces of me, and fifteen of the Arab. His eye was fixed on the latter, and with such an expression that I was afraid I had waited too long. The second, who had stayed a few paces behind, came and placed himself on a level with, and about four or five paces from the first. I then saw for the first time that they were both full-grown lionesses. I took aim at the first, and she came rolling and roaring down to the foot of the tree. The Arab was scarcely awakened when a second ball stretched the animal dead upon the spot. The first bullet went in at the muzzle and came out at the tail; the second had gone through the heart. After making sure that my men were all right, I looked out for the second lioness. She was standing up within fifteen paces, looking at what was going on around her. I took my gun and levelled it at her. She squatted down. When I fired she fell down roaring, and disappeared in a field of maize on the edge of the road. On approaching I found by her moaning that she was still alive, and did not venture at night into the thick plantation which sheltered her. As soon as it was day I went to the spot where she had fallen, and all I found were blood-marks marking her track in the direction of the wood. After sending the dead lioness to the neighboring garrison, who celebrated its arrival



DEATH OF THE LION AND ESCAPE OF THE ARAB.

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by a banquet, I returned to my post of the previous night. A little after sunset the lion roared for the first time, but instead of quitting his lair, he remained there all night, roaring like a madman. Convinced that the wounded lioness was there, I sent, on the morning of the 24th, two Arabs to explore the cover. They returned without daring to approach it. On the 24th, there was the same roaring and complaining of the lion, on the mountain and under cover. On the 25th, at five in the evening, I had a young goat muzzled, and proceeded with it to the mountain. The lair was exceedingly difficult of access. Nevertheless I succeeded at last, by crawling now on my hands, and now on my belly, in reaching it. Having discovered certain indications of the presence of the inhabitants of this locality, I had the goat unmuzzled and tied to a tree. Then followed the most comical panic on the part of the Arabs, who were carrying my arms. Seeing themselves in the middle of the lion's lair, whom they could distinctly smell, and hearing the horrified goat calling them with all its might, was a position perfectly intolerable to them. After consulting together as to whether it were better to climb up a tree or clamber on a rock, they asked my permission to remain near the goat. This confidence pleased me, and obtained them the privilege of a place by my side. I had not been there a quarter of an hour when the lioness appeared; she found herself suddenly beside the goat, and looked about her with an air of astonishment. I fired, and she fell without a struggle. The Arabs were already kissing my hands, and I myself believed her dead, when she got up again as though nothing was the matter, and showed us all her teeth. One of the Arabs who had run towards her was within ten paces of her. On seeing her get up, he clung to the lower branches of the tree to which the goat was tied, and disappeared like a squirrel. The lioness fell dead at the foot of the tree, a second bullet piercing her heart. The first had passed out of the nape of the neck without breaking the skull bone.



Hunting Ostriches and Horses.

HUNTING upon the plains of South America is the most exciting sport. But it requires fine horsemanship and sure skill in the lasso, or noose, which is thrown over the head of the game. Robertson, an English traveller, gives the following account of his hunting adventures upon the plains of Paraguay.

We had taken three braces of birds, when, an ostrich starting before us, Candiotti, jun., gave the war-whoop, of pursuit to his Gaucho followers, and to me the well-known intimation of "Vamos, Senor Don Juan." Off went, or rather flew, the Gauchos; my steed bounded away in their company, and we were now, instead of tracking an invisible bird through tufted grass, in full cry after the nimble, conspicuous, and athletic ostrich. With his erect and angry eye, towering above all



OSTRICHES.



herbage, our game flew from us, by the combined air of wings and limbs, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The chase lasted half that time; when an Indian peon, starting ahead of the close phalanx of his mounted competitors, whirled his balos, with admirable grace and dexterity, around his head, and with deadly aim flung them over the half-running, half-flying, but now devoted ostrich. Irretrievably entangled, down came the giant bird, rolling, fluttering, panting; and being in an instant dispatched, the company on the field stripped him of his feathers, stuck them in their girdles, and left the plucked and mangled carcass in the plain, a prey to the vultures, which were already hovering around us. We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses, and Candiotti, jun., said, "Now Senor Don Juan, I must show how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for the pursuit of the herd, and off, once more, like lightening started the Gaucho horsemen, Candiotti and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit.

The Gauchos set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance, and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check, for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their balos at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind two prostrate companions. Upon these the whole band of Gauchos now ran in; lazos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters; while with singular rapidity and dexterity two other Gauchos put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the

ground. In a moment the lasos which bound their legs were loosened, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the colts, that up they started on all fours, but to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, rivetted, at it were, to the saddle, and controlling them by means of a never-to-be-dreamed-of bit in his mouth. The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault; they reared, plunged, and kicked; now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavoring to throw their riders. "Que esperanza,"—"vain hope, indeed!" Immovable sat the two Tape Indians; they smiled at the unavailing attempts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters.

The horses did their very worst, the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burden, the horses were so exhausted, that, drenched with sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded, but they made not a single effort to move. Then came the Gaucho's turn to exercise his more positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat and tire out the horse. He now wanted to move it in a given direction, wayward, zigzag; often interrupted was his course at first, still the Gaucho made for a given point; and they advanced towards it, till at the end of about three hours the now mastered animals moved in nearly a direct, line, and in company with the other horses, to the *questo*, or small subordinate establishment, on the estate to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been as free as the wind, they tied to a stake of the corral, the slaves of lordly man.

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DICK MARCUS AND THE ELEPHANT.



Dirk Marcus and the Elephant.

THE following anecdote is illustrative of the acuteness of the elephant's sense of smell. It was related to Sparrman by a hunter of the name of Dirk Marcus, of course a Dutchman. "Once," says Dirk, "in my younger days, when from a hill covered with bushes near a wood I was endeavoring to steal upon an elephant to the leeward of me, on a sudden I heard a frightful cry or noise from the lee side, and although I was at that time one of the boldest elephant hunters in that country, I must confess I was in a terrible quaking, so much so that I believe the hairs on my head stood quite erect. At the same time it appeared to me as though I had several pails of water thrown over me, without my being able to stir from the spot, until I saw this huge creature so near me that he was almost

on the point of laying hold of me with his trunk. At that instant I fortunately had the presence of mind to take to my legs, and to my no small astonishment I found myself so swift that I thought I hardly touched the ground. The beast however, was pretty close upon my heels; but having at last got to the wood, and crept away from him under the trees, the elephant could not easily follow me. I am quite certain that he could not see me in the place where I was at first, and that therefore he must have found me out by the scent." So much for the escape of Dirk Marcus, the Dutch boor, whose story contains a good deal of the marvellous. Indeed it is not an incurious matter in the history of mankind, that while, upon all ordinary subjects, the Dutch are the most matter-of-fact people on the face of the earth, they are the greatest romancers in matters of adventure and of natural history; and it is possible, indeed probable, that more unfounded but marvellous stories of this kind originated with the early Dutch navigators than with any other people on the face of the earth.

But even Dirk Marcus was probably not so brave an elephant hunter as the bushmen of the Cape, whom the Dutch settlers used to be as zealous in hunting and shooting in cold blood, as they were in hunting elephants, or in carrying on a campaign of extermination against the antelopes. The bushmen not only shoot elephants with their poisoned arrows, but come to close quarters with their assagais or spears, with which they stick the great animal all over till he is bristled like a porcupine, and the pain often causes him to accelerate his own death; as from his natural instinct of falling upon and crushing the lion, when it springs on the hinder part of his body, he fall upon the spears, and by this means pushes them home to his vitals. When the inhabitants of one of the kraals or villages of these rude people catch an elephant, it is a day of as much joy as when the Greenlanders capture a whale. The flesh of the elephant is cut up in ribbons, as is done with beef in South America, and in many parts of Old Spain; and

this elephant beef, by being suspended in the open air, and dried in the intense heat of the sun, can be kept for a considerable time, and is said not to be very unpalatable. The trunk is an especially delicate morsel, because the muscles in it, though very numerous, are small, and much more delicate in their fibres than the common muscles of motion in the body of the animal. The feet, also, are very much prized, though chiefly on account of the cartilaginous substance on the soles. To a European, however, an elephant feast would, probably, be but a sorry meal.

Independently of his living only in the wild state, and inhabiting woods of more savage character than those of Asia, there is a sullenness in the air and expression of the African elephant. His head is carried much lower, and less gracefully than that of the Asiatic species; and the apparent shortness of the face, the want of squareness in the outline, and the bullet-shape of the cranium, all conspire to take off from him that expression of sagacity, which is, probably, more imaginary than real in his oriental congener. The greater size of tusks, too, in proportion to that of the animal, tends to increase this expression. But not withstanding all these disadvantages of appearance, the African elephant is a highly interesting as well as powerful animal; and one almost regrets that, even for the sake of bushmen feasts and ivory trinkets, he should have been hunted down with so much assiduity in those wild woods which, as they are not taken possession of by civilized man, might have remained as birthright pastures of the elephant. In consequence of this there are now few or no elephants except at a considerable distance from the Cape, though in the woods farther to the north they are still numerous.



The Indian and the Bears.

IN the northern part of the American continent, the subterraneous retreats of the black bear may be easily found by the mist which uniformly hangs about the entrance of the den, as the animal's heat and breathing prevent the mouth of the cave from being entirely closed, however deep the snow may be. As the black bear usually retires to his winter quarters before any quantity of snow has fallen, and does not again venture abroad till the end of March or the beginning of April, he therefore spends at least four months in a state of torpidity, and without obtaining food. It is therefore not very surprising, though the bear goes into his winter quarters excessively



THE INDIANS AND THE BEAR.

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fat, that he should come forth in the spring a melancholy picture of emaciation.

The black bear is sometimes destroyed by blocking up the mouth of the cave with logs of wood, and then suddenly breaking open the top of it, they kill the animal with a spear or gun. This method is, however, considered both cowardly and wanton, as the bear can neither escape nor offer the slightest injury to his merciless destroyers. The northern Indians display great ingenuity in the manner in which they throw the noose around the neck of this animal; but the barbarous way in which they dispatch him with the hatchet or tomahawk after having drawn him to the top of his hole, has little in it to admire.

Sometimes he is caught in traps, strong steel ones chained to a tree and laid in a path which has been partially stained with blood, by drawing a newly killed carcass along it. At other times, a noose, suspended from a strong bough, is substituted for the trap, in a path similarly prepared. The bear, whose sense of smell is exceedingly keen, always follows upon the track along which a dead animal has been drawn, even although it has left no trace perceptible by the human senses.

The common mode of hunting this bear is by two or three well-trained dogs. When he finds that he is pursued, he generally pushes forward for eight or ten miles, and sometimes more, in nearly a straight course. But when the dogs come up to him, he turns and strikes at them with his paws, the blows of which are so severe, that one of them, taking effect, would instantly fell the strongest dog to the ground. The great art in training the dogs consists in teaching them to avoid these blows, and keep harassing the animal till he is exhausted. When that is the case, he climbs a tree, at the root of which the dogs remain and "give tongue" till the hunter makes his appearance. When the hunter appears, the bear drops to the ground, not for the purpose of attacking him, but of making a new effort at escape from the now in-

creased number of his pursuers. But, as he is heated by the effort of climbing, and by the fall, though bears from their form and also the nature of their covering, fall with much less injury than any other animals of the same weight, he is much more annoyed by the dogs than before. This makes him take to a tree again for refuge. He then climbs as high as it will bear him, and endeavors to conceal himself among the thick foliage. The hunter now strikes against the trunk of the tree as if he were felling it, which soon puts the bear in motion. He makes his way to the extremity of a long and lofty branch, at which he draws himself partially into the form of a ball, and drops down often from such a height as that he rebounds up again for several feet, as if he were an elastic substance. He rises again from his fall, still uninjured, and seeks safety by flight as before. His exertions are, however, so much greater than those of his pursuers, that, whatever may be his strength, they in time wear him out, and he is ultimately shot, either when standing up to give battle to the dogs, or when attempting to hide himself behind the trunk of a tree. Such is the mode of bear-hunting where there are trees; but, in the large open prairies, he runs much farther, and the hunt is one of greater ardor, unless when he is shot at an early stage. But, if the marksman is not skilful, shooting is rather a dangerous matter while the bear is unexhausted, as the pain arouses all his strength, and arms him with the most desperate powers of revenge, so that he would be too much both for dogs and hunter.

In the neighborhood of the Red river, the grizzly bears are very numerous. The chief of a tribe of Indians was returning home from a general council, and had lingered behind his men. When not very far from his hut, he met a bear and two cubs, and knowing the ferocious nature of the animals, was considerably alarmed.

They were so close, however, that he could not escape: and having no alternative, he attacked them, thinking that

if he should be so fortunate as to shoot the mother, he might succeed in killing the cubs with the butt-end of his gun. He therefore took aim, but the gun missed fire, although he had put in a new flint that morning; and before he could cock again, the bear rushed upon him, and struck him such a blow with one of her paws as to throw him the distance of several yards. She then ran up, and seizing his head in her mouth, stood still. He had the presence of mind to grasp her throat, and with a sudden wrench rescued his head from her jaws; but while he was striving to choke her, one of the cubs struck down his arm, when fortunately he remembered that he had stuck a knife into his girdle behind. This he drew with the quickness of thought; but while in the act of striking the bear with it, the same cub caught his hand in its mouth and held it fast. He seized the knife, however, with his left hand, and wounded the old bear in several places, until becoming exasperated, she struck him down senseless. When he recovered from his swoon, he found himself alone, with his bowels partly protruding, and both his temples lacerated. He bound in his intestines with his belt, and, after staying the bleeding of his many wounds, raised himself with difficulty, cocked his gun and began to move slowly away. But he had not proceeded ten steps, when the bears, which had been watching him all the time, sprung upon him.

His gun snapped once more, and he was entirely at their mercy. The mother again knocked him down with her paw, and seizing him, dragged him along, when, from loss of blood and the concussion of the last blow, he fainted. On regaining his sensibility, he bound up his wounds, and believing himself injured beyond recovery, became inspired by revenge, and resolved to die in the attempt to destroy some of his savage foes. With great difficulty he got on his feet, cleaned the flint of his gun, drew his knife, and looking round, stood resolved to conquer or perish.

The bears rushed upon him. Unable to take aim, he drop-

ped on one knee, and supported his gun on the other, when the old bear seizing the muzzle in her mouth, he drew the trigger and shot her dead. The cubs, however, remained, and they were scarcely less dangerous, as very little strength now remained in him. However, he succeeded, after inflicting several wounds, in driving them off, and sunk down, despairing of ever rising again but having lain for some time, he found himself slightly refreshed, and succeeded, in crawling to his hut, where he related what had befallen him, and bidding farewell to his family laid himself down to die.

His friends went in search of the bears, and found the mother dead, and the grass all round clotted with blood. The cubs were traced, and having been severely wounded, were easily destroyed. The mangled Indian having enjoyed a sound sleep, for several hours, awoke greatly refreshed, and having been persuaded to allow his wounds to be bound, ultimately recovered.



1911
MAY 10
1911



A HUNTER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Mountain Sheep.

THE following account is taken from Mr. Sage's "Scenes in the Rocky Mountains." During our stay we succeeded in killing five mountain sheep. Some of these were very large and quite fat. The flesh of this animal is equal in flavor to that of buffalo. It is generally in good order, tender and sweet, and slightly assimilates our common mutton in taste. The habits and appearance of the mountain sheep resemble those of no other animal.

They select for their favorite habitation the rugged fastnesses of wild and inaccessible mountains. In the cold of winter, they descend to some of the numerous valleys that so beautifully diversify the scenery of these regions, where the verdure of spring so rarely fades; and, as the warm season advances, they commence their return towards the lofty snow-peaks, keeping even progress with spring and fresh flowers along the mountain-sides.

Theirs is a life of unbroken spring—beauty and grandeur are their dwelling place,—and, 'mid the awe-inspiring sublimity of nature's works, is their home. They gambol upon the fearful verge of the steep cliff, or climb its perpendicular sides, bidding defiance to all pursuers. There, secure from enemies, they rear their young, and teach them to leap from crag to crag in mirthful gaiety, or traverse the dizzy heights in quest of the varied sweets of changeful spring.

These animals are remarkably acute of sight, and quick of scent and hearing. The least noise or tainture of the air excites their attention and places them instantly upon the alert. Mounting upon some high rock, they will stand for hours in

the same posture, gazing in the direction of the fancied danger, If fully satisfied of its reality, they abandon their position for another and a safer one, high among more rugged peaks, and and often beyond the possibility of offensive approach. Their hue is so akin to that of the rocks which grace their range, they are with difficulty identified when standing motionless, and the hunter is constantly, liable to mistake the one for the other.

In size the mountain sheep is larger than the domestic animal of that name, and its general appearance is in every respect dissimilar—excepting the head and horns. The latter appendage, however, alike belongs to the male and female. The horns of the female are about six inches long, small, pointed, and somewhat flat,—but those of the male grow to an enormous size. I have frequently killed them having horns that measured two feet and a half or three feet in length, and from eighteen to nineteen inches in circumference at the base.

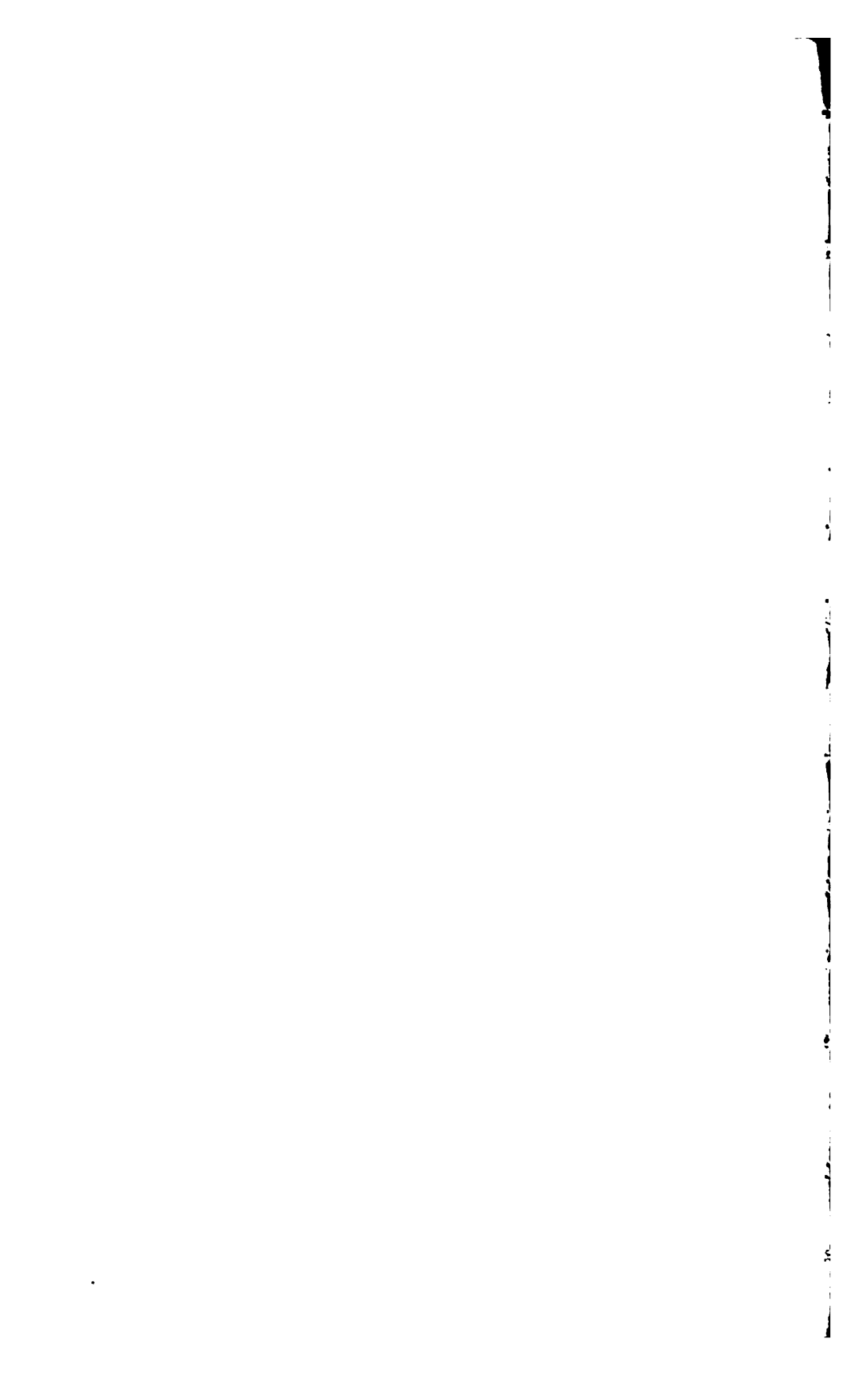
These ponderous members are of great service to their owner in descending the abrupt precipices, which his habits so often render necessary. In leaping from an elevation he uniformly strikes upon the curve of his horns, and thus saves himself from the shock of a sudden and violent concussion.

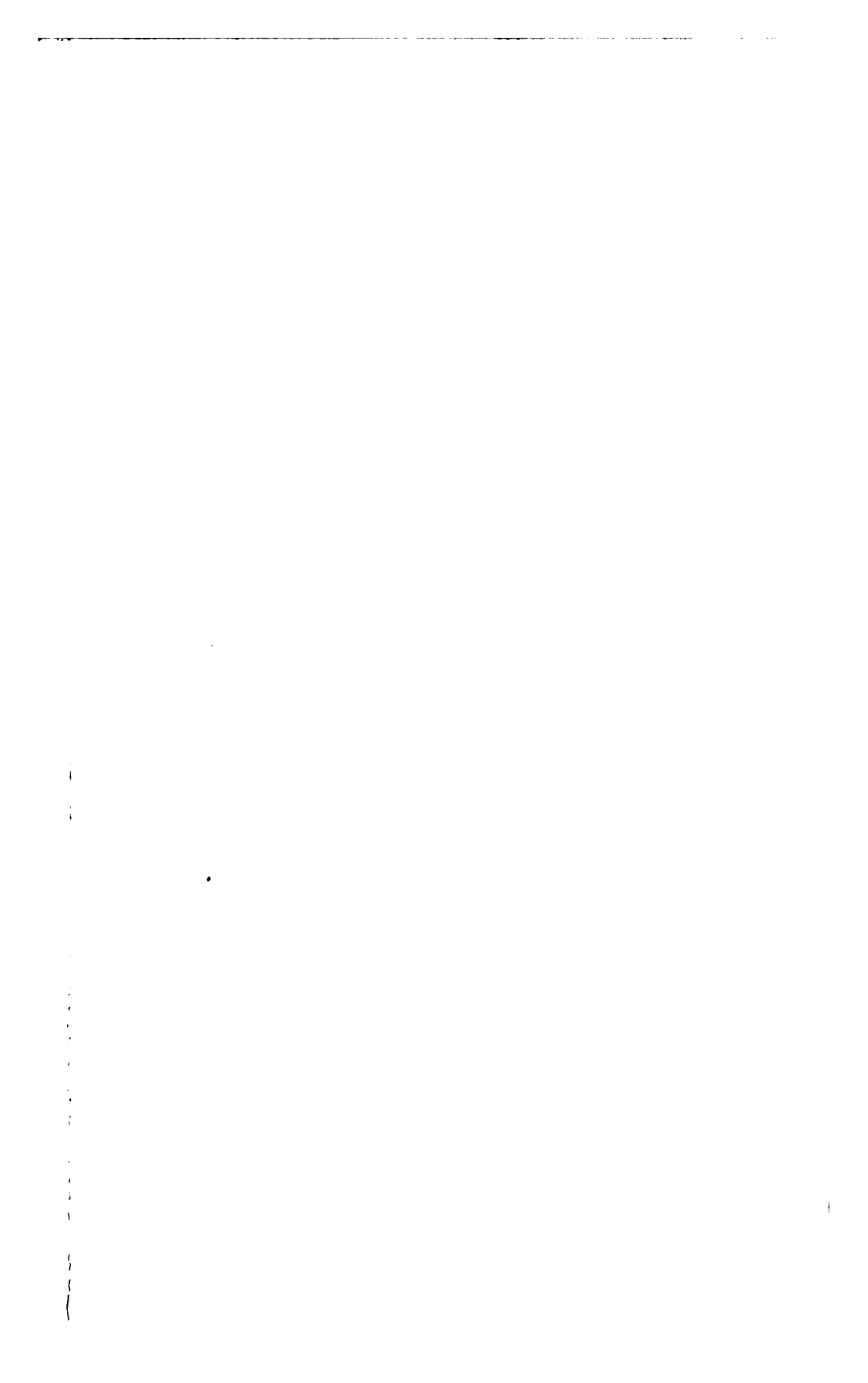
The color of these animals varies from a yellowish white to a dark brown, or even black. A strip of snowy whiteness extends from ham to ham, including the tail, which is short and tipped with black.

Instead of wool, they are covered with hair, which is shed annually. Their cry is much like that of domestic sheep, and the same natural odor is common to both.

It is extremely difficult to capture any of them alive, even while young,—and it is next to impossible to make them live and thrive in any other climate than their own. Hence, the Mountain Sheep has never yet found a place in our most extensive zoological exhibitions.







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